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# SCIENCE STUDY

IN

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

BY

MRS. L. L. WILSON, PH.D.

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TEACHER'S MANUAL

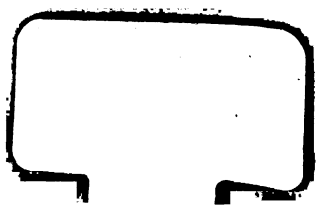
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*Edna Brown*  
*Oct. 1910.*

PICTURE STUDY  
IN  
ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

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*PART I*  
*PRIMARY GRADE*



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**MOTHER AND CHILD.**

L. Brun.

PICTURE STUDY  
IN  
ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

*A MANUAL FOR TEACHERS*

BY

L. L. W. WILSON

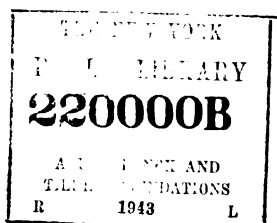
AUTHOR OF "NATURE STUDY IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS," ETC.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE  
PART I—PRIMARY GRADES

New York  
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1909

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## THE SCOPE AND PURPOSE OF THE SERIES

THERE are two Manuals and two books for pupils: the one set for Primary Grades, and containing fifty pictures in each; the other set for Grammar and Primary Grades, with forty pictures in each. The pictures used in the Manuals are in each case repeated in the pupils' books.

The Manuals are designed to aid teachers in imparting to children a true appreciation of, and love for, the paintings by the world's great masters. Pictures of famous and beautiful paintings are already becoming widely used in elementary schools, and it is proposed to shape a course in picture study which shall carry the pupil through the chief schools of painting.

The arrangement of the books is such that each school is represented by four or five of its most famous examples, which will be studied with a view to the appropriateness of their subjects to the months of the school year.

With each painter represented is a good biography, a bibliography of works of reference about him and his school, together with criticisms by famous men who have made his works their study.

Suggestions as to the method to be pursued by the teacher are printed with each picture.

In place of the biography, bibliography, criticism, and method which appear in the Manuals, the pictures in the pupils' books are accompanied by one page each of text containing a verse or two germane to the subject of the picture facing it.



## PREFACE

BARE white walls, blackboards, maps, a calendar, — for years this has been the schoolroom. Art has no place here. Much attention has been given to drawing, it is true, but it has been for the most part juiceless drawing — cones and cylinders, prisms and vases. Small wonder that wooden drawing has resulted from the incessant study of these wooden forms.

Now all has been changed. Tinted walls adorned with reproductions of great pictures, casts of famous statuary, are the order of the day. The windows are filled with living plants and perhaps an aquarium. Drawing and color study of natural objects have supplanted to a great extent the painfully exact drawing of the geometric solids.

The result of all this is that the child is more nearly in a proper environment than ever before. But this environment is a new world. For it he needs an interpreter.

To help the busy teacher to be a leader toward this new *Palace Beautiful* and a guide to its treasures, these manuals have been written.

L. L. W. WILSON.

PHILADELPHIA NORMAL SCHOOL,  
September, 1899.

" PICTURE study should be taken seriously. The effort is not for amusement, entertainment, or decoration alone ; it has an aim and a purpose larger, broader, and more dignified than any of these. Picture study is with us, if we read the times aright, because the influence of art reproduction is a vital power in our daily life. We should be doing only half our duty by the boys and girls if we withheld from them this art life, which is in very truth their legitimate inheritance. Those who admit that gems of literature belong by right to the public school scholar will have difficulty in arguing that pictures, the world's gems of art, shall not find their place in the schoolroom." — JAMES FREDERICK HOPKINS, *Director of Drawing in Public Schools, Boston.*

"Beholding true beauty with the eye of the mind, we will be enabled to bring forth not images, but realities, and bringing forth and nourishing true virtues to become the friends of God." — PLATO.

" We are so made that we love  
First, when we see them painted, things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see ;  
So they are better painted — better to us,  
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that ;  
God uses us to help each other so,  
Lending our minds out." — BROWNING.

## NOTE

IN compiling this Manual it has been found necessary to quote the opinions of several well-known art critics whose works are copyrighted in this country. The author takes the opportunity to acknowledge the very prompt kindness which has been extended to her by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, who have given her permission to make a few quotations from Stranahan's "History of French Painting"; Messrs. Harper and Brothers for permission to reprint the quotation from Dr. Henry van Dyke's "The Christ Child in Art"; Messrs. Henry T. Coates & Co. for the quotations from De Amicis' "Spain"; The Century Company for their permission to quote Mr. Timothy Cole's description of the two pictures, by Ruisdael and Maes, which he reproduced in the *Century*; Messrs. Curtis & Cameron for permission to reproduce Israels' "A Mother's Care" and Sargent's "Prophets" from their copyrighted photographs; Messrs. Eaton & Mains for permission to quote some extracts from Van Dyke's "How to Judge a Picture"; Messrs. Little, Brown & Company for permission to use two passages from Grimm's "Michael Angelo" and some lines from Mrs. Preston's "Cartoons"; to Dr. J. Frederick Hopkins for permission to quote his opinion upon the value of art study in the public schools; Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for permission to include De Amicis' description of Paul Potter's "Bull" and Stearns' criticism of the Madonna della Sedia which appears in his "Midsummer of Italian Art."





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## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

A good background for pictures and bits of statuary is essential. Fortunately, in modern schoolhouses the walls are most frequently painted a cream color, which not only harmonizes well with the usually yellow woodwork, but also sets off the pictures to the greatest advantage.

But unless some one prevents it beforehand, or cures it later, the ventilators and registers will make ugly dark areas on the light walls, staring the less conspicuous pictures out of countenance. It is a simple matter, however, to paint both ventilators and registers the same tint as the walls themselves.

With regard to the pictures, two externals are essential : —

1. That they shall be large.
2. That they shall be suitably framed.

It is a great temptation to buy four small pictures rather than one large one. If you are buying them for your own room, then perhaps the choice could be defended. But in a schoolroom, which is a place for study, for work, the dignity which comes from size counts for more than variety. Then, too, the children remain in the room but a year at most. Let them carry away with them the deep abiding remembrance of a very few large pictures well hung.

Large pictures for the schoolroom may be good for the purpose, and yet not too expensive. From the Prang Educational Company, New York, Boston, and Chicago; from W. H. Pierce and Company, 352 Washington Street, Boston; from A. W. Elson and Company, 146 Oliver Street, Boston; and from the Perry Picture Company, Malden, Massachusetts, may be obtained reproductions of the great works of old and new masters, which will cost when framed from three dollars up.

**Framing.**—Plain moulding with no ornate projections to catch the dust and worry the eye is a safe choice. Very wide mats and frames are out of place in the schoolroom. The usual rule for color is that the frame should correspond to the middle tone of the picture. In the long run inexpensive oak, ash, or birch frames will be the most satisfactory.

Small pictures have their value, and should be given from time to time a temporary place on the walls. When, for instance, the children are studying the early colonial history of our own country, what could be better than a line, or two lines, on the level of the children's eyes, of the series of pictures which so graphically illustrate the conditions and facts of the settlement of Massachusetts, viz., the series by Boughton, and the corresponding pictures by Weir and Rothermel.

An excellent way to keep these permanently is to *passe-partout* them.

The best French glass can be bought in quantity (ninety panes), size 8 × 10, for three cents a pane. For five cents may be purchased a sheet of black alligator paper, which

makes an excellent binding. Dennison's gummed suspension eyes cost ten cents for a box of twenty-five.

The only other essentials are paste, time, and a modicum of manual dexterity.

Gray photographic mounts,  $8 \times 10$  inches, and costing fifteen cents a dozen, are great time-savers, and greatly enhance the beauty of the print.

Given these materials, proceed as follows:<sup>1</sup> cut away neatly all the white margin of the print; place the trimmed picture exactly in the middle of the mount, and with a pencil lightly indicate this location; cover the back of the print with paste; quickly press it down, and put under a book to dry.

Cut the binding paper into strips an inch wide. Cut these again into strips ten inches long, and also into strips a trifle longer than eight inches. Cut off the corners of the latter at an angle of forty-five degrees. Paste these for half their width on the glass. Clean the glass, particularly the inside. Place the mounted picture face down, and paste the free parts of the binding paper down. On the middle of the back glue the suspension rings. When the binding has become quite dry, with a sharp penknife and ruler make the edges true.

**Calendars.** — This is an excellent way to use the smaller pictures. The calendar pad costs but a few cents. "Rembrandt mounts,"  $8 \times 10$  inches, make the most convenient mount. On each of these paste an appropriate picture. Below the picture fasten the leaf for the month on the cal-

<sup>1</sup> See also *Harper's Round Table*, vol. 1 (new series), p. 282.

endar. After pressing the mounts — always an essential when paste is used — eyelet them and fasten them together.

A most effective Millet calendar may be made in this way: —

Use a portrait of Millet for the cover mount, then for each month choose the following appropriate pictures: —

January, Girl Spinning.	July, The Gleaners.
February, Woman Churning.	August, The Angelus.
March, Labor.	September, The Rainbow.
April, Potato Planting.	October, Feeding the Hens.
May, The Sower.	November, The Wood-Chopper.
June, Going to Work.	December, Mother and Child.

The mounts will cost fifty cents a dozen, the pictures a cent each, and cord, eyelets, and calendar pad will make the total not far from seventy-five cents. But the result is more valuable. Most teachers will buy another pad the next year to paste over the only useless part of the calendar, that it may again send its influence out over the children.

For a like purpose, the pictures of Rosa Bonheur, Breton, Dupré, Corot, lend themselves with equal appropriateness to the change of seasons. Equally interesting calendars may be made from the pictures of Botticelli, Raphael, Rubens, Van Dyck, Velasquez, Murillo, Rembrandt, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Burne-Jones, to mention the better known and more popular artists only.

Now as to the course. The table of contents for the volume will show that there are here included nearly all the pictures recommended by the Massachusetts State Director

of Drawing, Mr. Bailey, and the Boston Director, Mr. Hopkins. There are also so many others included that, if one chooses, she can, from the material here given, make her own course, with a suitable picture for each month of the school year.

For the benefit of those who have not the data at hand, I append the two courses of which I have spoken:—

1st. Course in Picture Study prepared by Henry Turner Bailey, State Director of Drawing, Massachusetts, for the Primary Grades.

#### Grade I:

THE SICK MONKEY	. . . . .	<i>Landseer</i> , —
THE PET BIRD	. . . . .	<i>Meyer von Bremen</i> , —
HOLY NIGHT	. . . . .	<i>Correggio</i> , p. 59.
THE NURSERY	. . . . .	<i>Waterlow</i> , —

#### Grade II:

A FASCINATING TALE	. . . . .	<i>Mme. Ronner</i> (see Part II, p. 123.)
A HELPING HAND	. . . . .	<i>Renouf</i> , p. 207.
HOLY FAMILY	. . . . .	<i>Rubens</i> , —

#### Grade III:

CAN'T YOU TALK	. . . . .	<i>Holmes</i> , —
FEEDING HER BIRDS	. . . . .	<i>Millet</i> , p. 135.
SISTINE MADONNA	. . . . .	<i>Raphael</i> , (see Part II, p. 88.)

#### Grade IV:

A KABYL	. . . . .	<i>Schreyer</i> , p. 223.
PENELOPE BOOTHBY	. . . . .	<i>Reynolds</i> , p. 127.
MADONNA AND CHILD	. . . . .	<i>Dagnan-Bouveret</i> , p. 65.

#### Grade V:

THE SHEPHERDESS	. . . . .	<i>Lerolle</i> , p. 43.
DIOGENES IN SEARCH OF AN HONEST MAN	. . . . .	<i>Salvator Rosa</i> , p. 93.
HOLY FAMILY	. . . . .	<i>Murillo</i> , p. 71.

2d. Course in Picture Study prepared by James Frederick Hopkins, Director of Drawing, Boston, for the Primary Grades.

**Grade I:**

THE CAT FAMILY . . . . .	<i>Adam</i> , p. 9.
ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS . . . . .	<i>Lerolle</i> , p. 57.
BABY STUART . . . . .	<i>Van Dyck</i> , p. 123.
CARITAS . . . . .	<i>Thayer</i> , —

**Grade II:**

GIRL WITH CAT . . . . .	<i>Hoecker</i> , p. 11.
HOLY NIGHT . . . . .	<i>Correggio</i> , p. 59.
PRINCE BALTHASAR . . . . .	<i>Velasquez</i> , p. 99.
FRIGHTENED BATHER . . . . .	<i>Mme. Demont-Breton</i> , —
IN THE OPEN COUNTRY . . . . .	<i>Dupré</i> , p. 199.

**Grade III:**

SEPTEMBER . . . . .	<i>Züber</i> , p. 15.
MADONNA AND CHILD . . . . .	<i>Dagnan-Bouveret</i> , p. 65.
PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN . . . . .	<i>Rembrandt</i> , p. 113.
MOTHER AND CHILD . . . . .	<i>Vigée-Le Brun</i> , Frontispiece.
WOMAN CHURNING . . . . .	<i>Millet</i> , p. 201.

**Grade IV:**

THE BALLOON . . . . .	<i>Dupré</i> , p. 27.
REST IN FLIGHT . . . . .	<i>Knaus</i> , —
MADONNA OF THE CHAIR . . . . .	<i>Raphael</i> , p. 83.
PILGRIM EXILES . . . . .	<i>Boughton</i> , p. 51.
THE SHEPHERDESS . . . . .	<i>Lerolle</i> , p. 43.

**Grade V:**

SHEPHERDESS KNITTING . . . . .	<i>Millet</i> , p. 31.
SISTINE MADONNA . . . . .	<i>Raphael</i> , Part II, p. 88.
VIRGIN UNDER THE APPLE TREE . . . . .	<i>Rubens</i> , —
QUEEN LOUISE . . . . .	<i>Richter</i> , p. 147.
SONG OF THE LARK . . . . .	<i>Breton</i> , p. 208.

To those who prefer to make their own course, I would suggest a picture each month, selecting always something appropriate to the season, for example, a scene reminiscent of vacation sights, or a summer picture from another land.

Perhaps for those who have left their mothers for the first time, a Madonna, or to put them even more at ease, a picture of some of their pets at home, would be suitable for September. For October, show them a harvest picture. November may be celebrated with one of Boughton's reminders of the Pilgrims and Thanksgiving, or with something suggestive of preparation for winter. In December come the Madonnas. Then devote the winter months to the study of the old masters. With the end of winter comes appropriately enough the study of some of the modern masters. In the spring take up the study of some of the outdoor scenes which belong to this season, while in the summer months suitable outdoor scenes, or, better still, pictures of summer in distant lands.

More information has been given to the teacher in this little volume than she can possibly impart to her pupils, even if it were worth while. Moreover, with the aid of the bibliography given for each artist she can drink still deeper from the Pierian spring. This is not that she may teach the child more, but rather that she may teach him less. The more thoroughly one knows any subject, the better is one able to pick out the vital truths, the germinal facts, and reject for the child the details, which, however interesting and necessary to the teacher's comprehension, would only serve to confuse in the child's mind the image there made by the important thought.



In addition to the special books and articles referred to later, the following general works will be found useful:—

HOW TO JUDGE A PICTURE . . . . .	<i>John C. van Dyke.</i>
HISTORY OF ART . . . . .	<i>Goodyear.</i>
OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF ART . . . . .	<i>Wilhelm Lübke.</i>
THE OLD MASTERS AND THEIR PICTURES . . . . .	<i>Sarah Tytler.</i>
MODERN PAINTERS AND THEIR PAINTINGS . . . . .	<i>Sarah Tytler.</i>
STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Clement.</i>
ART AND CRITICISM . . . . .	<i>Theodore Child.</i>
CONSIDERATIONS ON PAINTING . . . . .	<i>John La Farge.</i>

**SEPTEMBER**  
**(HOME AND SCHOOL)**



## SEPTEMBER

### (HOME AND SCHOOL)

#### **MOTHER AND CHILD—MME. VIGÉE-LE BRUN<sup>1</sup>**

##### FOR THE TEACHER

##### **Literature :**

HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . . *Stranahan*  
WOMEN ARTISTS . . . . . *Mrs. Ellet*

PORTFOLIO, vol. 22, p. 398; THE CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. 29,  
p. 767; TEMPLE BAR, vol. 56, p. 367; ARGOSY, vol. 62, p. 668.

“A simple and unaffected group, charmingly composed. The mother’s features are very refined and pretty, and the eyes sparkle with animation. . . . Considering the date of the work, and the bad influence of contemporary taste, it is remarkable for its excellence. . . . It is a remarkable evidence of the fidelity of these portraits [there are two] that although the position of the figure in each is different, the features and expression are identical. . . . The vitality of expression, both in the mother and child, is very remarkable.” — *Sir Charles Eastlake*.

Elisabeth Louise Vigée-Le Brun (1755–1842) was the daughter of a second-rate portrait painter. He left her

<sup>1</sup> See Frontispiece.

an orphan at twelve, but at fifteen she was already an excellent portrait painter, and at twenty-eight was made a full member of the Royal Academy. Her most famous teachers were Greuze and Joseph Vernet.

At the outbreak of the French Revolution she went to Italy to live, and afterward to Austria and St. Petersburg. Subsequently she lived also in England, Holland, and Switzerland, and in every country great homage was paid both to the beautiful woman and the clever artist.

She was married while still very young to M. Le Brun, a painter, too, and a large dealer in pictures. He was a man of wealth, but so dissolute that she was obliged to separate from him, taking with her her beautiful daughter.

One of her best-known pictures is a portrait from life of Marie Antoinette and her children, painted, of course, before the Revolution. It so happened that Madame Le Brun missed her appointment one day through illness. She came the next morning, but the queen was just ready for her drive. Finally, however, she laid aside her hat, saying graciously, "It is too much for Madame Le Brun to lose the trouble of coming." Madame Le Brun in her gratitude and embarrassment overturned her color-box, whereupon the queen picked it up for her, insisting that since Madame Le Brun had been ill she must not be allowed to stoop.

Charles Blanc gives an epitome of her history in something of the form of the legend of the sleeping beauty, representing all the fairies as gathered about her cradle:—

"One gave her beauty, one intellect, and one offered her a pencil and palette. The fairy of marriages, who had not

been called, said, 'It is true you will unfortunately marry M. Le Brun, the expert in pictures, but the fairy of travel to console her, promised that she should carry from court to court, from academy to academy, from Paris to St. Petersburg, and from Rome to London, her gayety, her talent, and her easel, before which were to pose all the sovereigns of Europe, and all the heads crowned by genius.'

**Method.** — Pictures such as these serve to link the school and home, thus making the little one, a little strange at first, perhaps, feel at home and contented. But even the children, who, at first, care for the picture because it represents a mother holding close to her the child whom she loves and who loves her, will, later, like to know more of the lovely lady whom it represents. Tell them, therefore, so much of her story as you think will interest them. Show them, if possible, the other pictures which she painted of herself and her daughter, and, perhaps, of Marie Antoinette and the little Dauphin.

This is one of the pictures which may be purchased large enough for framing for a very small price. I have seen passable prints 20 × 30 inches for fifty cents.

In addition to the wall picture, which is necessary, if possible secure smaller copies from some of the now numerous firms who make a specialty of the cent picture.

In many schools the children are allowed to buy the picture later, and in these same schools the written reproduction by the children of the picture lessons is kept in book form with the pictures themselves.

Another excellent plan — a better one, perhaps — is to give to the children quotations to put with their pictures.

For example, with younger children, for this picture, the following would serve the purpose: —

The Lord could not be everywhere, so he made mothers.

Or this: —

Madonna in the peasant's hut,  
 Madonna on the throne;  
 All heaven within thine arms is shut  
 When thou dost claim thine own.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

Or this: —

There never was a little tyke  
 But that his mother loved him best.

— *Eugene Field.*

Below the quotation the older children might write also a brief account of the artist.

Just as soon as it is possible, let them have the keen pleasure and great intellectual and artistic stimulus of deciding which picture of several they like best, and *why* they prefer it to the others.

The teacher must remember that it is impossible to force into the consciousness of children artistic feeling, knowledge, and wisdom. Its development and growth is from within outward. Therefore with the somewhat older children it is not a bad plan to let them shape the course within reasonable limits. Show them a number of pictures of the mother and child, Madonnas as well as the more domestic subjects of Madame Le Brun, Rubens, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Put them about the room. Then let the children choose, each for herself, which one she wishes to keep on

her desk for a day. Give them opportunity to study several silently.

When they have thus had the chance to form an opinion, ask them which they like best, and why. This last word ought to be printed in capital letters. For in picture study as in everything else it is the very keystone of the arch. To give the children material for intelligent comparison, to give them leisure to study this and to think out its meaning, to put the "why" to them with the earnestness and the emphasis that will enable them crystallize their own thoughts, and then yourself not only to understand their answer to this master question, but also to follow up this real clew thus given as to the content and the calibre of their minds,—to do all this is real teaching, and a genuine education for teacher as well as pupil.

Take the picture the most of the pupils prefer for the individual study of the entire class. Provide each with a copy, and if possible secure a large copy, the largest and best that you can afford, for the walls of the schoolroom.

If there is a great and palpable difference in the merit of the pictures, and if the children have not chosen the best, it might be worth while to give them a lesson on this best, and then allow them again a choice.

But do not let them see that you are striving to improve their tastes, nor that there is any merit in selecting one picture rather than another. For self-conscious priggishness is even more intolerable in art than in arithmetic.



*THE CAT FAMILY—ADAM*

This charming picture by one of the many Raphaels of Cats has been recommended as a first picture for a first grade. The shyest child responds readily to the kittens, for they are so near and dear to her. The teacher who uses it as it is intended to be used, will allow the children to talk to her freely of their kittens.

Then, when by these means the bond of sympathy obtains between them, she will question them about these cats. Where are they? Why do you think so? But is not the stone floor too cold for the kittens? Why not? What is the object in the left-hand corner? Why is it left there? Which is the mother cat? How many children has she? What is each doing? Do you think that these are good pictures of cats? Why do you think so? (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



Adm.

THE CAT FAMILY.

**GIRL WITH CAT — HOECKER****Literature:**

- HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . *Muther*  
 HANS BRINKER; OR, THE SILVER SKATES . *Mary Mapes Dodge*  
 THE LAND OF PLUCK . . . . . *Mary Mapes Dodge*  
 WILSON'S HISTORY READER, pp. 72-74.

The balls at each side of her head are perhaps of gold, or at least of silver. Probably her mother and grandmother wore them before her, as her grandchildren may after her.

Her wooden shoes are called *klompen*, and are usually made from the wood of the willow. She will slip them off when she enters the house. Every Saturday she will scrape and clean and scrub them with soap and water. Then she will put them by the fire or else out in the sun to dry.

**Method.** — It would be difficult to say what will first impress the children, the *alive* black cat, or the charming little Dutch girl with her cap, her strange head ornaments, and her wooden shoes.

All of these points are worthy of some attention. Tell them of the hero country, the "land of pluck," as it is often significantly called, with its streets of water, its wind-mills (see "The Mill," Ruisdael, Part II), and its curious customs and costumes, of which this is an example.

Read to them perhaps some of the stories in "The Land of Pluck," or parts of "Hans Brinker."

(See p. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



Paul Hoecker.

GIRL WITH CAT.

*PRIMARY SCHOOL IN BRITTANY—GEOFFROY***Literature :**

REVUE ILLUSTRÉE, 1898; SCRIBNER, vol. 15, p. 248.

"To Geoffroy, painting means more than securing color effects. He cares for more than the glow of a kettle, the starch of an apron, the pattern of lace work, the shimmer of a dress; he is not content with seeing—he thinks as well. He is in his element when painting childhood; and how he seizes upon the soul of his model! The effect of his creations is like that of an epic poem, and it is all the more touching because he confines them to little chicks, whose nests are not downy and well-feathered, but hard; whose meals are not always certain, and whose frail life is full of suffering and misfortune." — *Guillemot*.

Jean Geoffroy, one of the greatest living painters of children, was born in France. He was an engraver by trade, but as soon as he could save money for the journey, came to Paris to study painting. From the first he was successful in selling his pictures. Some of his best pictures have been painted for schools.

He is now a wealthy man, but by choice continues to live in one of the suburbs of Paris in a plain little house, which stands close to the school which has inspired so many of his pictures. He is said to be shy except with those whom he knows well, and with children. All the children of the neighborhood love M. Geoffroy, for does he not give them



Gedroy.

A PRIMARY SCHOOL IN BRITTANY.

smiles and flowers and cakes, and best of all does he not put them on canvas as large as life and quite as like!

**Method.** — Of what is this a picture? Why do you think so? Is it like your schoolroom? How does it differ? Look at the children. How do their clothes and shoes differ from yours or the teacher's? How many classes of children are there? What is each doing? Do you like the picture? Why? (See also pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

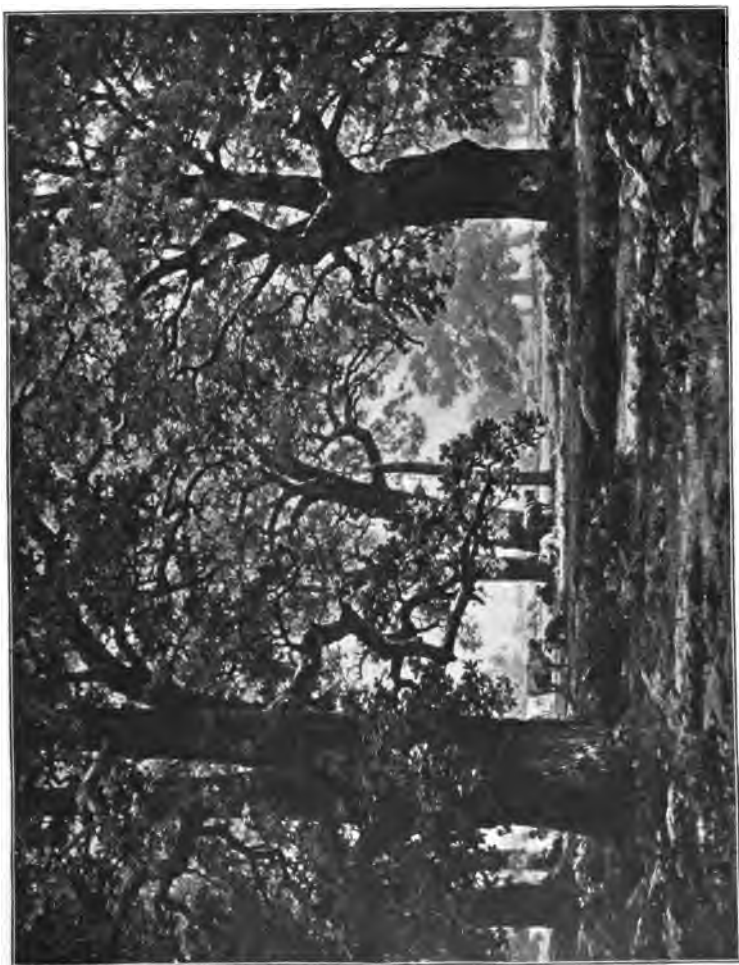
### SEPTEMBER—ZUBER

#### Literature :

THE OAK, STORIES OF THE TREES . . . .	<i>Mrs. Dyson</i>
OAK AND THE VINE . . . . .	<i>Eugene Field</i>
LAST DREAM OF THE OLD OAK . . . .	<i>Andersen</i>
THE OAK . . . . .	<i>Lowell</i>

Zuber is a modern artist whose pictures are mostly in private galleries.

**Method.** — Of what is this a picture? What trees are these? How do you know? Why is it called "September"? (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



Zuber.

SEPTEMBER.





**OCTOBER**

**(NATURE)**



## OCTOBER

(NATURE)

### *THE HAY HARVEST*—JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE

For literature and biography of the artist see p. 148.

“In the *Salon* of this year [1878] a sensation was made by a work of such truth and poetry as had not been seen since Millet; this was the “Hay Harvest.” It is noon. The June sun throws its heavy beams over the mown meadows. The ground rises slowly to a boundless horizon, where a tree emerges here and there, standing motionless against the brilliant sky. The gray and green of these great plains — it is as if the weariness of many toilsome miles rose out of them — weighed heavily upon one, and created a sense of forsaken loneliness. Only two beings, a pair of day laborers, break the wide level scorched by a quivering, continual blaze of light. They have had their midday meal, and the basket is lying near them upon the ground. The man has now lain down to sleep upon a heap of hay, with his hat

tilted over his eyes. But the woman sits dreaming, tired with the long hours of work, dazzled with the glare of the sun, and overpowered by the odor of the hay and the sultriness of noon. She does not know the drift of her thought; nature is working upon her, and she has feelings which she scarcely understands herself. She is sunburnt and ugly, and her head is square and heavy, and yet there lies a world of sublime and mystical poetry in her dull, dreamy eyes, gazing into a mysterious horizon." — *Richard Muther*.

**Method.** — Who is the woman? What is she doing? What was she doing? How do you know who was helping her? What is he doing? Why? What time of the year? Of the day? (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



Bastien-Lepage.

THE HAY HARVEST.

## RETURN TO THE FARM—TROYON

### Literature :

- PAINTERS OF BARBIZON, vol. II. *Mollett* (Great Artist Series)  
 HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING. . . . . *Muther*  
 HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING. . . . . *Stranahan*  
 MODERN FRENCH MASTERS . . . . . edited by *J. C. van Dyke*  
 ART JOURNAL, vol. 45, p. 22.

Constant Troyon (1810–1865) began his artistic life in the porcelain factory at Sèvres. The teaching that he there received in design and decoration was his chief art instruction. Moreover, he was enabled by this trade to paint pictures quite irrespective of popular demand, since he was not dependent on them for his daily bread. Nevertheless, his paintings were greatly in demand, and by means of them, before his death, he accumulated a fortune.

See p. 34 for an account of the Barbizon school.

**Method.** — Why is this picture called the “Return to the Farm”? What animals do you see? What has each been doing? What will each do when it reaches home? Which group do you like best? Why?



Troyer.

THE RETURN TO THE FARM.



**HARVEST TIME — LEON AUGUSTINE L'HERMITTE****Literature :**

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Mulher*  
 HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . . *Stranahan*  
 ART JOURNAL, vol. 38, p. 266; ARTIST, vol. 23, p. 24.

Léon Augustine L'Hermitte (1844— ) is the son of a French peasant. He worked in the fields himself, and therefore his pictures represent a life that he knows thoroughly. As Stranahan says, he paints the callous hands and sunburned necks of labor in attitudes and gestures of simplicity and grace in a style less austere and more varied than Millet's, and as villagers rather than peasants. He has a studio in Paris, but the greater portion of his time is spent in the village in which he was born, painting in the great glass studio which he built for himself in his father's garden.

**Method** (see pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7). — Of what is this a picture? How many harvesters do you see? How many men? How many women? What has the man in the foreground in his hand? The woman back of him? Why this difference? What is the woman in front of him doing? How do you know? What are they harvesting?<sup>1</sup> How do they do this work in this country now? What time of the year is it? What time of the day? Why do you think so? Which figure do you like best? Why?

<sup>1</sup> Millet, wheat, or perhaps rye. No other grain is as high. The large heads would seem to indicate millet.



**L'Herminette.**

**HARVEST TIME.**

## THE BALLOON—DUPRÉ

### Literature :

NATION, vol. 49, p. 190.

SONGS OF LABOR . . . . . Whittier

UNDER THE WILLOWS . . . . . Lowell

IN SUMMER TIME . . . . . Thomas P. Collier

IN HARVEST TIME, from "Lilliput Levee."

"Two younger painters of the life of the fields have become prominent in the last ten years, and both are worthy. L'Hermitte is the abler man of the two. Julien Dupré is, by comparison, a trifle superficial, and does not seem so much in sympathy with his subjects. . . . Although he paints his simple subjects on a large scale, too, at times, he succeeds better as regards color. It is fresh and bright without much depth, but with considerable variety, and answers the purpose—not much more. His picture of "Milking Time" and "Haymaking," both large canvases, are good examples of his skill. Both are well drawn and soundly painted, but neither has a breath of art,—of the sort of art we find in Millet's works, I mean, where the peasants are real peasants who toil in the field and look as if they belonged there."—William A. Coffin, in *The Nation*.

Julien Dupré (1851— ) is a French artist whose pictures have steadily grown in popular favor since his first medal won at the Centennial in 1876. Later, in the *Salon* of 1881



**THE BALLOON.**

Dupre.

and of 1892 and at the Exposition of 1889 he received honors. His name is often confused with that of Jules Dupré, the friend of Rousseau and one of the Barbizon painters (p. 32).

**Method** (see pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7). — What are the people doing in this picture? Who saw the balloon first? Why do you think so? What was each doing? Look at the haycocks. How long have these people been at work? Why do they stack the hay? How? Look at the shadows. Where is the sun? What time of day is it? Look at the clothing of the peasants. What time of the year is it? Of which is there the most in this picture, the earth or the sky? What kind of trees do you see in the background [Lombardy poplars]? Have you ever seen haymakers? When? Where? Did you notice the fragrance of the cut grass? What became of the hay?

Write at the top of your papers the name of this picture. Now write a sentence telling me why the picture is called "The Balloon." Write another telling me what the people were doing before they saw the balloon. Others, telling the time of day; how the air smelt; how it felt; what is done with hay as soon as it is cut; who does it and with what; what will become of the hay?

Give the children the opportunity to see as many of the French out-of-door harvest scenes as possible. Let them relate their experiences of the same kind of work. Then ask them whether scenes like these can be American? Why not?

*SHEPHERDESS KNITTING — MILLET***Literature :**

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Muther*  
 HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . . *Stranahan*  
 MODERN FRENCH MASTERS . . . . . Edited by *J. C. van Dyke*  
 JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET, PEASANT AND PAINTER . . . . . *Sensier*  
 JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET . . . . . *Julia Cartwright*  
 PAINTERS OF BARBIZON, vol. 1, . . . . . *Mollett* (Great Artist Series)

ART JOURNAL, vol. 33, p. 299; ATLANTIC MONTHLY, vol. 38, p. 257; vol. 60, p. 506; vol. 79, p. 719; CENTURY, May, 1889; MAGAZINE OF ART, vols. 6, 7, 12; CENTURY, vol. 25, p. 38; vol. 23, p. 380; vol. 16, p. 90; vol. 35, p. 308; McCLURE, vol. 6, p. 499; SCRIBNER, vol. 7, p. 531; vol. 8, p. 390; vol. 20, pp. 732, 825; vol. 21, pp. 104, 189, 392; NATION, vol. 32, p. 116; TEMPLE BAR, vol. 43, p. 650; NINETEENTH CENTURY, vol. 24, p. 419; CONTEMPORARY, vol. 26, p. 157; LEISURE HOUR, vol. 31, p. 343; vol. 43, p. 15; vol. 39, p. 162.

*From a contemporary criticism by M. Castagnary:—*

"Let us salute Millet," he exclaims. "He is a master and his shepherdess is a masterpiece. To the right, to the left, in the background, toward all points on the horizon, the plain stretches away in immensity; passing beyond the frame which borders it. The shepherdess knits as she walks, her flock following her.

"If you would judge of the value of a work by the depth

of the emotion that it excites within you, this humble idyl must be regarded as one of the important pictures of the Salon.

"The great artist has put his whole heart in it, his whole soul. Those who would accuse him of exaggerating wilfully, as it were, the ugliness of our peasants will be satisfied this time, for the young shepherdess has all the beauty and all the rustic grace which belong to her social condition and her race.

"While this detail is of importance, that which must be considered above all and praised unreservedly is the harmony and intimate union of each part of this beautiful landscape. The sheep are at home on the country-side and the shepherdess belongs to the sheep as surely as they belong to her. Earth and sky, scene and figures, each calls up the other, all belong to each other, all hold together. The unity is so perfect, the impression resulting from it so truthful, that the eye does not even dream of looking for the methods by which the result is obtained. The means are naught. The whole soul rests under the charm. Is not this the very height of Art?"

"Now and again on a patch of barren soil one can see figures hoeing and digging. From time to time, one will rise and straighten his back and wipe his forehead with the back of his hand. 'Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow.' This is not the gay and jovial work that some people would make us believe it is, but it is to me true humanity and great poetry none the less."

— *From a letter from Millet to Sensier.*



Millet.

A SHEPHERDESS KNITTING.



"For Millet, the man of the soil is the whole human family. In the farm laborer he sees the forces behind our most vital actions, our toilings and sufferings — the image, the almost symbolic figure of humanity.

"Millet is, however, neither a discouraged nor a sad man. He is a laborer who is attached to his field, ploughs it, sows it, and reaps it. Art is his field. Life is his inspiration — He loves nature with the whole force of his being, — and when, before a drawing by Millet we stand aghast at the roughness of his hand, at the unusualness of the subject, at the unexpectedness of the composition, just let time do its work. Let us, like the artist himself, look at the country-side, the woods and the sky; let us forget for a moment our traditions and our conventionalities, and we shall breathe the same vivifying air which animated Millet . . . and he who understands him will say, 'Here is a painter who gives the humble his rightful place, a poet who exalts ignored greatness, a good man who encourages and consoles.'" — *Sensier*.

"And is not Millet a sort of French Wordsworth, who in barbarous Breton dialect has told us in infinitely touching strains of the noble submission of the peasant's lot, his unending labors and the melancholy solitude of the country?" — *From Modern Painting, by George Moore*.

Millet was the greatest of the Barbizon School of Painters. The meaning of this familiar phrase is explained in the following paragraphs from Muther's "History of Modern Painting":—

"... Barbizon, the Mecca of Modern Art, where the

secrets of paysage in time were revealed to the Parisian landscape painters by the nymph of Fontainebleau. . . .

"Barbizon itself is a small village three miles to the north of Fontainebleau, and, according to tradition, founded by robbers who formerly dwelt in the forest. . . . There are barely a hundred houses in the place; most of them are twined with wild vine, shut in by thick hedges of hawthorn, and have a garden in front, where roses bloom amid cabbages and cauliflowers. At nine o'clock in the evening all Barbizon is asleep, but before four in the morning it awakens once more for work in the fields.

". . . It is reported that one of David's pupils painted in the forest of Fontainebleau and lived in Barbizon. The only inn was at that time a barn, which the former tailor of the place, a man by the name of Ganne, turned into an inn in the year 1823. Here, after 1830, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Brascassat, and many others alighted when they came to follow their studies in Barbizon from the spring to the autumn. Of an evening, they clambered up to their miserable bedroom, and fastened to the head of the bed with drawing pins, the studies made in the course of the day. It was only later that Père Capain, an old peasant, who had begun life as a shepherd with three francs a month, was struck with the seasonable idea of buying in a few acres and building upon them small houses to let to painters. By this enterprise the man became rich, and gradually grew to be a capitalist, lending money to all, who, in spite of their standing as celebrated Parisian artists, did not enjoy the blessings of fortune. But the general place of assembly was still the old barn employed in Ganne's

establishment, and in the course of years its walls were covered.

"The peculiarity of all these masters . . . consists precisely in this: they never represented actual nature in the manner of photography, but freely painted their own moods from memory, just as Goethe . . . instead of elaborating a prosaic description of the Kikelhahn wrote the verses "Ueber allen Wipfeln ist Ruh." . . . The works of the Fontainebleau artists are Goethe-like poems of nature in pigments. . . . A landscape was not for them a piece of scenery, but a condition of soul . . . and thus they fathomed art to its profoundest depths. Their works were fragrant poems sprung from moods of spirit which had arisen in them during a walk in the forest.

#### Literature for the Barbizon School of Painters :

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Muther</i>
HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Stranahan</i>
CONTEMPORARY FRENCH PAINTERS. IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING. LANDSCAPE PAINTING IN FRANCE . . . . .	<i>Hamerton</i>
THE BARBIZON SCHOOL OF PAINTERS . . . . .	<i>Thomson</i>

ART JOURNAL, vol. 43, p. 283; vol. 48, p. 19; SCRIBNER, vol. 7, p. 531.

Jean-François Millet (1814-1875) was the son of poor French peasants. His father was a man of beautiful character, a natural musician, and a lover of nature. He said to his son often, "Look at that tree, how large and beautiful; it is as beautiful as a flower;" or "See! That house buried by the field is good; it seems to me that it ought to be

drawn that way." He tried sometimes to model in clay or to carve a bit of wood. But he died ignorant of his own worth and gifts.

Millet's grandmother named him Jean for his father, and François for that charming saint, Francis of Assisi, whom even the birds loved and to whom they talked. She loved her little godson and grandson, rocking, caring for him, and singing to him all day long. In the morning she wakened him gently with, "Wake up, my little one; you do not know how long the birds have been singing the glory of God!"

The little Millet was a handsome, hearty, strong lad, quite able to hold his own against the other boys both with his fists and his head. The clergyman of the village taught him Latin for the pleasure of it, and he studied it for the same reason.

His father sympathized with his craze for drawing and helped him to find his first master. Finally, Millet went to Paris and there entered the studio of Paul Delaroche. The city students could not understand him. They nicknamed him the "Man of the Woods," but they soon learned that he could draw. "It is easy to see that you have painted a great deal," said Delaroche to him. But he had never touched a brush before.

Nevertheless he had a hard struggle to get along. His pictures did not sell. He was ready to paint signboards even, but the market for them was not inexhaustible. At last he moved from Paris to Barbizon, where he lived and worked for the rest of his life.

At first a small peasant house with three rooms answered

for his wife and three children. But as the family increased, the house was lengthened, and a studio, wash-house, and chicken-yard built in the garden.

"He had two occupations," writes Sensier, "in the morning he dug or planted, sowed or reaped; after lunch he went into the low, dark room called a studio. . . . His first vision was a Bible subject, Ruth and Boaz, which he drew on the wall in crayon."

Here for years he was wretchedly poor. "But," said he, "let no one think that he can force me to prettify my types; I would rather do nothing than express myself feebly. Give me signboards to paint; give me yards of canvas to cover by the day like a house-painter, but let me imagine and execute my own work in my own way."

But recognition came to him at last and in his own lifetime. The knowledge of him and reverence and love for his teaching have been increasing ever since his death.

**Method.** — What time of the year? Why? What time of day? Why? What is the shepherdess doing? Why? Why does she not stay at home to knit? How is she clothed? Does she look happy? Who is helping her to tend the sheep? Who painted the picture? Tell the children something of his life, particularly his childhood. Show them his pictures. Arrange for a loan exhibition of his pictures. Ask which they like best and why. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

## **NOVEMBER**

**(PREPARATION FOR WINTER AND THANKSGIVING)**



## NOVEMBER

(PREPARATION FOR WINTER AND THANKSGIVING)

### BRITTANY SHEEP—ROSA BONHEUR

#### Literature:

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . .	<i>Muther</i>
HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . .	<i>Stranahan</i>
ROSA BONHEUR, HER LIFE AND WORK . . . .	<i>René-Peyrol</i>
LIVES OF GIRLS WHO BECAME FAMOUS . . . .	<i>Bolton</i>
WOMEN ARTISTS . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Ellet</i>
EMINENT WOMEN OF THE AGE . . . . .	<i>Parton</i>

PORTFOLIO, vol. 6, p. 98; MUNSEY, vol. 11, p. 58; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 5, p. 45; LIVING AGE, vol. 58, p. 397; vol. 63, p. 124; CENTURY, vol. 6, p. 833; LEISURE HOUR, vol. 10, p. 359.

“Honored Master” is the significant phrase given her by the famous French critic, Jules Claretie.

Marie Rosa Bonheur (1822–1899) was the most distinguished of a family of French artists, all of whom have said with pride, “My father taught me.” Her mother, too, was something of a musician.

Rosa Bonheur used to play truant from school and spend hours on her back in the grass gazing at the sky. At other times, oblivious of spectators, she drew what she saw in the smoothed dust with a stick. Always she loved best to represent the animals about her.



She was at first apprenticed to a milliner, but finally her father, to her great joy, arranged that she should go to the boarding school where he taught.

Nevertheless, she was very mischievous in school. Among other things, she made striking caricatures of both teachers and pupils. These she attached to thread, cementing one end to the ceiling with small pellets of bread. For this and similar tricks she was punished by being kept for a time on a diet of bread and water. But in spite of her pranks, she was loved by all.

She was the first woman to be decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Eugénie had urged it in vain upon Napoleon III. Finally, taking advantage of his absence, during which time she was regent, she rode from Fontainebleau to Rosa Bonheur's home, surprised her at her work, and kissed her. After she had left Rosa found the cross pinned to her blouse.

Her home is an old chateâu, in which, however, she has made many changes. The chapel is now an orangery. A new building contains her stable on the first floor and her studio on the second. In this studio two sculptured dogs, life-size, support the chimney. There also may be seen a landscape by her father.

A writer in the *Century* thus describes the effects of a ring of her door-bell:—

"The jingle of the bell is at once echoed by the barking of numerous dogs; the hounds and bassets in chorus, the grand St. Bernard in slow measures like the bass drum in an orchestra. After the first excitement had begun to abate, a remarkably small house pet, that has been some-



**BRITTANY SHEEP.**

**Babour.**

where in the interior, arrives upon the scene, and with his sharp, shrill voice again starts and leads the canine chorus. By this time the eagle in his cage has awakened, and the parrot, whose cage is built on the corner of the studio, adds to the racket."

**Method.** — This is a picture that the children instinctively like. The individual sheep and the collective waves of them are quite as attractive to them as the story told by the alert shepherd dog to the right.

If this picture is studied in November, it would appropriately follow the nature lessons on animal and human preparation for winter, in which sheep had been discussed. But it would be a pity to make this beautiful picture serve merely as a vehicle to convey these truths.

On the contrary, since Rosa Bonheur's pictures are so well known, and so frequently reproduced, it would be well to follow the study of this particular picture with a loan collection, to which the teacher as well as the pupils should contribute, of her other pictures. Their subjects appeal to children. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.) (See Part II, for "Ploughing" and "The Horse Fair.")

### *THE SHEPHERDESS — LEROLLE*

#### **Literature :**

HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . . *Stranahan*  
CENTURY, vol. 21; HARPER, vol. 80, p. 840.

The popularity of this and others of Lerolle's pictures is great. Theodore Child, however, denies to the painter creative ability, and says that he shows the combined



Laville.

**THE SHEPHERDESS.**

influence of Millet, Bastien-Lepage, Puvis de Chavanne, and Cazin, attenuating them all and yet utilizing their methods and effects with remarkable intelligence, much as a clever musician might arrange the score of a grand opera for the piano.

Although his works are so well known and so much loved, comparatively little is known of his life. In spite of the tramp-like and decidedly Bohemian-looking sketch in *Harper* (vol. 80), he is a wealthy man, and paints only because he wishes to do so. This gives him also the privilege of painting just what pleases him. At first, his pictures were airy landscapes. Of these the well-known "By the River" is an excellent example. Later, he painted large interiors, such as the much-admired "Organ" in the Metropolitan Museum. And now, finally, he paints scenes from peasant life, of which "The Shepherdess" is a characteristic example.

**Method.**—Of what is this a picture? Have you ever seen a shepherdess? Where? Where is she taking the sheep? Why? What has she on her stick? What kind of trees? (Beech.) How do you know them? (By their peculiar smooth bark; a favorite subject with painters.) What is going on behind these trees? What time of the year do you think it to be? (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



**THE SPINNER.**

**Moss.**

**THE SPINNER—NIKOLAAS MAES****Literature :**

FIGURE PAINTERS OF HOLLAND . *Gower* (Great Artist Series) CENTURY, vol. 25, p. 563.

"I like the action of the figure — its absorbed attentiveness, so simple, natural, and unaffected. Here we see an experienced Dutch housewife — a robust and beautiful old woman, and a type of her time — one of those kind, hale, thrifty souls whose mere presence breathes a sense of homeliness and serenity. Nothing, surely, could be finer than the breadth and simplicity with which the features are indicated; and the hand — how characteristic! Only a consummate master could attack such difficulties with the ease and suppleness of handling, and the exquisite delicacy and solidity of touch, that contribute to the charm and delight of this work." — *Timothy Cole*.

Nikolaas Maes (1632-1693) was a pupil of Rembrandt. He was a successful portrait painter, successful because he invariably flattered the sitter. As works of art, they are his poorest productions. Yet it was of these that he was apparently most proud, for when Jordaens asked him what manner of painting he practised, he answered, "I am but a portrait painter."

**Method.** — The teacher who reads Cole's description with the picture in her hand will know how to teach the children to realize its beauty.

It would be well — not essential — to use this in connection with language lessons on wool and weaving, — a part of man's preparation for winter. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

**ÆSOP—VELASQUEZ**

For literature, see p. 97; for an account of the artist, see p. 105.

ÆSOP, in POETS OF GREECE . . . . . *Mills*  
 CLASSIC PORTRAITS . . . . . *Bruce*

In these days Æsop's fables are in most first readers. Even as far back as the first century after Christ the great rhetorician, Quintilian, urged that they should be used for that purpose.

One of his fables, in particular, is used by most teachers in connection with preparation for winter. This is the Ant and the Grasshopper.

There is strong probability that the fables attributed to Æsop were not the work of any one man, but the gradual accumulation of centuries, including, even, some tales from ancient Egypt. Nevertheless, there was an Æsop who lived in the sixth century before Christ. He was a slave, who served under a Greek master in Athens, and under Cræsus, the rich king of Lydia, in Asia Minor.



This picture by Velasquez represents a poor old man, ugly and sad, yet with a kindly and wise expression. Velasquez has painted him above the level of our eyes, looking down to us. This adds greatly to the impression that the figure makes upon us.

**Method.** — Tell the children the story of the Ant and the Grasshopper, or let them read it. Let them realize that the one reason for its wide popularity (it has even furnished the theme for a light opera) is the universal truth that it teaches.

Give them some account of the man himself, and then show them Velasquez's interpretation of his character.

Do you like the picture? Why? Describe his dress. Did Æsop dress in this fashion? Why not? Is this a matter of importance? Why not? What is the most important point? What does his face tell us? his shoulders, his hands, his whole figure?

Does he seem to be looking up or down upon you? Prove by the tub that this is true (the narrow ellipse of the top). (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



ÆSOP.

Velasquez

**PILGRIM EXILES — BOUGHTON****Literature :**

- HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Muther*  
 MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 5, p. 397; NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE,  
 vol. 15, p. 481; CENTURY, vol. 21, p. 156; ART JOURNAL, vol. 25,  
 p. 41; PORTFOLIO, vol. 2, p. 42; vol. 8, p. 159.  
 COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH . . . *Henry W. Longfellow*  
 A BOSTON THANKSGIVING, adapted from  
 E. E. Hale, in THE CHILD'S WORLD . *Emilie Poulsson*  
 THE FIRST THANKSGIVING, THE STORY  
 HOUR . . . . . *Mrs. Wiggin and Nora Smith*  
 CUSTOMS AND FASHIONS IN OLD NEW  
 ENGLAND . . . . . *Alice Morse Earle*  
 NOVEMBER, WILSON'S HISTORY READER.  
 A TARDY THANKSGIVING . . . . . *Miss Wilkins*  
 OLD-TIME THANKSGIVING, ST. NICHOLAS,  
 vol. 24, Part I, p. 58.

**Poems :**

- THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS *Mrs. Hemans*  
 THANKSGIVING DAY . . . . . *Lydia Maria Child*  
 THANKSGIVING DAY . . . *Nora Perry, in New Songs and Ballads*  
 THANKSGIVING  
 A THANKSGIVING FEAST } *Margaret E. Sangster, in Easter Bells*  
 MISS LUCINDA'S OPINION }  
 THE PUMPKIN }  
 FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL } . . . *Whittier*

“What Boughton does best in figure painting is women and children, his types being never without grace of figure and gesture, and having often for sentiment something of that reserved gentleness which belongs to lives that have to be passed less in pleasure than in patience.” — *Sidney Colvin.*



Boughton.

PILGRIM EXILES.

George Henry Boughton (1834- ), born in England, but living in America in his early life, while still a boy earned his living in his brother's hat factory. But he was more successful with his pen, making clever sketches, than in learning the trade. It is related that one day going to a shop for fish-hooks, his eyes caught sight of some tubes of oil colors. He spent his fish-hook money for these, and, securing a bit of canvas, with no one to help, he yet managed to make pictures which were the marvel of all who saw them. Before he was twenty he had made enough money by painting to take him to Europe. He came back to New York, but finally married and settled in London, where he has since lived.

**Method.** — Describe the picture. What country is this? Who are the people? Of what are they thinking?

If the children have not already learned in history, or by reading, the story of these early settlers of Massachusetts, tell it to them now.

Whether it is worth while to tell them anything of the artist must be decided by the judgment of the teacher.

Collect, if possible, the rest of his pilgrim series, which includes a charming portrait of Rose Standish and one of Priscilla, as well as the familiar scenes. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

**DECEMBER**

**(CHRISTMAS)**



## DECEMBER

### (CHRISTMAS)

#### Literature :

BEN HUR . . . . .	<i>Wallace</i>
TINY TIM (CHRISTMAS CAROL) . . . . .	<i>Dickens</i>
THE FIR TREE . . . . .	} <i>Andersen</i>
LAST DREAM OF THE OLD OAK . . . . .	
STORY OF CHRISTMAS, in <i>The Story</i> <i>Hour</i> . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Wiggin and Nora Smith</i>
CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM, ST. NICHOLAS, vol. 24, p. 92.	
CHRISTMAS (SKETCH BOOK) . . . . .	<i>Irving</i>
NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, WHITTIER'S "CHILD LIFE" . . . . .	<i>Moore</i>
CHRISTMAS GREETING . . . . .	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>
OLD CHRISTMAS . . . . .	<i>Mary Howitt</i>



*ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS — LEROLLE***Literature :**

(See p. 42.) The *CENTURY*, vol. 21, has a poem by Edith Thomas, with this picture for the subject.

Although this is one of the most realistic of all the Nativities, yet Lerolle has represented in it the symbolical ass and ox, appropriate enough, no doubt, but from the earliest times used to typify the Gentile and the Jew.

There are no angels present; the light does not radiate from the Babe, and yet it gives the impression of the supernatural.

**Method.** — Of what place is this a picture? Why do you think so (let them observe the hay and the animals)? What time of the day? At what are the group of men at the left looking? Who is this mother with the new-born child? Who are these men? How do you know? Read to them Luke 2. 14, and also, perhaps, Edith Thomas's poem.

If this is used as a Christmas picture, it would be a pity to disturb the impression of the Nativity by a reference to the artist and his other works. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



Laroue

THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS.

## HOLY NIGHT—CORREGGIO

### Literature :

LIFE OF CORREGGIO . . . . .	<i>Ricci</i>
HANDBOOK OF PAINTING (ITALIAN) . . . . .	<i>Kugler</i>
HISTORY OF THE RENAISSANCE, vol. 3 . . . . .	<i>Symonds</i>
MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Jameson</i>
CORREGGIO . . . . .	<i>Heaton</i> (Great Artist Series)
MIDSUMMER OF ITALIAN ART . . . . .	<i>Stearns</i>
PRINCES OF ART . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Urbino</i>
BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FINE ARTS. . . . .	<i>Spooner</i>
STORIES OF BOY GENIUS . . . . .	<i>Lady Jervis</i>

MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 8, p. 420; vol. 11, p. 380; vol. 19, p. 449; CENTURY, vol. 22, p. 916; NATION, vol. 59, p. 156; vol. 62, p. 83; ATLANTIC MONTHLY, vol. 77, p. 560; ART JOURNAL, vol. 34, p. 358; PORTFOLIO, vol. 19, pp. 30, 56.

"The so-called 'Notte' (Night) the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' is celebrated for the striking effect of the light, which, in accordance with the legend, proceeds from the new-born babe, who, as well as the Madonna, are lost in the splendor which has guided the steps of the distant shepherds. A young female figure on one side, and a beautiful youth on the other, receive the full light, which seems to dazzle their eyes, while angels hovering above appear in a softened radiance. Morning breaks on the horizon." — *Kugler's Handbook of Painting*.



HOLY NIGHT.

Correggio.

“What shall we say, then, of Correggio’s ‘La Notte,’ that third treasure of the Dresden Gallery, and most popular of all pictures of the Nativity? There is no crude realism here. It is an indubitable poem on canvas. But we may still question a little whether the poetry is exactly of the right kind. It is too lyrical, the movement is overstrained; it lacks repose and delicacy of rhythm. This big shepherd with his violent gesture of wonder, this woman with contracted brows and hand lifted to shade the dazzle of light, these wonderfully agile celestial limbs vibrating in ecstasy—a man who truly believed in the Nativity and felt it most profoundly would have left these out. But Correggio was too excitable, too sensuous, too fond of showing his skill in foreshortening and contrast of light and shade. He was a wonderful artist, but his genius was not pure, sincere, reverent, and therefore there is a touch of affectation in his work. He is like a preacher who longs to say witty or pretty things in a sermon on the life of Christ. We detect the false note, and it spoils our devotion.

“But for all that, the heart of this picture—the mother half embracing, half worshipping her child—remains a marvel of beauty, and the world has a right to love it. It was no new or original idea to make all the light of the stable come from the divine Babe. We find it in the Arabic ‘Gospel of Infancy,’ and one of the fathers says, ‘When Christ was born his body shone like the sun when it rises.’ Hugo van der Goes, and many other painters, have used the thought; but none have done it so beautifully as Correggio. The glory that streams from the infant is a white, brilliant, supernatural radiance, manifestly of heaven, and away be-

hind the hills the dawning of the earth light looks cold and gray." — *From Nativity in Art, Henry van Dyke, Harper's Magazine*, vol. 72, p. 21.

"The picture represents the Nativity, but Correggio has evidently taken his inspiration, not from the Gospel narrative, but from the account in an apocryphal book called 'Evangelio dell' Infanzia del Salvatore,' which relates that when Joseph came back with assistance to his wife he found the cave filled with a divine radiance from the Babe, which was already born. The effect as represented by the painter is very beautiful; the sole light emanates from the body of the divine Child, and falls on the rapt faces of the adoring shepherds. One of the most beautiful figures is a young girl, who shades her eyes with her hand from this mysterious effulgence. Purgileone, describing the group, says: 'All the figures might have been drawn by an angel hand, and they seem to start out from the canvas, wanting only the power of speech.'

"Above the shed is a choir of angels, of which the equally enthusiastic Vasari asserts, 'They seemed to have been rained down from heaven.' . . . Correggio's light is delicate and *spirituelle*, and seems to pervade everything, rather than to form shadows, while its unity is very full of religious meaning." — *Magazine of Art, 1893, Leader Scott*.

Were I not Titian I would be Correggio. — *Titian*.

"Regarding the art of Correggio from an intellectual or emotional point of view, his supreme gift may be defined as suavity, — a vivid, spontaneous, lambent play of the

affections, a heartfelt inner grace which fashions the forms and features, and beams like soft and glancing sunshine in the expressions. We see lovely or lovable souls clothed in bodies of corresponding loveliness, which are not only physically charming, but are so informed with the spirit within as to become one with that in movement and gesture. In these qualities of graceful naturalness, not heightened into the sacred or severe, and of joyous animation, in momentary smiles, and casual living turns of the head and limbs, Correggio undoubtedly carried the art some steps beyond anything that it had previously attained, and he remains to this day the unsurpassed or unequalled model of preëminence. From a technical point of view, his supreme gift is *chiaroscuro*, — the power of modifying every tone, from bright light to depth of darkness, with the sweetest and most subtle gradations, all being combined into harmonious unity. In this he far distanced all predecessors, and defied subsequent competition. His color, also, is luminous and precious, perfectly understood and blended. When we come, however, to estimate painters according to their dramatic faculty, their power of telling a story, or of impressing a majestic truth, their range and strength of mind, we find the merits of Correggio very feeble in comparison with those of the highest masters, and even of many who, without being altogether great, have excelled in these particular qualities. Correggio never means much, and often, in subjects whose fulness of significance is demanded, he means provokingly little. He expressed his own miraculous facility by saying that he always had his thoughts at the end of his pencil; in truth, they were very

often thoughts rather of the pencil and its controlling hand than of the teeming brain." — *W. M. Rossetti*.

Antonio Allegri (1494–1534) was called Correggio from his birthplace. His father was a small tradesman in comfortable circumstances. He was carefully educated, and, in art, received some instruction from his uncle and various other artists. He himself did not become famous during his lifetime, but, nevertheless, he received a sufficiency of orders. He was the first artist who ever undertook the painting of a large cupola, an undertaking full of difficulties because of the fact that the figures were seen only from below. This necessitated bold foreshortening, something not attempted before his day. Nevertheless, his contemporary did not appreciate his wonderful work in this line, and called the cupola decorations "a hash of frogs." It is said that Titian on seeing these pictures and hearing that they were lightly esteemed exclaimed, "Reverse the cupola, and fill it with gold, and even that will not be its money's worth."

Correggio led an isolated life so far as intercourse with other artists is concerned. He saw but one picture, even, of Raphael's. He fairly hung over it (it was the "St. Cecilia") when, at last, after long expectancy, he saw it. "I also am a painter!" he is said to have exclaimed.

Correggio's married life was very happy. His wife was young, beautiful, and devoted to him. She brought him a good dowry, and was the mother of four children. She died some five years before he did.

There is a story told by the ever unreliable Vasari, that



Correggio's last illness was caused by his carrying home a sum of money paid him for a picture. The money was given him in copper coin to humiliate him. To save expense he had carried it from Parma to Correggio. The day was hot, and his consequent fatigue and exhaustion led to the fatal illness.

**Method.** — Why is the picture called "Holy Night"? Where does the light come from? Which face shows how bright this light is? Look at the face of the mother. Where is Joseph? Who are the men to the left? What do you see above? (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

### MADONNA AND CHILD—DAGNAN-BOUVERET

#### Literature:

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Muther*  
 HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . . *Stranahan*  
 MODERN FRENCH MASTERS . . . Edited by *J. C. van Dyke*

MAGAZINE OF ART, February, 1893; ART JOURNAL, vol. 49, p. 216; CENTURY, vol. 26, p. 4; McCLURE, vol. 7, p. 422; CENTURY, vol. 53, p. 163; THE OFFERTORY, *Mary Mapes Dodge*, in the CENTURY, vol. 21.

"Another masterpiece,—I mean his Madonna,—a Virgin of the size of life, standing robed in white, and holding the infant Jesus in her arms. The light falls on the figure, subdued by vine branches which overarch the picture. The action of the Virgin pressing the Child to her bosom, her somewhat dreamy and inexpressibly tender look, are rendered with such truth and grace as only manly and honest



**F**

**MADONNA AND CHILD.**

**Dagnan-Bouveret.**

talent can command. Nothing is seen of the divine Infant but his little head, drooping as though too heavy as yet for the neck, and resting on his mother's shoulder. The painting is capital, but far beyond the technique are the sentiment and the poetry of the picture. It is a vision of a superior being. This Mother with her Child is the Mother of God, and as we gaze on it we feel the same impression as in looking at the colder, but exquisite mysticism of a picture by Botticelli.

"The stamp of the painter — the poet-painter as Dagnan-Bouveret is. His deep-set eye, black under the prominent arch of the brow, has the kindly, searching gaze which tries to pierce, to embrace, and to understand the image on which it rests. His whole person is wrapped, as it were, in a halo of thought and abstraction, which gives him an Old World aspect, a reminiscence of an age when a whole life dedicated to a single aim led to achievement, regardless of the world of criticism or of fame. A Holbein stepped out of its frame is the best idea that I can give of Dagnan-Bouveret's appearance."

— *Magazine of Art*, 1893,

*Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch.*

Dagnan-Bouveret (1852- ) was the son of a Frenchman, M. Dagnan, who went, when the child was a baby, to Brazil to engage in commerce. His mother died in Brazil when he was only six years old. So the little lad was sent home to his grandmother Bouveret, whose name, according to custom, he affixed to his own. He was from the beginning determined to be an artist. So that when his father

offered him an opening in commerce in Brazil, he declined it. This so angered his father that he at once stopped his allowance.

**Method.** — After the pictures have been distributed, read to the children Mrs. Dodge's beautiful poem:—

All babyhood he holdeth,  
All motherhood enfoldeth, —  
Yet who hath seen his face?

she sings. This in itself is so sufficient and beautiful an interpretation of the picture that one hesitates to say anything more. Perhaps the best thing one can do is to read to them also the description given by Prince Karageorgevitch, quoted above. This will call their attention sufficiently to the details of the picture, and yet not disturb the feeling of mystery inspired by the poem. (See p. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

### *MADONNA OF THE LOUVRE — BOTTICELLI*

#### **Literature :**

ARIADNE FLORENTINA . . . . .	<i>Ruskin</i>
BOTTICELLI . . . . .	<i>Phillimore</i> (Great Artist Series)
HISTORY OF THE RENAISSANCE, vol. 3 . . . . .	<i>Symonds</i>
MAKERS OF FLORENCE . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Oliphant</i>
THE RENAISSANCE . . . . .	<i>Pater</i>
MIDSUMMER OF ITALIAN ART . . . . .	<i>Stearns</i>

ACADEMY, vol. 45, pp. 109, 214; vol. 46, p. 137; CENTURY, vol. 18, p. 501; ART JOURNAL, vol. 33, p. 120; vol. 47, p. 188; FORTNIGHTLY, vol. 14, p. 155.

This exquisite Madonna is loved by everybody. One does not need to be a Botticelli enthusiast to understand

and divine the awed yet lovely virgin, the human yet heavenly child, and the elflike St. John; the roses against the glowing background ["no one ever painted roses as well as Sandro," says Ruskin], and the wonderfully bold yet delicate detail, the veil, the carved chair, and the folds of cloth under the book.

Alessandro Filipepi (1449–1510) was called Botticelli from the goldsmith to whom he was apprenticed. He is almost equally frequently called Sandro, the diminutive of his first name. He was afterward a student of Fra Fillippi, and on the death of the latter was counted the first painter in Florence.

His work was munificently rewarded, but he was extravagant and always poor.

Like so many artists of his time—the Robbias, Lorenzo di Credi, Fra Bartolommeo, Michelangelo—he came under the influence of Savonarola's holy life and fiery influence. It is said that he gave up his painting for him and would have starved to death, had it not been for the help of his friends.

**Method.**—Of whom is this a picture? How do you know? How is she holding the Christ-child? [Note that she nowhere touches his flesh.] How is St. John dressed? Why? What flowers do you see? Do you like the picture? Why? (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



Botticelli.

THE MADONNA OF THE LOUVRE.

*HOLY FAMILY—MURILLO***Literature :**

- THE SPANISH MASTERS . . . . . *Washburn*  
 ANNALS OF THE ARTISTS OF SPAIN . . . *Stirling-Maxwell*  
 MURILLO . . . . . *Minor* (Great Artist Series)  
 MURILLO . . . . . *Sweetser*  
 MURILLO'S TRANCE, "Cartoons" . . . . *Margaret J. Preston*

MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 21, pp. 67, 90; vol. 26, p. 243; PORTFOLIO, vol. 8, p. 165; HARPER, vol. 71, p. 938; CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. 29, p. 820.

"Now let us speak of Murillo in our gentlest tones. Velasquez is in art an eagle; Murillo is an angel. One admires Velasquez and adores Murillo. By his canvases we know him as if he had lived among us. He was handsome, good, and virtuous. He was born to paint the sky. Fortune gave him a mild and serene genius, which bore him to God on the wings of a tranquil inspiration; and yet his most admirable paintings breathe an air of gentle sweetness which inspires sympathy and affection even before admiration. A simple nobility and elegance of outline, an inexpressible harmony of colors, — these are the qualities that impress one at first sight; but the more that one looks at the paintings, the more one discovers, and surprise is transformed little by little into a delicious sense of pleasure. His saints have a benign aspect, cheering and consoling; his angels, whom he groups with marvellous ability, make one's lips tremble with a desire to kiss them; his virgins, clothed in white, with long flowing draperies of azure, with their great black eyes, their clasped



**THE HOLY FAMILY.**

Murillo.



hands, delicate, graceful, ethereal, make one's heart tremble with their beauty, and one's eyes fill with tears. He combines the truth of Velasquez, the vigor of Ribera, the harmonious transparency of Titian, and the brilliant vivacity of Rubens. . . .

"[Of an Immaculate Conception at Madrid.] I was filled with an inexpressible love for this face. More than once, as I looked at it, I felt tears coursing down my cheek. . . . My heart was softened and my mind was lifted to a plane of thought higher than any I had before reached—a new feeling of prayer, a desire to love, to do good, to suffer for others, to elevate my mind and heart. . . .

"One should see on a Sunday the children, the girls, and the poor women before these pictures, — see how their faces light up and hear the sweet words upon their lips. Murillo is a saint to them, and they speak his name with a smile, as if to say, 'He is ours'; and in so saying they look as if they were performing an act of reverence. The artists do not all regard him in the same manner, but they love him above all others, and they are not able to divorce their admiration from their love." — *De Amicis*.

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo (1617–1682) was a native of Seville, where, too, he early learned the technique of his profession, in those days, drawing, cleaning brushes, grinding colors, and the like. He earned his living by painting pictures for the weekly market. When Moya returned to Seville with copies of the paintings of Van Dyck and other Flemish artists, Murillo saw his own lacks and determined to go to Rome. He walked over the Sierras

to Madrid where he was cordially received by the great Velasquez. He persuaded Murillo to remain with him.

Here Murillo made marvellous progress with almost no teaching except such as he obtained indirectly by copying the works of the masters whom he most loved, viz., Van Dyck, Ribera, and Velasquez himself. He returned to Seville and was immediately successful in the practice of his art. While employed in painting the "Marriage of St. Catharine" at Cadiz, he fell from the scaffold. His few remaining hours were passed in prayer.

**Method.** — Of whom is this a picture? How is the Christ Child supported? In what direction must each of the others look in order to see him? (Upwards.) What do the mother and St. Joseph seem to be thinking? What do you see above? Who painted this picture? (See p. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



**JANUARY**  
**(THE GREAT MASTERS)**



# JANUARY

## (THE GREAT MASTERS)

### ANGEL—BELLINI

#### Literature:

- HANDBOOK OF PAINTING (ITALIAN) . *Kugler*  
HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTHERN  
ITALY . . . . . *Crowe and Cavalcaselle*  
MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY ITALIAN  
PAINTERS . . . . . *Mrs. Jameson*  
MAKERS OF VENICE . . . . . *Mrs. Oliphant*  
ART JOURNAL, vol. 10, pp. 65, 97; CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. 6,  
p. 408; CENTURY, vol. 17, p. 852.

This is a detail of the Redentore Madonna in Venice. The Christ Child rests on the Virgin's lap, asleep. At each side, on a step below, sit two angels playing to Him.

"His angels, cheerful boys in the full bloom of youth."  
— *Kugler*.

"The figures are in perfect peace. No action takes place except that the little angels are playing on musical instruments, but with uninterrupted and effortless gesture, as in a dream. . . . Bellini's angels, even the youngest, sing as calmly as the Fates weave."— *Miscellania, John Ruskin*.

". . . Often with lovely children seated about the steps of her throne, piping tenderly upon their heavenly flutes,

thrilling the chords on a stringed instrument, with a serious sweetness and abstraction; unconscious of anything but the infant Lord, to whom their eyes are turned. No more endearing and delightful image could be than that of these angel children. They were the fashion of the age, growing, in the hands of the Florentine Botticelli, into angelic youths, gravely meditating upon the wonders they foresaw. In Raphael, though so much later, they are more divine, like little kindred gods, waiting in an unspeakable awe till the great God should be revealed; but in Bellini, more sweet and human, younger, all tender interest and delight, piping their lovely strains if perhaps they might give Him pleasure. One cannot but conclude that he who painted these children at the foot of every divine group, in twos and threes, small, exquisite courtiers of the infant King, first fruits of humanity, must have found his models in children who were his own, whose dimpled, delightful limbs were within reach of his kiss, and whose unconscious grace of movement and wondering sweet eyes were before him continually. The delightful purity and gravity, and, at the same time, manliness, if we may use the word, of these pictures, is beyond expression."

— *Makers of Venice, Mrs. Oliphant.*

Giovanni (Gian, John) Bellini (1428 ?–1516) was the youngest and greatest of an honorable Venetian family, by whose work the art of Venice developed from primitive and crude beginnings to the glories of Titian and Tintoretto. He studied in Florence, and brought back to Venice not only her art, but also the advances that she was making in other



AN ANGEL.

Bellini.



ways. His most distinguished pupils were his two sons. His daughter became the wife of Mantegna.

The two brothers were devotedly attached each to the other, but after the death of the father each practised his art separately. It was the elder brother, Gentile, who was sent to the Sultan at Constantinople. He was entertained by him with great magnificence; but, it is said, a significant incident made him anxious to return. The Sultan insisted that a picture of Gentile's showed imperfect knowledge of the appearance of the muscles of the neck after decapitation, and thereupon ordered a slave decapitated at once and in the presence of the painter.

After Gentile's return the two brothers worked together in the decoration of the great hall of Venice.

Titian was his pupil.

On his deathbed, he bequeathed to his brother his father's sketch-book.

Many of Gian's works have been burned and otherwise ruined, but enough of them remains to show that he deserved the great reputation that he had during his whole life.

To show the superiority of his character, as well as of his art, Ruskin quotes the following from Albrecht Dürer's Diary:—

"I have many good friends among the Italians, who warn me not to eat or drink with their painters, of whom several are my enemies, and copy my pictures in the church, and others of mine wherever they can find them, and yet blame them, and say they are not according to ancient art, and therefore not good. Giovanni Bellini, however, has

praised me highly to several gentlemen and wishes to have something of my doing; he called on me himself, and requested that I would paint a picture for him, for which, he said, he would pay me well. People are all surprised that I should be so much thought of by a person of his reputation: he is very old, but is still the best painter of them all."

It was in the time of Gian Bellini that oil color, in place of the old distemper, was introduced into Venice. The story is that Antonella of Messina, who had learned the secret either from the inventor, Van Eyck, himself, or perhaps Memling, came to Venice, exhibiting his work with this new and marvellous medium. In vain the Venetians tried to discover this secret. At last Gian, "feigning to be a gentleman" (!) got him to paint his portrait, watching him at his work the while, and seeing him actually dip his brush in the oil.

**Method.** — When the children have sufficiently admired this beautiful boy, and after they have asked the meaning of the sleeping head to the right, show them the picture of the whole Madonna.

Tell them the story of the Bellini family, and show them, if possible, others of his pictures. The Frari Madonna, with its two angels standing on the steps, and the altarpiece of San Zaccharia are his masterpieces. The double portrait of the two brothers, though of doubtful authenticity, will also interest the children. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

✓  
*MADONNA OF THE CHAIR*—**RAPHAEL**

**Literature :**

- HANDBOOK OF PAINTING (ITALIAN) . . . *Kugler*  
 MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY ITALIAN  
   PAINTERS . . . . . *Mrs. Jameson*  
 LIFE AND WORKS OF RAPHAEL . . . *Crowe and Cavalcaselle*  
 RAPHAEL OF URBINO AND HIS FATHER . . *Passavant*  
 LIFE OF RAPHAEL . . . . . *Hermann Grimm*  
 RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO . . . *Perkins*  
 RAPHAEL . . . . . (Great Artist Series) *D'Anvers*  
 MIDSUMMER OF ITALIAN ART . . . *Stearns*  
 RAPHAEL . . . . . *Julia Cartwright*  
 RAPHAEL . . . . . *Sweetser*  
 LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 9, p. 643; MAGAZINE OF ART,  
 vol. 6, p. 434; vol. 7, p. 323; vol. 9, p. 371; vol. 12, p. 151; vol.  
 17, p. 295; PORTFOLIO, vol. 20, p. 156; ART JOURNAL, vol. 3,  
 pp. 1, 69; vol. 9, p. 365; vol. 11, p. 47; CENTURY, vol. 21, p. 164.  
 CHILD OF URBINO IN BIMBI . . . *Ouida*  
 RAPHAEL . . . . . *Whittier*  
 RAPHAEL, ITALY . . . . . *Samuel Rogers*  
 IN THE SISTINE, "Cartoons" . . . *Margaret J. Preston*

"A circular picture painted about 1516. The Madonna, seen in a side view, sits on a low chair holding the Child on her knee; he leans on her bosom in a listless, childlike attitude; at her side St. John folds his little hands in prayer. The Madonna wears a many-colored handkerchief on her shoulders, and another on her head, in a manner of the Italian women. She appears as a beautiful, blooming woman, looking out of the picture in the tranquil enjoyment of maternal love; the Child, full and strong in form,



**MADONNA OF THE CHAIR.**

**Raphael.**

has a serious, ingenuous, and grand expression. The coloring is uncommonly warm and beautiful." — *Kugler*.

"The 'Madonna della Sedia' leaves me, with all its beauty, impressed only by the grave gaze of the Infant."

— *Diary, 1860, George Eliot*.

"But the 'Madonna della Sedia' is an ideal of maternal happiness, so tender that the presence of a man would be an intrusion. Joseph is only permitted to look at the picture from a distance. The Madonna clasps her Child to her breast and knows of naught besides. She looks away in dreamy forgetfulness of all care and anxiety; while the little St. John, standing at her knee, with childlike sympathy, reflects the same feeling. It is a dream of maternal bliss and fills one with a restful content. St. John's little cross, almost out of sight, adds just a touch of religious sentiment to it." — *Midsummer of Italian Art, Stearns*.

The following story is told of the origin of this picture:—

There lived in the Italian hills a hermit called Father Bernardo. He was renowned for his goodness and wisdom, and for these reasons was visited by many who needed consolation or advice. Although he had no children of his own, yet there were two beings as dear to him as daughters. Mary, the child of a vinedresser, and an old oak that grew beside his hut. To him Mary brought presents and kind words and happy smiles. To his "dumb daughter," as he called the oak, he in turn carried water for her thirsty roots.

He used to talk to her as if she could hear him. He fed the birds that lived in her branches, and they sang to him in return.

Many times the woodman wanted to cut down the tree, for it was now old and feeble; but the entreaties of the hermit prevailed. Finally, there came a severe winter, and after the snow had melted, then freshets poured down the mountain side. Flocks of cattle and sheep, trees, and even villages were swept away. When the worst was over, Mary went to see Father Bernardo. She found his hut and his garden swept away. But he had saved his life by taking refuge in the tree. When Mary arrived he had been three days without food, and was half dead from exposure to the cold and rain. She took him home with her and cared for him until his home could be rebuilt. He used to pray that these two children of his, Mary and the oak, might be forever blessed, and might meet with some unusual fortune in return for all that they had done for him.

Years went by. The old hermit had long since been laid to rest. The old oak had been made into casks for Mary's father. Mary herself had married and had two beautiful boys. One day she sat in the arbor with the children playing about her, and near one of the old oak casks. She took one of the children in her arms. At once the older child ran toward her with the stick which he had just made into a cross. It was at this moment that Raphael saw her first. He wanted to paint her, but he had with him no proper tools. But on the smooth cover of the great wine cask he drew the outlines of Mary and the children. This he carried away with him, and in the beautiful picture that

he made, the wish of the old hermit was realized, — his two daughters were distinguished for all time.

Raphael Sanzio (1483–1520). On a certain Good Friday, not very many years before Columbus discovered America, there was born into the family of an artist, a little boy, destined to become one of the world's greatest painters. It was in the Italian city of Urbino, which was at that time one of the chief centres of intellectual and artistic activities. In this favorable environment, taught by his father, Raphael spent the first sixteen years of his life. Later he studied and worked first with Perugino, and afterward in Florence and in Rome.

Always every one loved him, for he was beautiful, charming in his manner, and kind of heart. He was welcomed as an equal by princes and scholars, and yet he was always sincerely modest. He lived like a prince, with his devoted students for courtiers.

He died on a Good Friday, at the age of thirty-seven, from a fever which lasted only ten days. His body was laid in state in his studio with his last great unfinished picture, "The Transfiguration," at his head. All Rome came to see, for the last time, the divine painter whom they loved and for whom they mourned.

**Method.** — Develop the simple composition of the picture with questions. Tell them the legend of its conception. Tell them of Raphael. (See p. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

**MADONNA OF THE SACK — ANDREA DEL SARTO****Literature :**

- HANDBOOK OF PAINTING (ITALIAN) . *Kugler*  
 HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTHERN  
   ITALY. . . . . *Crowe and Cavalcaselle*  
 MEMOIRS OF EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS *Mrs. Jameson*  
 BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FINE ARTS . . . *Spooner*  
 HISTORY OF THE RENAISSANCE, vol. 3 . *Symonds*  
 ANDREA DEL SARTO . . . . *Scott (Great Artist Series)*  
 ART JOURNAL, vol. 11, p. 321; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 6, p. 203;  
 CONTEMPORARY, vol. 50, p. 707; ACADEMY, vol. 35, p. 102, 120;  
 CENTURY, vol. 21, p. 352; ANDREA DEL SARTO, *Robert Browning*.

"This is a lunette over a door of simple composition and grand effect, — the Madonna and Child, with Joseph, — called, from the sack on which Joseph leans, the "Madonna del Sacco." — *Kugler*.

"His masterpiece in that year was the lunette fresco in the cloisters of the Servi, known all over the world as the 'Madonna del Sacco.' Vasari, enraptured, says of it, 'That for drawing, grace, and beauty of color, for loveliness and relief, no artist had ever done the like;' and no doubt it is Andrea's best, producing an impression of life which is only proper to works of the highest order.

"There is no denying that a masculine stamp is given to the youthful and thoughtful, and yet inspired Virgin, as well as to the form of the Child. Yet this in nowise diminishes their grandiose effect.

"The centre of vision is appropriately chosen for the high place in which the subject is introduced. The grouping is



scientific, the attitudes are noble, the drapery admirably calculated to show off the frames, and the balance of light and shadow is perfect. The excellence which Del Sarto here attained was never surpassed."

— *Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

"Strangely enough, this painter, so unhappy in real life, gives to his figures an air of candid happiness and unaffected goodness; a kind of innocent joy lifts the corner of their lips, and they beam, illuminated with a sweet serenity, in the warm colored atmosphere with which the artist surrounds them. A painter paints his dreams, not his life."

— *Théophile Gautier*.

Andrea Vannucchi (?) (1488–1531), called from his father's trade *Del Sarto* (of the tailor), was early put to work under a goldsmith. Instead of performing the work allotted to him, he took to drawing from his master's models. He was transferred from the goldsmith's shop to a skilful woodcarver, and went from him to Piero di Cosimo. Here he studied the famous cartoons of Leonardo and of Michelangelo.

The first important, independent work which he undertook were three frescos for the brotherhood of the Servi. These were executed in a few months and gained for him the title of *Andrea senza errori*, — the Faultless.

Michelangelo thought very highly of Andrea's powers, and is said to have told Raphael of him in these words: —

"There is a little fellow in Florence who will bring sweat to your brow if ever he is engaged in great works."



Del Sarto.

**MADONNA OF THE SACK.**

An incident characteristic of the times and illustrating Andrea's skill relates to his copy of Raphael's portrait group of Leo X. One of the Medicis owned it. He was asked by the Duke of Mantua to present it to him. This he was unwilling to do, and yet he did not wish to offend the duke. So he got Andrea to copy it. This copy he sent to the duke. So cleverly was it done, that Giulio Romano, Raphael's pupil, who painted portions of the original himself, did not detect the fraud.

But Del Sarto was not Raphael in spite of an almost equal, possibly greater, talent. He was easygoing and fond of low pleasures and company. He was a favorite with men, belonging to at least two jolly companies, — the Company of the Kettle, and the Company of the Trowel.

His wife was a faithless, jealous, bad-tempered woman, whose handsome face may be seen in most of his Madonnas. Urged by her, so the story goes, he betrayed the confidence of the then king of France, Francis I., and appropriated to his own and her own use, money intrusted to him for buying pictures. This was especially contemptible, because Francis was the first and only patron who paid him large sums of money for his work.

He died of the pestilence, deserted by his wife, shortly after the siege of Florence.

**Method.** — Of whom is this a picture? What is St. Joseph doing? Why is this called the "Madonna of the Sack"? Do you like it? Why?

Tell them something of Andrea's life, and, if possible, show them others of his great works. Probably the most interesting will be "Madonna of St. Francesco," or "Ma-

donna of the Harpy," as it is sometimes called, and his supposed portrait of himself. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

# *DIOGENES IN SEARCH OF AN HONEST MAN—SALVATOR ROSA*

## **Literature :**

HANDBOOK OF PAINTING (ITALIAN)	<i>Kugler</i>
HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTHERN ITALY.	<i>Crowe and Cavalcaselle</i>
PRINCES OF ART	<i>Mrs. Urbino</i>
TRIUMPHS OF PERSEVERANCE	<i>Cooper</i>
LIVES OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS	<i>Fénelon</i>

"In Salvator the imagination is vigorous, the composition dexterous and clever, as in the 'Diogenes' of the Pitti. . . . All are rendered valueless by coarseness of feeling and habitual non-reference to nature. . . .

"Born with a wild and coarse nature (how coarse I will show you soon), but nevertheless an honest one, he set himself in youth hotly to the war and cast himself carelessly on the current of life. No rectitude of ledger lines stood in his way; no tender precision of household customs; no calm succession of rural labor. But past his half-starved lips rolled the profusion of pitiless wealth; before him glared and swept the troops of shameless pleasures. Above him muttered Vesuvius; beneath his feet shook the Solfatara.

"In heart disdainful, in temper adventurous; conscious of power, impatient of labor, and yet more of the pride of the patrons of his youth, he fled to the Calabrian hills, seeking, not knowledge, but freedom. If he was to be sur-

rounded by cruelty and deceit, let them at least be those of brave men or savage beasts, not of the timorous and contemptible. Better the wrath of the robber, than the enmity of the priest; and the cunning of the wolf, than of the hypocrite.

"We are accustomed to hear the south of Italy spoken of as a beautiful country. Its mountain forms are graceful beyond all others, its sea bays exquisite in line and hue; but it is only beautiful in its superficial aspect. In closer detail it is wild and melancholy. Its forests are sombre-leaved, labyrinth-stemmed; the carrubbe, the olive, laurel, and ilex, are alike in that strange feverish twisting of their branches, as if in spasms of half-human pain: Avernus forests; one fears to break their boughs, lest they should cry to us from their rents; the rocks they shade are of ashes, or thrice-molten lava; iron sponge, whose every pore has been filled with fire. Silent villages, earthquake-shaken, without commerce, without industry, without knowledge, without hope, gleam in a white ruin from hillside to hillside; the mountain streams moan through the cold arches of their foundations, green with weed, and rage over the heaps of their fallen towers. Far above, in thunder-blue serration, stand the eternal edges of the angry Apennine, dark with rolling impendence of volcanic cloud.

"Yet even among such scenes as these, Salvator might have been calmed and exalted, had he been, indeed, capable of exaltation. But he was not of high temper enough to perceive beauty. He had not the sacred sense — the sense of color; all the loveliest hues of the Calabrian air were invisible to him; the sorrowful desolation of the Calabrian



**DIOGENES IN SEARCH OF AN HONEST MAN.**

*Rom.*

villages unfelt. He saw only what was gross and terrible, — the jagged peak, the splintered tree, the flowerless bank of grass, the wandering weed, prickly and pale. His temper confirmed itself in evil, and became more and more fierce and morose, though not, I believe, cruel, ungenerous, or lascivious. I should not suspect Salvator of wantonly inflicting pain. His constantly painting it does not prove that he delighted in it; he felt a horror of it, and in that horror, fascination. Also, he desired fame, and saw that here was an untried field rich enough in morbid excitement to catch the humor of his indolent patrons. . . .

“Of all men whose work I have ever studied, he gives me the most distinctly the idea of a lost spirit. Michelet calls him ‘Ce damné Salvator,’ perhaps in a sense merely harsh and violent; the epithet to me seems true in a more literal, more merciful sense, — ‘That’ condemned Salvator.’ I see in him, notwithstanding all his baseness, the last trace of spiritual life in the art of Europe. He was the last man to whom the thought of a spiritual existence presented itself as a conceivable reality. All succeeding men, however powerful, — Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Reynolds, — would have mocked the idea of a spirit. They were men of the world; they are never in earnest, and they are never appalled. But Salvator was capable of pensiveness, of faith, and of fear. . . . Helpless Salvator! A little early sympathy, a word of true guidance, perhaps had saved him. What says he of himself? ‘Despiser of wealth and of death.’ Two grand scorns; but, oh, condemned Salvator! the question is not for man what he can scorn, but what he can love.” — *John Ruskin*.

Diogenes was a famous cynic philosopher who lived about four hundred years before Christ, and who believed that it was not Godlike to need anything. According to this, he must have been very near indeed to divine, for his house was a tub, his wealth a cloak, a wallet, a staff, and a wooden cup. The last, however, he threw away when first he saw a boy drink from the hollow of his hand. He used to roll himself in hot sand in summer, embrace snowy statues in winter, in order to inure himself to extremes of heat and cold.

He was so renowned for his wit and wisdom, however, that he continually received visits from eminent people. On one occasion Alexander asked him, "What can I do for you?" To which Diogenes rudely replied, "Go from between me and the sun." Thereupon Alexander is said to have exclaimed, "Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes."

He was carried away by pirates, and offered for sale in a slave market of Crete.

"Who wants a master?" he cried. "Whoever buys me must obey me as a man obeys his physician."

He was bought by a wealthy, generous man of Corinth, who liberated him and employed him to teach his children.

This picture alludes to the well-known story of his wandering about the streets in broad daylight carrying a lantern.

"For what are you looking?" asked his fellow-citizens.

"For an honest man," was his caustic reply.

Salvator Rosa (1615-1673) was a famous Neapolitan painter, as well as something of a musician and poet.



Tradition says, too, that he was also a brigand, albeit in the interests of his art; but this is scarcely possible. His father, a land surveyor, was determined to make of him a lawyer. But Salvator was determined to be a painter, and successively and in secret studied with his uncle, his brother-in-law, and, at last, with Ribera. Every moment else that he could, he devoted to painting and studying the Neapolitan coast. He took with him no companion and sought for desolate and romantic spots, not only along the beach, but also in the mountains.

When he was seventeen, his father died, leaving his widow and her five children utterly without means of support. In this extremity, Salvator sold his landscapes for a few pence each. Among the purchasers was Lanfranco, who recognized his talent and advised him to go to Rome.

Salvator went to Rome when he was twenty. He studied hard, but, taking the fever, he returned to Naples, and began painting his famous battle pieces, which, however, excited no attention at the time. Later he painted a picture of "Tityus torn by the Vulture," which went to Rome and created a sensation. Thither Salvator followed it.

By this time he had several strings to his bow. Although painting was still his dearest art, he determined to become famous first as musician, then, in succession, as a poet, an improvisatore, and an actor. He was successful in all these ambitions. His work brought him in a steady stream of money, which he as steadily kept in still more active circulation. He is said to have taken part in the revolt of the fisherman autocrat, Masaniello, against Spain. The story goes that he, with nine other painters,

formed a Company of Death, whose duty it was to search out Spaniards in the street and put an end to them without further ceremony.

Salvator's popularity in Rome was now nearly at an end. His satires in verse and in drawing had made him many enemies. Fortunately, just then he was called to Florence by one of the Medici. Here he repeated his early triumphs of Rome. His last years were spent in Rome, where he died, it is said, in a contrite frame of mind. At any rate, he married on his deathbed the mother of his two sons.

**Method.** — Is it daylight or night? Why do you think so? It is daylight. Why does the man in the centre carry a lantern? Who else is wondering? Which of these men understand Diogenes?

What else do you know of Diogenes?

Give them some idea of Salvator's life, and show them one of his brigands, or one of the wild landscapes. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

## ! PRINCE BALTHASAR—VELASQUEZ

### Literature:

#### VELASQUEZ AND HIS WORKS, ANNALS

OF THE ARTISTS OF SPAIN . . .	<i>Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell</i>
VELASQUEZ AND MURILLO . . .	<i>Curtis</i>
HANDBOOK OF PAINTING (SPANISH) .	<i>Kugler</i>
VELASQUEZ . . . . .	<i>Stowe (Great Artist Series)</i>
THE SPANISH MASTERS . . .	<i>Washburn</i>
BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FINE ARTS .	<i>Spooner</i>

ART JOURNAL, vol. 4, p. 333; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 6, p. 82;  
LIPPINCOTT, vol. 51, p. 75; NATION, vol. 59, pp. 323, 339.

"It seems not improbable that the cause of Velasquez's return from Italy at such a time of the year, and during a furlough which he would probably have wished extended to the furthest possible limits, was that he received a hint from Olivarez that the king was getting impatient. It was now between one and two years since the youthful Balthasar Carlos had made his first appearance in the world, and parental affection, seeking to preserve to posterity the lineaments of its progeny, does not brook too protracted a delay. . . .

"His earliest essay after arriving at Madrid appears to have been some reminiscences of the baby prince. . . . As the child grew in years he of course became the frequent subject of the artist's pencil. In some of the portraits he appears before us in hunting dress, accompanied by his dogs; in others, we see him perched upon horseback, galloping across the breezy plain. It is in this latter guise that he figures in a large work in Madrid, of which there is a smaller repetition at Dulwich, and replicas elsewhere. The Dulwich example presents the little cavalier dressed in a coat of black velvet enriched with embroidery, crossed by a crimson scarf, the ends of which stream fluttering in the wind. He wears high knee boots, a broad white lace collar, and a black hat with a feather. There is a distance of blue-capped sierra. We see him nearly full-face as he comes bounding out of the scene. His expression is very bright and pleasing. . . . This young prince did not live to come to the throne: he fell a victim to the smallpox in Saragossa at the early age of sixteen, and there in the Cathedral his heart now rests."

— *Edwin Stowe.*



PRINCE BALTHASAR.

Velasquez.

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"He was a good shot at ten, and able to kill game while riding at full speed. He was an excellent student too. But his father, himself the best horseman in Spain, was prouder of the lad's athletic achievements than of his fine scholarship. He died at sixteen. Of his death Philip writes : —

\* \* \* \* \*

" 'Marquis, we must all of us yield to God's will, and I more than others. It has pleased him to take my son from me about an hour ago. Mine is now such a grief as you can conceive at such a loss.'

"More cheerful, more various, and more splendid is the great Velasquez. Almost all his masterpieces are there (Madrid). They form a world: everything is pictured in them — war, the court, the street, the tavern, Paradise. It is a gallery of dwarfs, idiots, beggars, buffoons, revellers, comedians, kings, warriors, martyrs, and gods, all alive and speaking, in bold and novel attitudes, with serene brow and smiling lips, full of animation and vigor; the great painting of Count-Duke de Olivarez on horseback, the celebrated picture of 'The Beggars,' of 'The Weavers,' of 'The Revellers,' of 'The Forge of Vulcan,' and of 'The Surrender of Breda,' — large canvases full of figures that seem to be stepping out of the frame, which on once seeing you remember distinctly by some trifling characteristic, a gesture or a shadow on the face, as though they were real persons whom you have just met; people with whom you seem to have talked, and of whom you think long afterward as of acquaintances of a forgotten time; people who might inspire cheerfulness and provoke a smile of admiration, causing you to regret that it is pos-

sible only to enjoy them with the eyes, and not to mingle with them and share a little of their exuberant life. This is not the result of a preconceived opinion which the name of the great artist has given, nor need one be a connoisseur of art to experience it. The poor ignorant woman and the boy stop before these pictures, clap their hands, and laugh. It is Nature painted with a fidelity higher than any imagination. One forgets the painter, does not think of the art, nor try to discover its meaning, but says: 'This is true! This is the very thing! It is the very picture I had in my mind!' One would say that Velasquez has not put anything of himself in it, but that his hand has only drawn the lines and put the colors on the canvas from a likeness which reproduced the very persons whom he was painting. . . . The persons in Velasquez's paintings melt into the crowd of friends and acquaintances; the neighbors and strangers of our whole life present themselves and entertain us without our even remembering that we have seen them on the canvas." — *Edmondo de Amicis*.

"The other painter whom I would give you as an instance of this gentleness is a man of another nation; on the whole, I suppose, one of the most cruel civilized nations in the world—the Spaniards. They produced but one great painter, only one; but he among the very greatest of painters,—Velasquez. You would not suppose, from looking at Velasquez's portraits generally, that he was an especially kind or good man; you perceive a peculiar sternness about them, for they were as true as steel, and the persons whom he had to paint being not generally

kind or good people, they were stern in expression, and Velasquez gave the sternness; but he had precisely the same intense perception of truth, the same marvellous instinct for the rendering of all natural soul and all natural form that our Reynolds had. Let me, then, read you his character as it is given by Mr. Stirling of Kier:—

“Certain charges, of what nature we are not informed, brought against him after his death, made it necessary for his executor, Fuensalida, to refute them at a private audience granted to him by the king for that purpose. After listening to the defence of his friend, Philip immediately made answer, ‘I can believe all that you say of the excellent disposition of Diego Velasquez.’

“Having lived for half of his life in courts, he was yet capable both of gratitude and generosity; and in his misfortunes, he could remember the early kindness of Olivarez. . . . No mean jealousy ever influenced his conduct to his brother artists; he could afford not only to acknowledge the merits, but to forgive the malice, of his rivals. His character was of that rare and happy kind in which high intellectual power is combined with indomitable strength of will, and a winning sweetness of temper, and which seldom fails to raise the possessor above his fellow-men, making his life a

“‘laurelled victory, and smooth success  
Bestrewed before his feet.’

— *From Two Paths, John Ruskin.*

“Everything that Velasquez does may be taken as absolutely right by the student.”— *Ruskin.*

"His portraits baffle description and praise. They must be seen. He elevated that humble branch to the dignity of history. He drew the minds of men—they live, breathe, and seem ready to walk out of their frames. His power of painting circumambient air, his knowledge of lineal and ærial perspective, the gradation of tone in light, shadow, and color, give an absolute concavity to the flat surface of his canvas: we look into a space, into a room, into the reflection of a mirror. The freshness, individuality, and identity of each person are quite startling, nor can we doubt the anecdote related of Philip IV., who, mistaking for the man the portrait of Admiral Pareja in a dark corner of Velasquez's room, exclaimed, — he had been ordered to sea, — 'What! still here?' . . . .

"No virgin ever descended into his studio. No cherubs hovered around his palette. He did not work for priest or ecstatic anchorite, but for plumed kings and booted knights; hence the neglect and partial failure of his holy and mythological pictures, — holy, like those of Caravaggio, in nothing but name, — groups rather of low life, and that so truly painted as still more to mar, by a treatment not in harmony with the subject, the elevated sentiment."

— *Richard Ford.*

"Velasquez is the only Spanish painter who seems to have made an attempt at landscape; I have seen some of his most original and daring. Titian seems to be his model; and, although he lived before the time of Claude and Salvator Rosa, he appears to have combined the breadth and picturesque effect for which these two painters are remark-



able. . . . Of him I saw a rich landscape at Madrid, that for breadth and richness I have seldom seen equalled. . . . It was too abstract to have much detail or imitation; but it had the very sun we see, and the air we breathe — the very soul and spirit of nature.” — *David Wilkie*.

“Of Velasquez I do not know how to speak with becoming and sufficient respect. Although his mind did not lead him to depict the perfect types of sublimity, grandeur, and beauty affected by Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo, and although we rarely find in him the glow and fervor of a Titian or a Tintoretto, he seems to me to have been the painter who certainly attained the power of representing all that can be seen of a picture with greater truth and greater facility than any other artist that ever lived. In the method of his picture he realizes perfection, and in his best works there is more solidity where solidity should appear, and more air where air should appear, than I have ever been able to find in the paintings of any other master.”

— *Digby Wyatt*.

“At the present day his marvellous technique and strong individuality have given him a power in European art such as is exercised by no other of the old masters. Acquainted with all the Italian schools, the friend of the foremost painters of his day, he was strong enough to withstand every external influence and to work out for himself the development of his own nature and his own principles of art. A realist of the realists, he painted only what he saw; consequently his imagination seems limited. His

religious conceptions are of the earth earthy, although some of his works, such as "The Crucifixion," and "The Scourging," are characterized by an intensity of pathos in which he ranks second to no painter. His men and women seem to breathe; his horses are full of action and his dogs of life; so quick and close is his grasp of the subject."

— *J. F. White.*

Diego da Silva Velasquez (1599–1660) was the son of a Spanish lawyer in Seville, Da Silva, the son taking his mother's name, Velasquez, according to a common Spanish usage. He received an excellent education, particularly in the languages and philosophy. His earliest teacher in painting was Herrera, from whom he learned to use brushes with long bristles, by means of which his colors seem floated on the canvas, as well as ideas of method and treatment, from which he never departed. Nevertheless, the harsh temper and the rough treatment which he received from this master made him leave him speedily. His next teacher was Pacheco, whose daughter he married; which, perhaps, accounts for his five years of study with the father, who was a commonplace and pedantic painter.

Of Velasquez, Pacheco writes as follows: —

"Diego da Silva Velasquez — to whom, after five years of education and instruction, I gave my daughter in marriage, moved by his virtue, his purity, and his good parts, as well as by hope derived from his great natural genius. It is greater to be his master than his father-in-law, and it is, therefore, just to overthrow the boldness of a certain person who desires to claim this glory; taking from me the crown

of my declining years. I hold it no disgrace for the disciple to surpass his master: Leonardo da Vinci lost nothing by having Raphael for a disciple; nor Giorgione, Titian; nor Plato, Aristotle. . . .

“He kept an apprentice, a peasant lad, who served him for a model in different actions and postures, — sometimes crying, sometimes laughing, — till he had conquered all difficulty of expression.”

This was the foundation, without doubt, of his excellence in portraiture. Afterward, when he had become famous, envious critics used to say that he could, therefore, paint nothing but the head. To this, Velasquez caustically responded that they flattered him; that for his part he knew no one of them of whom he could say that they painted heads thoroughly well.

He went to Madrid, accompanied only by his servant, to see more of the world, and also to study its fine collection of Titians, his favorite painter. The following year he was summoned to return by Philip IV.'s all-powerful minister, Olivarez, whom we know intimately by Velasquez's subsequent and magnificent portrait of him. On this journey he was accompanied by his father-in-law, and the expenses were paid by the king. The next year, the king paid the cost of the removal of his whole family to the capital, and this became his home for the remainder of his life. He was not only the court painter, but counted the king himself as his warm, personal friend, a fact which ought to be remembered to the credit of Philip.

In 1628 occurred Rubens's second visit to Madrid, and Velasquez was appointed by the king to be his guide to the

art treasures of Spain. He had come on a diplomatic mission, but, nevertheless, he found time to paint and to spend a great deal of time with Velasquez. In spite of the fact that Rubens was in the very zenith of his popularity, a brilliant painter, and a fascinating courtier, he effected no change in the art of the strong, self-centred Spaniard. But he did inspire him with a strong desire to visit Italy. The king gave his reluctant consent; generously, however, continuing his salary, and giving him in addition a handsome present, as did, also, Olivarez.

Gradually after this, perhaps as he assimilated the results of this visit, his color became warmer and more transparent, there was less of heavy shadow, and the browns of his earlier works were replaced with grays. Nevertheless, Velasquez remained Velasquez, "racy of the soil."

A second visit to Italy was made, this time at the king's command, to collect works of art for an academy. On his return, he was made Royal Quartermaster; a position of great honor, but of such multifarious and exacting duties that one regrets that he should have accepted, since it absorbed much of his time.

It was, indeed, fatigue and exposure undergone by him in this capacity, preparing for a meeting of the French and Spanish monarchs, that was the cause of his death.

**Method.** — Do you like this picture? Why? Who was the boy? Who was the painter?

Velasquez has painted so many great pictures that it is difficult to select a few. Without doubt, his portrait of Olivarez is one of his masterpieces, but its very greatness in portraying the character of the man, renders it unsuit-

able for children. "The Tapestry Weavers," and "The Maid of Honor," and "The Meeting of the Artists," and "Surrender of Breda," are among his best, but they are too good for superficial study. The little Infanta with her hoops in the Louvre, and Æsop (see p. 49); and his portrait of himself will certainly interest the children.

The noble, manly character of Velasquez should be understood by the children. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

**FEBRUARY**  
**(THE GREAT MASTERS — *Continued*)**



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## FEBRUARY

### (THE GREAT MASTERS—*Continued*)

#### PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN—REMBRANDT

##### Literature:

##### THE OLD MASTERS OF BELGIUM AND

HOLLAND . . . . . *Fromentin*

OLD DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS . *Cole and J. C. van Dyke*

REMBRANDT . . . . . *Mollett* (Great Artist Series)

REMBRANDT . . . . . *Michel*

REMBRANDT, A ROMANCE OF HOLLAND . *Walter Cranston Larned*

REMBRANDT . . . . . *Sweetser*

ART JOURNAL, vol. 3, pp. 9, 45; vol. 8, p. 53; vol. 46, p. 23;  
CENTURY, vol. 25, pp. 163, 170; NINETEENTH CENTURY, vol. 37,  
p. 462; NATION, vol. 58, p. 13; PUBLIC OPINION, vol. 15, p. 257;  
LIVING AGE, vol. 200, p. 755; BLACKWOOD, vol. 154, p. 675; PORT-  
FOLIO, vol. 8, p. 144; vol. 23, p. 111; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 8, p. 418.  
PICTURES BY REMBRANDT . . . . . *R. W. Gilder*

SAKIA; in COLONIAL BALLADS, SONNETS, AND

OTHER VERSE . . . . . *Mrs. Preston*

“Rembrandt, like Michelangelo, created a world for himself. Whether he painted or etched, he transports us, with our whole soul, into that which he represents. His portraits are like sudden apparitions of people whom we watch; just as, unseen, by night, we might look into a strange room through a window. He likes to heighten his charm by a striking light, but he does not need it.”

—*Hermann Grimm.*



"The originality of his genius lies especially in the nobility with which he has endowed each of his models; it is an indelible mark. His magic pencil gives to each something of his own peculiar grace, — greater stateliness and elegance, a countenance expressive of more frankness, grace in the wearing of adornments, taste in the choice of silks, satins, laces, and pearls." — *Wauters*.

"I came to know Rembrandt; he did not repel me, but he blinded me." — *Millet*.

"The feeling akin to poetic excitement that moves us when we look at his work, comes to us because we are allowed to see, with finer eyes than our own, effects of light that are as familiar to us as the day. The human hands and faces of unidealized types, the hues and textures of common stuffs, are revealed by the ordinary light, sometimes more shadowy than usual, which we may see in any interior. To make such scenes effective, the painter must have had a knowledge of form, and a passionate admiration for light. That he beautified form so little, in the ordinary sense of the word, shows that he regarded it not as an abstract existence, but mainly as a deflector of light, as a producer of shadowy abysses and depths, as the cause of passages, gradations, culminations, crescendoes, and decrescendoes, in the impalpable and airy inhabitant of space." — *Art Journal, February, 1899, R. A. M. Stevenson*.

"To feel Rembrandt truly, it is not enough to be an artist or an amateur picture fancier, — one should be something of a poet, too." — *Mrs. Jameson*.



Rembrandt  
PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN.

Rembrandt van Rijn (1607–1669) was the son of a Leyden miller, who hoped to make of him a learned man, and with that end in view sent him to the high school. But Rembrandt had early determined to be an artist. His first models were the good people of his native city, including his own family, particularly his mother, his sister, and himself. At various times he painted not less than fifty portraits of himself, many of which have become famous. When he was about twenty-two years old, his fame was already so great that the art-loving people of Amsterdam urged him to come to them. Accordingly, in 1683, he moved there, and there at last he died.

On his way to Amsterdam, he stopped at Haarlem to worship at the shrine of Franz Hals. He found him in a tavern. According to Mr. Larned, this is the theory of art that he enunciated to Rembrandt:—

“Wine is a good creature, truly the handmaid of art. Do you know my ‘Mandolin Player’? I painted him after a goodly feast at this very tavern, and he is full to the brim with merriment and wine. Smiling will not go out of fashion as long as they can see him. Don’t be serious, my boy. There are not any monks in the kingdom of art.”

He tells him, too, to remember that he is a Hollander, and not an Italian. This secret of Franz Hals’s greatness helped to make Rembrandt what he was,—the greatest of all the Dutch artists.

His success in Amsterdam was phenomenal. Its first great triumph was the commission to paint Dr. Tulp and his class in anatomy. Determined to paint these men as

they really were, he hid himself in the classroom, watching them at their work. The result was the famous "Lesson in Anatomy." Larned thus describes the effect of this wonderful painting on the great Dr. Tulp himself:—

"Involuntarily the grave and dignified doctor started back, and lifted one hand in a gesture of amazement. He saw in a moment that no guild picture like this had ever been painted. Where was the banqueting table? Where were the meats and pies and fruits, the wine and the beer? Nobody ever painted guild pictures without these accessories. And there, surely, was the corpse on the table, and he himself in the act of dissecting it, the doctors crowding round, with the intensity of intellectual concentration in their eager faces. Why, this would be a terrible picture, but how fascinating! In a moment the keen mind of the doctor perceived the power of the work; his trained intellect grasped at once something of the artist's meaning, and he saw that if this was a new departure, it was a famous one."

The picture was received with the most enthusiastic admiration, and Rembrandt declared to be the greatest painter of Holland, that is to say, of the world.

Two years later he married the beautiful, fair-haired Saskia, whom we all know and love because of his numerous and lovely portraits of her. Saskia brought him a handsome marriage portion and a host of good friends in Amsterdam.

Then followed ten years of happiness and luxury such as an artist has seldom enjoyed. In his house, a palace of art in itself, dwelt with him his lovely wife, devoted both

to him and his work. He was free, too, to paint what he pleased, sure of the praise and adulation of all Holland.

The beginning of his misfortunes was the death of Saskia. In the same year he painted "The Night Watch." This is really the picture of twenty-nine civic guards, rushing pell-mell from their club-house. In spite of the misleading title, the scene is represented as in full sunlight. Those on whom this wonderful light fell were delighted with the picture, but those in the shadow — and they were the large majority — did not like it at all. "It mattered little," says Larned, "that each portrait was a masterpiece. These thrifty Dutchmen had paid their money for their portraits. Why put them in the background? Why show only a head when they had bodies, too, of which they were very proud? They would go to Van der Helst and get their money's worth in full-sized figures. And go they did."

From this time misfortune pursued him. His beautiful house, with its fine collections, was sold to pay his debts. The last years of his life were spent in a small room over a print shop, watched over by a faithful little peasant, whom, according to some authorities, he married.

In spite of his misfortunes and unhappiness, his work suffered neither in quantity nor in quality. Indeed, the picture of "The Syndics," which belongs to this period, is by many considered finer, even, than "The Night Watch."

He kept on painting to the end. He was found dead in a chair before an easel, on which rested a half-finished picture.

**Method.** — Is this a fancy picture or the portrait of a real woman? Why do you think so?

Give them some idea of Rembrandt and of Saskia's devotion to him. Show them as many of his other masterpieces as possible. "The School of Anatomy," "The Night Watch," "The Syndics," all will repay careful study, but to show them without a word of explanation will be time wasted.

His various portraits of himself and Saskia, of himself alone, of Saskia, of his mother, the mill (see Part. II), are comparatively simple, and yet full of interests, especially in connection with his dramatic life. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

### PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF—RUBENS

#### Literature :

- THE OLD MASTERS OF BELGIUM AND HOLLAND *Fromentin*  
 PETER PAUL RUBENS (Great Artist Series) *Charles W. Kett*  
 RUBENS, HIS LIFE AND WORK. (edited by Mrs. Jameson) *Waagen*  
 THOUGHTS ABOUT ART . . . . . *Hamerton*  
 OLD PAINTERS . . . . . *Lee*  
 BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FINE ARTS . . . . . *Spooner*  
 CENTURY, vol. 28, p. 483 ; PORTFOLIO, vol. 8, p. 1 ; vol. 35, p. 598 ;  
 ART JOURNAL, vol. 4, pp. 9, 41, 77 ; vol. 6, p. 303 ; vol. 11, pp. 21, 53 ;  
 vol. 14, pp. 17, 49, 81 ; HARPER, vol. 56, p. 836 ; LIVING AGE, vol.  
 124, p. 283 ; NATION, vol. 66, p. 306 ; BLACKWOOD, vol. 62, p. 564 ;  
 TEMPLE BAR, vol. 29, p. 342.

"Rubens was perhaps the greatest master in the mechanical part of the art; the best workman with his tools that ever used a pencil." — *Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

"He strikes, astonishes, repels, wounds, but nearly always convinces, and no one better than he ever succeeded in

awakening sympathy when the occasion demanded it." — *Fromentin*.

"He is the most popular, because the most intelligible of painters. . . . One may begin by disliking Rubens, in general (I think I did), but one must end by standing before him in ecstasy and wonder. It is true that, always luxuriant, he is often gross and sensual—he can sometimes be brutally so. But for all this, he is the Titan of painting; his creations are of the earth earthy, but he has called down fire and light from heaven wherewith to animate and illumine them." — *Sketches of Art, Mrs. Jameson*.

"No phenomenon of the human mind is more extraordinary than the junction of this cold and worldly temper with great rectitude of principle, and tranquil kindness of heart. Rubens was an honorable and entirely well-intentioned man, earnestly industrious, simple and temperate in habits of life, high-bred, learned, and discreet. His affection for his mother was great, his generosity to contemporary artists unfailing. He is a healthy, worthy, kind-hearted, courtly phrased animal, without any clearly perceptible traces of a soul, except when he paints his children." — *From Modern Painters, by John Ruskin*.

"The great strength of Rubens lay in his exuberant imagination, his sense of animal life, his extensive knowledge of antiquity and of the world, and his immense technical ability. His weakness was a failure of dramatic power and a want of perception of spiritual life." — *Charles W. Kett*.



**PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.**

Rubens.



Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640), the “Prince of Painters and of Gentlemen,” artist, diplomat, and courtier, was born of a distinguished and wealthy family. He was destined for the law like his father before him, but for this profession he felt the greatest repugnance. At the age of thirteen, after a short career as a page to a noble family, he persuaded his mother to allow him to study painting. Later, after studying painting and travelling in Italy and Spain, he returned to Antwerp, where he married his first wife, Isabella Brandt, to whom he was greatly attached and whom he often painted.

He was from the first successful, and because of this very success he was forced to work hard. According to his nephew, he rose at four in the morning, attended mass, unless prevented by gout, and then began at once to paint. While he worked some one read to him from Plutarch or Seneca, or else he entertained his visitors. The hour before dinner was devoted to recreation. This meant that he allowed his thought to wander where it would, or, it might be, he looked at objects of art. He ate and drank sparingly. After dinner he worked until evening and then rode horseback for an hour or two. When he returned home, he received his friends, eating with them the *Abendbrod*.

It is true that he received much assistance from his pupils, but nevertheless the work that he did with his own hand was enormous. The story goes that on one occasion he was to paint a picture for the Cathedral of Mechlin. Rubens made a sketch and sent a pupil to make the beginning. The priest who ordered the picture waited at first patiently and then impatiently for the master to come.

Finally, he wrote a furious letter to Rubens. He assured the priest that he was only doing as he always did. "After making the sketch, I leave my pupil to begin the picture and to work it out according to my principles, then I retouch it and set my seal upon it. I shall come to Mechlin in a few days; your discontent will then cease." And he told the truth. When the priest saw his final touches on the picture, he was perfectly satisfied.

Another favorite story about Rubens is this: An Englishman, once a painter but then an alchemist, asked Rubens to help him fit out a laboratory for the transmutation of metals. He promised in return to divide with him half the profits. "You have come twenty years too late," said Rubens. Then pointing to his palette and brushes, he added, "Everything I touch with these turns to gold."

Wherever Rubens went, France, England, Spain, he was the favorite with king, courtiers, and the people, for he was gay, witty, well educated (he spoke well a half-dozen languages), and genial. His last act was a kindly note to a pupil, "On May day you have planted your may," a jesting congratulation on his May-day marriage. All Antwerp mourned his death.

**Method.** — Show the children such pictures by Rubens as his family scenes; himself and his wife; his wife and children; his two boys; some of the Holy Families, particularly the beautiful one entitled "The Virgin under the Apple Tree." Then show them his portrait of himself, and tell them something of his career. Does he look like an artist? Why? (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

## BABY STUART—VAN DYCK

### Literature:

THE OLD MASTERS OF BELGIUM AND HOLLAND . . . *Fromentin*  
VAN DYCK AND HALS . . . . *Head* (Great Artist Series)

CENTURY, vol. 27, p. 210; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 5, p. 422.  
vol. 9, p. 522: vol. 10, pp. 65, 198; TEMPLE BAR, vol. 29, p. 342.

THE BOY VAN DYCK, *Mrs. Preston*, in *Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and Other Verse*.

“There is not a touch of Van Dyck’s pencil but he seems to have revelled in, not grossly, but delicately, — tasting the color in every touch as an epicure would wine.” — *From Modern Painters, John Ruskin*.

Sir Anthony van Dyck (1599–1641), like most artists, drew and painted when he was scarcely more than a child. His talent was perhaps inherited from his mother, who was a skilled embroiderer in the days when embroidery was a fine art. As a student of one and twenty, his works were hardly less esteemed than those of his master Rubens, who was very fond of him, — not jealous as some would have us believe.

When Rubens was absent, his students were in the habit of going to his studio, bribing the old servant who kept the keys. On one occasion they were so eager to see the picture (“Descent from the Cross”?) that one of their number fell against the canvas, effacing the face of the Virgin and an arm of the Magdalen, which were not dry. Van Dyck was chosen by his fellow-students to repair the damage. He completed his work on the same day, and with such success that Rubens did not at first see the change, and when he did, decided not to alter it.



BABY STUART.

Van Dyck.

Another strong indication of his skill and the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-painters is the following:—

On one occasion Van Dyck, passing through Rome, sat his hour to that rapidest of portrait painters, Franz Hals, to whom he was personally unknown. When the portrait was finished, Van Dyck said, in a silly way, that it seemed to be easy work. So Hals agreed to sit for the unknown for exactly an hour. At the close of the time, Hals the Gay arose ready for a hearty laugh, but when he saw the splendid sketch he exclaimed, "You are either Van Dyck—or the Devil!"

Among the best known of his pictures are the very numerous portraits representing Charles I. and his family, and also the artist's portrait of himself.

He travelled all over Europe, and wherever he went was the guest of crowned heads, who esteemed it an honor to sit to him.

Fromentin speaks of him as a young prince of royal race, with everything in his favor,—beauty, grace, magnificent talents, a rare education, and owing them all to the advantages of birth. He says that he was loved by his master, and himself a master among his fellow-students, everywhere distinguished, everywhere sought for, fêted everywhere, in foreign parts even more than at home. He characterizes him as the favorite and the friend of kings, ever young even at a ripe age, never steady even in his last days; as much as possible a lover of his art, but ready to sacrifice it to passions less noble; a being exquisite in attraction, sensitive to all attraction; a man who abused everything,—his health, his dignity, his talent; a wreck of

a man, who, up to his last hour, had the good fortune, the most extraordinary of all, to preserve his greatness when painting; a man who was forgiven everything on account of one supreme gift, one of the forms of genius,—grace.

**Method.**—Do you like this baby? Why? What has he been doing? Who is he? It would be rather disillusioning to tell the children the whole career of the future James II., but it is worth while for them to know that the baby afterward became king of England, and that Van Dyck painted him and his family many times. Show them some of the other famous portraits of the Stuarts. Of these, the one with the five children, and with only three, Charles I. on horseback, the three views of his head at Windsor, and any one of Henrietta Maria's, are very attractive. Show them, too, the beautiful portrait of himself, and give them some idea of his life.

Read to them, perhaps, Mrs. Preston's poem about his mother's early ambitions for him. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

# **PENELOPE BOOTHBY—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS**

## **Literature:**

- LIFE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS . . . *Northcote*
- MEMOIRS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS . . . *Farington*
- LIFE OF JOSHUA REYNOLDS, by his Son.
- DISCOURSES ON ART . . . . . *Joshua Reynolds*
- ANECDOTE LIVES OF HOGARTH, REYNOLDS, ETC. *Timbs*
- LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS *Ch. Rob. Leslie*  
*and Tom Taylor*
- SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS . . . *Pulling* (Great Artist Series)
- ENGLISH CHILDREN AS PAINTED BY SIR JOSHUA  
REYNOLDS . . . . . *Stephens*

MISS ANGEL . . . . .	<i>Anne Thackeray Ritchie</i>
HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Muher</i>
STUDIES IN ENGLISH ART . . . . .	<i>Wedmore</i>
BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FINE ARTS . . . . .	<i>Spooner</i>
SELF HELP . . . . .	<i>Smiles</i>
CENTURY OF PAINTERS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL .	<i>Redgrave</i>

PORTFOLIO, vol. 4, pp. 66, 82; vol. 8, pp. 53, 149; vol. 24, p. 1; ART JOURNAL, vol. 17, p. 181; vol. 11, p. 197; vol. 6, pp. 129, 177; vol. 21, p. 161; vol. 22, p. 88; vol. 35, p. 225; vol. 41, pp. 161, 238; vol. 44, p. 18; vol. 49, pp. 82, 363; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 15, p. 138; vol. 22, p. 88; LIVING AGE, vol. 52, p. 680; vol. 88, p. 401; vol. 89, p. 835; NINETEENTH CENTURY, vol. 37, p. 462; SCRIBNER, vol. 15, p. 93; CENTURY, vol. 54, p. 815; MUNSEY, vol. 16, p. 448; LEISURE HOUR, vol. 1, p. 695; vol. 33, pp. 203, 288; BLACKWOOD, vol. 102, p. 583.

"In Reynolds's portraits we find that spirituality and naturalness which render them of the greatest interest to those who do not even care to inquire the name of the actual sitter. Who asks who Miss Penelope Boothby was? Sufficient is it that in her childish coquetry and arch simplicity she is the type of fresh young life in the eighteenth century, — charming, quaint, little Penelope Boothby."

— *Pulling.*

"Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,  
 He has not left a wiser, or better, behind.  
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,  
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;  
 Still born to improve us in every part,  
 His pencils our faces, his manners our heart.  
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,  
 When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing.  
 When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,  
 He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

— *Retaliation, Goldsmith.*



**PENELOPE BOOTHBY.**

Reynolds.



"Reynolds, of all artists, painted children best—knew most of childhood, depicted its appearance in the truest and happiest spirit of comedy, entered into its changeful soul with the tenderest, heartiest sympathy, played with the playful, sighed with the sorrowful, and mastered all the craft of infancy." — *Stephens*.

"How various he is!" — *Gainsborough*.

"He is the greatest painter that ever lived. I see in his pictures an exquisite charm which I see in nature, but in no other pictures." — *Romney*.

"I am inclined to think that, considering all the disadvantages of circumstances and education under which his genius was developed, there was perhaps hardly ever born a man with a more intense and innate gift of insight into nature than our own Sir Joshua Reynolds. Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him, even as it is, the prince of portrait painters. Titian painted nobler pictures, and Van Dyck had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of human heart and temper; and when you consider that, with a frightful conventionality of social habitude all around him, he yet conceived the simplest type of all feminine and childish loveliness; that in a northern climate, and with gray and white and black around him, he yet became a colorist who can be crushed by none, even the Venetians; and that with Dutch painting and Dresden china for the prevailing types of art in the saloons of his day, he threw himself at once

at the feet of the great masters of Italy, and arose from their feet to share their throne—I know not that in the whole history of art you can produce another instance of so strong, so unaided, so unerring an instinct for all that was true, pure, and noble.

“Now, do you recollect the evidence respecting the character of this man, — the two points of bright, peculiar evidence given by the sayings of the two greatest literary men of his day, Johnson and Goldsmith? Johnson, who, as you know, was always Reynolds’s attached friend, had but one complaint to make against him, — that he hated nobody, — ‘Reynolds,’ he said, ‘you hate no one living; I like a good hater!’ Still more significant is the little touch in Goldsmith’s ‘Retaliation.’ You recollect how in that poem he describes various persons who meet at one of the dinners at St. James’s coffeehouse, each person being described under the name of some appropriate dish. You will often hear the concluding lines about Reynolds quoted: —

“ ‘He shifted his trumpet,’ etc. ;

less often, or at least less attentively, the preceding ones, far more important: —

“ ‘Still born to improve us in every part,  
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart ;’

and never, the most characteristic touch of all, near the beginning: —

“ ‘Our dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;  
Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains ;  
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,  
That Rich is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb.’ ”

— *Two Paths, John Ruskin.*

K

"Reynolds, swiftest of painters was the gentlest of companions. . . . Reynolds is usually admired for his dash and speed. His true merit is an ineffable subtlety combined with his speed. The tenderness of some of Reynolds's touches is quite beyond the telling." — *From Modern Painters, by John Ruskin.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792) was the son of a learned clergyman who kept a Latin school. He was intended for medicine, but determined early to study painting.

His liking for drawing was shown at an early age. When he was eight years of age not only had he copied the engravings from Dryden's "Plutarch" and Cato's "Book of Emblems," but he had read through a large quarto volume on "Perspective," and, what is more, thoroughly digested it.

His first portrait was a sketch of his tutor, painted on canvas from an old sail.

This was so unmistakably clever that his father let him study with Hudson, a mediocre portrait painter in London. But Reynolds stayed with him but two years. He returned home and was at once successful as a portrait painter. However, this field was soon exhausted, and young Reynolds returned to London.

Shortly after this his father died, and, in consequence, Reynolds had not only himself to provide for, but his two sisters. Nevertheless, he was earning a good income from his work and the opportunity presented itself to him to go to Italy, without expense, with Admiral Keppel. This journey had been the dream of his life. While there he worked indefatigably. In the cold Vatican he took a chill

which was the beginning of an illness which left him somewhat deaf.

He was so clever a copyist that even the best judges could not tell his work from the original.

When he returned to England he was called the new Van Dyck. He was greatly in demand as a portrait painter, and painted no less than a hundred and fifty portraits annually. This of course gave him for those days a large income (eighty thousand dollars). The magnificent palace in which he lived was the favorite rendezvous of the famous and of the wealthy. There might be seen the actor Garrick, the orator Burke, the great writers of the day, Samuel Johnson, Richardson, Smollett, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Sterne.

The story of his affection for Angelica Kauffman is charmingly told in Miss Thackeray's "Miss Angel." Although he remained a bachelor for love of her, he was never a recluse, and his house continued to the end to be a gathering-place for the nobility and those whom wit and wisdom ennobled. As Malone says, "For thirty years there was scarce a person in the three kingdoms distinguished in literature, art, law, politics, and war, who did not occasionally appear at his table."

These dinners were famous. He invited twice as many as the table could seat. Promptly at five the dinner was served, whether the guests had arrived or not. As the newcomers arrived, the old were crowded closer and closer together. Every man helped himself, but the company and the conversation made up for the other discomforts, and an invitation was considered always a great honor.

Sir Joshua led a most regular life. He rose early, breakfasted at nine, spent from ten to eleven painting pictures, and from eleven to four giving hour sittings for portraits. Then he made an elaborate toilette, and from that time on belonged to his friends.

He was the honored first President of the Royal Academy. His yearly addresses, the "Discourses," were so excellent that it was by many supposed that they were written by his intimate friend, Samuel Johnson.

But "Sir Joshua Reynolds, sir, would as soon get me to paint for him as to write for him," was Johnson's indignant disclaimer.

The last words of his last "Discourse" were as follows:—

"Were I to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master: to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man. I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect without vanity, that these 'Discourses' bear testimony to my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last word that I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michelangelo."

Shortly after this he became totally blind. The news of his death was received with grief. Every one was determined that the great man whom all had loved and honored in his life should not lack honor in his death.

"Never," says Burke, "was a funeral of ceremony attended with so much sincere concern of all sorts of people. The day was favorable; the order was not broken or inter-

rupted in the smallest degree. Everything, I think, was just as our deceased friend would, if living, have wished it to be, for he was, as you know, not altogether indifferent to these kinds of observances."

**Method.** — Do you like the child? Why?

Tell them the story of Sir Joshua Reynolds's life.

Many others of his pictures are familiar and easily obtained — "The Angels' Heads" (a study of different expressions and positions of the head of little Miss Gordon), "Innocence," "Simplicity," "Strawberry Girl," "The Countess of Devonshire and Her Daughter," not to mention "The Infant Samuel," are all beautiful and easily understood by children. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

*FEEDING HER BIRDS—MILLET*

For literature, see p. 29; for biography, see p. 34; and for other painting, see pp. 31, 189, 201, and Part II.

“In ‘The Woman feeding Her Children,’ I wanted to suggest a nest of birds with their mother giving them food. The man [in the distance] works to feed them all.”—J. F. Millet. [From a letter.]—*Life of Millet, Sensier*.

**Method.**—This picture is said to have been Millet’s favorite. Back of the house may be seen the father hard at work. In the foreground the mother is absorbed in her occupation of feeding the children with a wooden spoon from a bowl in her lap. One of them has her mouth open ready to receive the food, while the younger of the other two children watches the process. Evidently it is her turn next. They are peasant children, with their little wooden shoes—they are *his* children. But he had nine to feed—not three.

Why is this picture called “Feeding Her Birds?” Do you like it? Why? What other pictures of Millet do you like? Tell me about him. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



Millot.

**FEEDING HER BIRDS.**





**MARCH**  
**(THE MODERN MASTERS)**





## MARCH

### (THE MODERN MASTERS)

#### *THE SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER*—LANDSEER

##### Literature :

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Mulher*  
 PICTURES BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER . . . . . *Dafforne*  
 SIR EDWIN LANDSEER . . . . . *Stephens* (Great Artist Series)

PORTFOLIO, 1871, p. 165; 1885, p. 32; ART JOURNAL, vol. 2, p. 99; vol. 27, pp. 1, 353; vol. 28, pp. 1, 353; vol. 31, pp. 302, 325, 361; LIVING AGE, vol. 32, p. 427; vol. 123, pp. 812; MUNSEY, vol. 11, p. 166.

“Take, for instance, one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times have seen: the ‘Old Shepherd’s Chief Mourner.’ Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright, sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket are language — language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog’s breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid, close and motionless, upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks

that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life—how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep,—these are all thoughts—thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin, or the fold of a drapery but as the Man of Mind.”—*John Ruskin, in Modern Painters.*

“Sir Edwin Landseer (1802–1873). The most popular animal painter not merely of England, but of the whole century, was Edwin Landseer. For fifty years his works formed the chief features of attraction in the Royal Academy. Engravings from him had such a circulation in the country, that in the sixties there was scarcely a house in which there did not hang one of his horses or dogs or stags. And Landseer suffered greatly from this popularity. He is much better than the reproductions with their fatal gloss allow any one to suppose. . . .

“Edwin Landseer came from a family of artists. His father, who was an engraver, sent him out into the free world of nature as a boy, and made him sketch donkeys and goats and sheep. [His mother sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for ‘The Cottagers.’]

“When Edwin Landseer was fourteen he went to Haydon, the prophet on matters of art; and on the advice of this



Landseer.

THE SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER.

singular being, he studied the sculptures of the Parthenon. He 'anatomized animals under my eyes,' writes Haydon, 'copied my anatomical drawings, and applied my principles of instruction to animal painting. His genius, directed in this fashion, has, as a matter of fact, arrived at satisfactory results.' Landseer was the spoiled child of fortune. There is no other English painter who can boast of having been a member of the Royal Academy at the age of twenty-four. In high favor at court, honored by the fashionable world, and tenderly treated by criticism, he went on his way triumphant. The region over which he held sway was narrow, but he stood out in it as in life, powerful and commanding. The exhibition of his pictures, which took place after his death in 1873, contained 314 oil paintings and 146 sketches. The property which he left amounted to \$800,000; and a further sum of \$275,000 was realized by the sale of his unsold pictures. . . .

"One reason of Landseer's artistic success is perhaps due to that in him which was inartistic — to his efforts to make animals more beautiful than they really are, and to make them the medium for expressing human sentiment. And that is what distinguishes him, to his disadvantage, from really great animal painters like Potter, Snyders, Troyon, Jadin, and Rosa Bonheur. He paints the human temperament beneath the animal mask. His stags have expressive countenances, and his dogs appear to be gifted with reason, and even with speech. At one moment there is philosophic dignity in their behavior, and at another, frivolity in their pleasures. . . . And this disposition to bring animals on the stage, as if they were the actors of tragical,

melodramatic, or farcical scenes, made him a peculiar favorite with the great mass of people. . . .

“Landseer’s portrait reveals to us a robust and serious man, with a weather-beaten face, a short, white beard, and a snub, bull-dog nose. Standing six feet high and having the great heavy figure of a Teuton stepping out of his aboriginal forest, he was, indeed, much more like a country gentleman than a London artist. He was a sportsman who wandered about all day long in the air with a gun on his arm, and he painted his animal pictures with all the love and the joy of a child of nature. And that accounts for their strength, their convincing power, and their vivid force. It is as if he had become possessed of a magic cap, with which he could draw close to animals without being observed, and surprise their nature and their inmost life.”

— *Richard Muther.*

“Compare a dog of Edwin Landseer with a dog of Veronese. In the first, the outward texture is wrought out with exquisite dexterity of handling, and minute attention to all the accidents of curl and gloss which can give appearance of reality; while the hue and power of the sunshine, and the truth of the shadow on all these forms is neglected, and the large relations of the animal, as a mass of color to the sky or ground, or other parts of the picture, utterly lost. This is realism at the expense of ideality; it is treatment essentially unimaginative. With Veronese, there is no curling or crisping, no glossiness or sparkle, hardly even a hair, a mere type of hide, laid on with a few scene painter’s touches. But the essence of the dog is here,



the entire magnificent, generic, animal type, muscular and living, and with broad, pure, sunny daylight upon him, and bearing his true and harmonious relation of color to all color about him. This is ideal treatment. . . .

"In our modern treatment of the dog, of which the prevailing tendency is marked by Landseer, the interest taken in him is disproportionate to that taken in man, and leads to a somewhat trivial mingling of sentiment, or warping by caricature; giving up the true nature of the animal for the sake of a pretty thought or pleasant jest. Neither Titian nor Velasquez ever jest; and though Veronese jests gracefully and tenderly, he never for an instant oversteps the absolute facts of nature. But the English painter looks for sentiment or jest primarily, and reaches both by a feebly romantic taint of fallacy, except in one or two simple and touching pictures, such as 'The Shepherd's Chief Mourner.' " — *From Modern Painters, by John Ruskin.*

The vivid description quoted from "Modern Painters" will help the teacher to understand the picture. Let the teacher study it until she, too, realizes something of what it means.

Tell the children the story of Landseer's life.

"Suspense," showing a dog watching at the closed door of his wounded master, and "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner" are considered his best works. "Cat's Paw," "High Life and Low Life," "Spaniels," "Alexander and Diogenes," "A Distinguished Member of the Human Society," "Dignity and Impudence," and the "Monarch of the Glen," are well-known and popular pictures, perfectly comprehensible to children. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

*QUEEN LOUISE*—RICHTER

**Literature :**

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . .	<i>Richard Muther</i>
FAMOUS TYPES OF WOMANHOOD . . .	<i>Mrs. Bolton</i>
SOME EMINENT WOMEN OF OUR TIMES . . .	<i>Mrs. Fawcett</i>
CHAUTAUQUAN, vol. 14, p. 453.	

Gustav Richter (1823-1884) was a German painter much admired and loved during his lifetime, but whose present popularity rests mainly on this picture.

Probably no woman is so beloved in Prussia as the dead Queen Louise. She was not only beautiful and graceful, — Richter's picture tells us that, — but noble in character. She was the wife of the unfortunate Frederick William, in whose reign Napoleon crushed Germany to the ground. She accompanied her husband in his fatal campaigns and made a personal appeal to Napoleon. Not only was she unsuccessful in her effort to obtain from him justice and mercy, but he treated her with incredible brutality, even attacking her character. But the only effect of his charges was to make her more deeply loved by the people of Prus-

sia, and so to enrage her son, then a boy, afterward the Emperor William I., that he swore to be revenged.

He was, — Sedan wiped out Tilsit.

She lies buried in the garden of Charlottenburg, near Berlin, beside her poor husband. There a beautiful reclining statue by one of Germany's best sculptors perpetuates the memory of her beauty.

No Prussian girl is so ignorant that she cannot tell you of Louise the Beautiful and Louise the Good. Every child in Germany would recognize at once this picture of her, the original of which is one of the great treasures of Cologne.

**Method** (see pp. xxi, 5; 6, 7). — Tell the children something of the beautiful queen, and of the love of the Germans even now for her memory and this portrait.

Do you think that she is beautiful? Why?



QUEEN LOUISE.

W. Schreyer





Bastien-Lepage.

**JEANNE D'ARC.**

"Jeanne d'Arc, more properly Darc (1412-1431), the Maid of Orleans, was the daughter of a French peasant of Domrémy. In her girlhood the English were masters of northern France. Moreover, the queen-mother, Isabella, supported the claims of the English king, her grandson, against those of her son Charles, who, thinking only of his personal ease, passively allowed the growing encroachments of the English. This agrees with the first part of the prophecy that France should suffer great calamities through a depraved woman. That the country should be saved, however, through a chaste maiden of Domrémy was the second part of this same prophecy, fulfilled in the lifetime and by the life of the young peasant girl.

"Her long and ardent prayers for the deliverance of her country from the English were answered, apparently, by the vision of the Virgin, St. George, and St. Catherine, whom she not only saw, but heard.

"With great difficulty she finally succeeded in obtaining an audience with the Dauphin, whose confidence in her supernatural strength she gained by picking him out from his numerous courtiers, although there was nothing at all distinctive in his dress.

"She was put in the command of the army. By reason of her marvellous victories at Orleans and Patay, she persuaded Charles to advance toward Rheims, where he was crowned, she herself taking part in the ceremony.

"This was her last triumph.

"She was sold by the Duke of Burgundy to the English, and burned at the stake as a heretic.

"Joan never learned to read or write, and received her

sole religious instruction from her mother, who taught her to recite the Pater Noster, Ave Maria, and the Credo. In her childhood she was noted for her abounding physical energy; but her vivacity, so far from being tainted by any coarse or unfeminine trait, was the direct outcome of intense mental activity and an abnormally sensitive nervous temperament. Toward her parents her conduct was uniformly exemplary, and the charm of her unselfish kindness made her the special favorite of many in the village. In all her household work she was specially proficient, her skill in the use of the needle not being excelled by that of any matron even of Rouen. As she grew to womanhood, she became inclined to silence and spent much of her time in solitude and prayer. . . . Joan was of medium height, stoutly built, but finely proportioned; and her frame was capable of enduring great fatigue. Notwithstanding subsequent tradition, she does not appear to have been strikingly handsome. . . . Her features were, moreover, expressive rather of rustic honesty and innocence than of mental power, though she is said to have possessed grand, melancholy eyes, which, probably on account of the high and noble purpose which animated them, exercised an indescribable charm. Her voice was powerful, but at the same time of great sweetness; and her manner possessed a fine, natural dignity and grace, which, while it repelled familiarity, softened and subdued even the rudest of the soldiers. Nominally, she had been intrusted with the command of the army, but in reality it was under the direction of experienced generals; and it cannot be pretended that the victories accomplished in consequence of her



coöperation were the result of brilliant military genius. Indeed, the blind obstinacy with which, in the face of overwhelming odds, she refused to acknowledge defeat, place it beyond doubt that she was unable to estimate the elements of success in battle, and was actuated throughout by a fatalistic persuasion that victory was inevitable if she persevered unflinchingly in her efforts to attain it." — *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

"Nothing is good but truth." — *Jules Bastien-Lepage*.

"As an example of the devotion in which Lepage was held by his fellow-artists and students, one may cite the following passage from a letter to Dagnan-Bouveret, written shortly after the death of Bastien-Lepage.

"We will talk about him as much as you like, for with every new picture that I paint in future, I shall try to think whether he would have been satisfied with it."

"Before beginning this picture, he paid a visit to Domrémy, accompanied by his faithful mother, and saw the birthplace of the heroic maid, and the cottage where she had lived. . . .

"'Jeanne D'Arc,' he began by saying to himself, 'was a simple and devout maiden, of a thoughtful and contemplative nature. Often she was to be seen on her knees in the village church, praying to the virgin saints, Catherine and Margaret, and the great archangel Michael, whose carved images adorned the altar of Domrémy. Often as she knelt there, she thought of the distracted state of her poor country and of the misery which she saw around her. And as she prayed to God and the saints for help, it seemed to her

that a voice from heaven called her to go forth and save her unhappy land.' Accordingly, the artist's first idea was to represent Jeanne on her knees before the altar of the village church, and he made a beautiful drawing of the kneeling maid with her hands clasped in prayer and her head raised in a listening attitude. But then his love for open-air subjects got the better of his first resolve. He remembered how Jeanne D'Arc had said that the mysterious voices followed her everywhere, and haunted her both at work and in her sleep. So he drew a colored sketch on the walls of his studio, in which he represented his heroine, in the gray homespun bodice and brown skirt of the Lorraine peasants, spinning under the fruit trees of her father's orchard. That orchard was the garden of Damvillers, with the rose-bushes and the flowers and vegetables growing together under the pear trees and apple trees, and wild flowers in the long grass of the meadow beyond. And in the background he painted the white walls and red roofs of the cottage at Domrémy. Still he was not satisfied. He altered Jeanne's attitude and represented her standing under an apple tree, with her right arm hanging down and her left hand grasping the leaves of a bush at her side. She has started to her feet, overturning the spinning-wheel in her agitation, and listens with a rapt look on her face to the voices that are calling her by name. But it was some time before the artist could find the exact head that he wanted for his Jeanne D'Arc. The type of face was to be that of the ordinary Meuse peasant-girl, with low brow, high cheek-bones, and square chin. But the right expression was hard to get, and he drew a dozen different heads before he could

satisfy himself. When at length he succeeded, he wrote joyfully to his friend, Charles Baude: 'I really think I have found the head of my Jeanne D'Arc, and every one agrees that the resolve to start on her mission is well expressed on her face, while the simple charm of the peasant is retained. Her attitude is, I think, very pure and gentle, as it ought to be. . . . But I shall see you soon, and I had rather leave you the pleasure of the surprise, which you will receive from the first sight of the picture. You will judge of it all the better and be better able to tell me what you think of it.'

"But another difficulty remained to be solved. How were unseen voices to be represented? The painter's friends were all of the opinion that the saints whose call she hears should be invisible. . . . But this idea did not content Bastien-Lepage . . . the saints must be present if the mystic meaning of Jeanne D'Arc's story was to be fully realized. At one time he thought of representing the gilt and painted images of the patron saints of Domrémy, as hidden among the fruit trees of the orchard. But by degrees a happier inspiration prevailed. In the pure dreams of Jeanne, he reflected, the 'blessed saints' would appear in a glorified form, with the light of paradise on their brows. And so he painted the great Archangel in his shining armor, and the white-robed virgins, dimly seen through the luminous mist that streams from heaven.

". . . The strangeness of the composition repelled the public, and many of the painter's warmer admirers were puzzled. The representation of the voices was condemned on all sides, and the critics complained of a certain confu-

sion of form and want of atmosphere and perspective in the picture, in his anxiety to be perfectly true to nature. The details of the background were too elaborately painted. The mass of tangled leaves and thorns had been allowed to come too far forward, and interfered with the effect of the central figure. And, yet, in spite of these defects, Bastien-Lepage's 'Jeanne d'Arc' remains a great and noble picture. No one can look at that wonderful face and form without feeling how completely the artist has realized his own idea. His 'Jeanne' is the true peasant-maid of Domrémy, pure and good and simple, and wholly rapt in thoughts of the unseen. The figure itself is a masterpiece of drawing. The attitude of passionate attention, the upraised head, and wide-open blue eyes all tell the same tale."—*Portfolio*, 1894.

"In that year [1879] appeared 'Joan of Arc,' his masterpiece in point of spiritual expression. . . . His ideal was to paint historical themes without reminiscences of the galleries—paint them in the surroundings of the country, with the models that one has at hand, just as if the old drama had taken place yesterday evening.

"The scene of the picture is a garden of Damvillers, painted exactly from nature, with its gray soil, its apple and pear trees clothed with small leaves, its vegetable beds, and its flowers growing wild. Joan herself is a pious, careworn, dreamy country girl. Every Sunday she has been to church, lost herself in long, mystic reveries before the old sacred pictures, heard the misery of France spoken of; and the painted statues of the parish church and its tutelary saints pursue her thoughts. And just to-day, as

she sat winding yarn in the shadow of the apple trees, murmuring a prayer, she heard of a sudden the heavenly voices speaking. The spirits of St. Michael, St. Margaret, and St. Catherine, before whose statues she has prayed so often, have freed themselves from wooden images and float as light phantoms, as pallid shapes of mist, which will as suddenly vanish into air before the eyes of the dreaming girl. Joan rises trembling, throwing her stool over, and steps forward. She stands in motionless ecstasy stretching out her left arm, and gazing into vacancy, with her pupils morbidly dilated. Of all human phases of expression which painting can approach, such mystical delirium is perhaps the hardest to render; and, probably, it was only by the aid of hypnotism, to which the attention of the painter was directed just then by the experiments of Charcot, that Bastien-Lepage was enabled to produce in his model that look of religious rapture, oblivious to the whole world, which is expressed in the vague glance of her eyes, blue as the sea." — *Richard Muther*.

"As for Bastien-Lepage, his picture produces on the beholder, at first glance, the effect of space — of the open air. Jeanne d'Arc — the real Jeanne d'Arc, the peasant girl — leans against an apple tree, of which she holds a branch in her left hand, which, as the arm, is of extreme perfection. . . . It is admirable: the head thrown back, the strained attitude of the neck, the eyes that look into the future — clear, wonderful eyes. The countenance produces a striking effect: it is that of the peasant, the daughter of the soil, startled and pained by her vision. The orchard

surrounding the house in the background is nature's self; but the perspective seems to crowd forward on the view and spoil the figure." — *Marie Bashkirtseff*.

"He is an original, a powerful artist; he is a poet; he is a philosopher; other artists are mere workmen compared to him; he is grand, as nature is, as life is." — *Marie Bashkirtseff*.

Jules Bastien-Lepage (1848–1884) was born in Damvillers—once a stronghold of Lorraine—of well-to-do parents. His father was clever with the pencil and kept his son at work drawing. Afterward he became a post-office official in Paris, studying in the afternoons with Cabanel. In the Franco-Prussian War he joined the army and took part in the defence of Paris. He returned home ill, and finally established himself there as an artist. His studio was in the second story of his father's house. But he oftener painted out of doors in the orchard or in the field. His grandfather, in a brown cap, his spectacles upon his nose, with his horn snuffbox and checked handkerchief, often sat near him, or worked beside him weeding and pruning. A portrait of his grandfather in a corner of the garden was his first great work, and the beginning of his preëminence.

He was now and ever after adored by the Parisians, who fought for his paintings and for the opportunity to work in his studio. He was never strong, and the constant excitement of his life wore him out.

Among those who were devoted to him was the brilliant

Russian girl, Marie Bashkirtseff. When she learned that he was dying with consumption she went each day with her mother and aunt to visit him. And when at last, from the same disease, she was unable to leave her home, he was carried to her drawing-room by his brother. She died a month before him. His last sketch, "The Funeral of a Young Girl," was popularly though erroneously supposed to be meant to immortalize her death.

**Method.** — That the children may understand the picture, either tell them the wonderful story of her life, or read it to them, or let them read it themselves.

The quotations from *The Portfolio* and from Muther will give to the teacher, who reads it picture in hand, just the facts that she needs to know to understand the picture. By means of questions give this point of view to the child.

Show them, if possible, the Boutet de Monvel illustrations of Jeanne d'Arc's life. These may be obtained, together with the text, from any dealer in French books. They have been reproduced in a recent volume by the Century Company.

By all means let them understand the beautiful character of the man and the greatness of the painter. If they know Dagnan-Bouveret's "Madonna," the devotion of this painter to him in his lifetime and to his memory now, will show them something of Bastien-Lepage's influence over men and in art.

Of his many great pictures, probably the one which first gave him a reputation, the study of his "Grandfather," "Fagot-gatherer," called "Père Jacque," and "The Hay

Harvest," will give the children the best idea of the depth and the range of his genius.

Marie Bashkirtseff's "Meeting," painted under his influence, is a favorite picture with children, and should be shown them if the story of the affection and admiration of each for the other is told them. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

### THE MEETING—MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF

#### Literature:

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Muther*  
JOURNAL OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

ESSAYS ABOUT MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS . . . . . *Birrell*

ATLANTIC, vol. 64, p. 682; SCRIBNER, vol. 6, p. 633; NINETEENTH CENTURY, vol. 26, p. 602; CRITIC, vol. 15, p. 207; BLACKWOOD, vol. 146, p. 300; LITERARY WORLD, vol. 20, p. 456; REVIEW OF REVIEWS, vol. 1, p. 539; TEMPLE BAR, vol. 88, p. 263; COSMOPOLITAN, vol. 9, p. 15; FORTNIGHTLY, vol. 53, p. 276; CENTURY, vol. 18, p. 28; GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, vol. 56, p. 506.

"Her last picture was one of six schoolboys, sons of the people, who are standing at a street corner, chattering; and it makes a curiously virile impression, when one considers that it was painted by a blonde young girl, who slept under dull blue silken bed-curtains, dressed almost entirely in white, was rubbed with perfumes after a walk in hard weather, and wore on her shoulders furs which cost two thousand francs. It hangs in the Luxembourg, and for a long time a lady dressed in mourning used to come there every week and cry before the picture painted by the daughter whom she had lost so early."—*Richard Muther*.



"By instinct I went straight to the *chef-d'œuvre* — to that "Meeting," which at the last *Salon* had engrossed so much attention; a group of little Parisian street-boys talking seriously together, undoubtedly planning some mischief, before a wooden fence at the corner of a street. The faces and the attitudes of the children are strikingly realistic. The glimpse of meagre landscape expresses the sadness of the poorer neighborhood." — *François Coppée*.

The following history of the development of the idea and fate of the picture is taken from Marie Bashkirtseff's "Journal": —

"*Red-Letter Day, Wednesday, April 4.* — Six little boys in a group, their heads close together, half-length only. The elder is about twelve, the younger six. The eldest of the boys, who stands partly with his back to the spectator, holds a bird's nest in his hands, at which the others stand looking. The attitudes are varied and natural.

"The youngest boy, whose back only is to be seen, stands with folded arms and head erect.

"This seems commonplace, according to the description, but in reality all these heads grouped together will make an exceedingly interesting picture."

"*Monday, May 7.* — I have begun the little *gamins* over again from the beginning. I have drawn them full length and on a larger canvas; this will make a more interesting picture."

"*Tuesday, March 11.* — The good Robert Fleury dined with us this evening. He said that my picture of the little



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THE MEETING.

M

*gamins* is greatly improved, — that it is good in fact, and that it will be accepted at the *Salon*.

“I forgot to say that it is called ‘A Meeting.’”

“*Wednesday, April 30.* — Things are not so bad after all, for the *Gaulois* speaks very well of me; it gives me a separate notice. The article is very *chic*. . . .

“Am I satisfied? It is easy to answer that question. I am neither satisfied nor dissatisfied. My success is just enough to keep me from being unhappy. That is all.

“I have just returned from the *Salon*. . . . We remained a long time seated on a bench before the picture. It attracted a good deal of attention, and I smiled to myself at the thought that no one would imagine the elegantly dressed young girl, seated before it, showing the tips of her little boots, to be the artist.

“Ah, all this is a great deal better than last year!

“Have I achieved success, in the true serious meaning of the word? I almost think so.”

“*Monday, May 12.* — I have not yet achieved the success I desire, however. But neither had Bastien-Lepage achieved the success that he desired before he exhibited the portrait of his grandfather. True, but nevertheless — as I am fated to die soon, I want success to come quickly.”

Marie Bashkirtseff (1860–1884) was the daughter of a wealthy Russian provincial nobleman. Soon after her birth, her mother left her husband, taking with her both Marie and her brother Paul. They lived successively in Russia, Vienna, Nice, Rome, and Paris. When she was thirteen,

Marie began to keep the famous "Journal" by which she is quite as well known as by her pictures. From it we learn that her early favorite studies were Latin and Greek. When still a child she spoke fluently French, Italian, English, and Russian. Her singing voice was very beautiful, but she lost it through throat trouble. This also affected her hearing. After she had given up singing, she threw herself into painting with such ardor that in a few months she had accomplished what ordinarily takes years.

She was a pupil in the famous studio of Julien, and although her wonderful skill was recognized by all, yet she was not a favorite, probably because she was overbearing both by birth and temperament. At first she came to the studio dressed in white according to her lifelong custom, but she soon learned that it was impossible to work so costumed, and adopted black. Over her gown she wore a black working blouse. On one occasion she worked in a ball-dress all one evening to the mingled admiration and amazement of her fellow-students.

Her success as a painter was scarcely equal to her deserts. Both she and her friends confidently expected numbers and medals that she did not receive. But the fame for which she so ardently longed came to her after her death on the publication of her "Journal." It is one of the several books which first leaped into prominence through an enthusiastic sympathetic review written by Gladstone.

For an account of her friendship with Bastien-Lepage, see p. 157.

The last words written in her diary were, "I can no

longer go up and down stairs." In her mother's handwriting below is written: "Marie Bashkirtseff died eleven days later." It is said that her mother was almost insane with grief at her death, refusing to believe it possible that the child was gone. For several years—perhaps to this day—she kept Marie's studio just as she left it, with its few pictures and innumerable studies, and it was at her desire that the "Journal" was published just as it was written.

**Method.** — What are these children doing? Why do you think so?

Tell them something of the woman who painted the picture, her accomplishments, her hard work, and the gradual development of the idea in her brain. Show them if possible "Jean et Jacques," a picture whose subject cannot fail to appeal to them. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

### *A MOTHER'S CARE—ISRAELS*

#### **Literature:**

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Muther*

MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 13, p. 397; vol. 19, p. 184; LEISURE HOUR, vol. 45, p. 648; MIDLAND, vol. 9, p. 304; MUNSEY, vol. 17, p. 163.

"Josef Israels (1824— ), the Dutch Millet, wanted to be a rabbi, studied Hebrew in his youth, and buried himself in the Talmud. When he left school he entered the small banking business of his father. . . . But in 1844 Israels went to Amsterdam to the studio of Jan Kruseman, who was then a fashionable painter. His parents had sent



Israel.

A MOTHER'S CARE.

him to lodge with a pious Jewish family, who lived in the Ghetto of Amsterdam. He was enchanted with the narrow little street where the inhabitants could shake hands from one window to another, and with the old market places where there gathered a swarm of Oriental-looking men. Like Rembrandt, he roamed about the out of the way alleys, noted the general dealers, the fishwives, the fruit-shops with apples and oranges, the pretty and picturesque Jewesses, and all this life condensed into such a little space, without at first contemplating the possibility of drawing the figures which he saw around him. On the contrary, like a diligent pupil, he followed the academical instruction of Kruseman, under whose guidance he produced a series of grand historical pictures and Italian scenes of peasant life.

“A journey to Paris, which he undertook in 1845, did not in any way cause him to alter his ideas, and when he returned home in 1848, the year of the revolution, the result of his residence in Paris was exactly the same as that of Millet’s: he had starved himself, studied at the Louvre, and seen in the *Salon* how “grand painting” was carried on in France. Now he took a room in Amsterdam and tried to paint as Delaroche had taught him. . . . Such names as . . . Delaroche cannot explain what Israel became afterwards for Dutch art. As with Millet, it was an accident, a severe trial in life, which decided the future of Israel.

“Some time after he had settled in Amsterdam he became exceedingly ill and went to Zandvoort, a small fishing village near Harlem, for his health. In this spot hidden among the dunes he lived solitarily and alone, far from the

bustle of exhibitions, artistic influences, and the discussion of the studio. He lodged with a ship's carpenter. He took part in all the usages of his housemates, and began to perceive amid these new surroundings, as Millet had done in Barbizon, that the events of the present are capable of being painted, that the sorrows of the poor are as deep as the tragical fate of ancient heroes, that everyday life is as poetic as any historic subject, and that nothing suggests richer moods of feeling than the interior of a fishing hut, bathed in tender light and harmonious in color. This residence of several months in a distant little village led him to discover his calling, and determined his further career. Incessantly he made studies of nature, and of full-toned interiors, simple costumes, and the dunes with their pale grass and yellow sand. For the first time he was carried away by the intimate beauty of these simple things steeped in everlasting poetry. Like Millet, he conceived an enthusiasm for the life of peasants, for the rudeness of their outline, for their large form . . . appreciated and recognized. He married in 1863 . . . and settled down . . . in The Hague. And here he became . . . the artist whom the world has delighted to honor. Here he has painted one masterpiece after the other. . . .

“Josef Israels lives entirely according to rule. Every morning at nine he may be seen walking, and by ten o'clock punctually he is at his easel. In the Königinnengracht, that quiet, thoroughly Dutch canal leading to the Park, his house is situated. Little red-roofed houses are passed, houses standing out with some piquancy against the misty sky, and the canal is fringed by trees, which cast a bright



reflection on the water. . . . In Israels' house, quietude prevails without a sound. Noble Gobelins subdue the voice, and thick carpets the footsteps. Here and there upon the walls, in a finely outlined black frame, there hangs an etching by Rembrandt. . . . Behind the dwelling there lies a garden with a large glass house. The man who works here is very small in stature, and has a high treble voice, a puckered face, a white beard, and two sparkling eyes which flash out upon you from behind a large pair of spectacles. Everything about him has a nervous mobility like quicksilver. Always talking and gesticulating, he fetches out old pictures when a visitor comes, and looks at them, inclining his head to the right and then to the left; then he puts himself into the attitudes of his net-venders or his potato-gatherers for the sake of verification, draws great landscapes in the air with his arms, sits down so that he may get up again immediately, searches for something or another, and at the same time recalls a remark which he has read in the newspaper. Even when he is painting, he paces thoughtfully between whiles up and down the studio with great hasty strides, bending forward with his hands clasped behind his back." — *Richard Muther*.

**Method.** — Whose children are these? Why do you think so? What is she doing? What do you see in the house? How is it different from your house? Why? What else? Out of doors? Do you like the picture? Why?

Tell them something of the painter.

(See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

**APRIL**  
**(NATURE)**



## APRIL

(NATURE)

### LAKE AT VILLE D'AVRAY—COROT

#### Literature:

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . .	<i>Muther</i>
HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . .	<i>Stranahan</i>
MODERN FRENCH MASTERS . . . .	Edited by <i>J. C. van Dyke</i>
BARBIZON PAINTERS, vol. 2 . . . .	(Great Artist Series)

PORTFOLIO, vol. 1, p. 60; vol. 6, p. 146; CONTEMPORARY, vol. 26, p. 157; ART JOURNAL, July, 1889; MAGAZINE OF ART, June, 1889; COROT, CENTURY MAGAZINE, June, 1889; CONTEMPORARY, vol. 26; NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, vol. 5, p. 692; poem, ART JOURNAL, 1897, p. 33; vol. 41, p. 208. (For literature of the Barbizon School, see p. 34.)

SONG (PIPPA PASSES) . . . .	<i>Browning</i>
RETURN OF SPRING . . . .	<i>Longfellow</i>
PROGRESS OF SPRING, EARLY SPRING . . . .	<i>Tennyson</i>
SONG OF THE SOWER . . . .	<i>Bryant</i>
SPRING . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>
WHITE MAN'S FOOT; IN HIAWATHA . . . .	<i>Longfellow</i>
LEGENDS OF BRUNHILD, PERSEPHONE, and THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.	
PERSEPHONE (COLONIAL BALLADS) . . . .	<i>Mrs. Preston</i>
THE COMING OF SPRING . . . .	<i>Nora Perry</i>
THE VOICE OF SPRING . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i>
A SPRING SONG . . . .	<i>James Freeman Clarke</i>
SPRING . . . .	<i>Adelaide A. Procter</i>

## SPRING GREETING, A SUNRISE SONG,

SUNRISE . . . . . *Sidney Lanier*MORNING . . . . . *Keats*MORNING . . . . . *Fletcher*SUTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE, *Biglow**Papers* . . . . . *James Russell Lowell*

"This picture of Ville d'Avray, the home of Balzac and Gambetta, is one of Corot's most characteristic works, with its pond in which is reflected the landscape around, the graceful birches, his favorite tree, in its spring verdure, and the flower-dotted foreground.

"I only saw Corot once. It was in some woods near Paris, where I had gone to paint, and I came across the old gentleman unexpectedly, seated in front of his easel in a pleasant glade. After admiring his work, I ventured to say, 'Master, what you are doing is lovely, but I cannot find your composition in the landscape before us.' He said, 'My foreground is a long way ahead,' and, sure enough, nearly two hundred yards away, his picture rose out of the dimness of the dell, stretching beyond the vista into the meadow." — *George Moore*.

"His favorite season was the early spring, when the farthest twigs upon the boughs deck themselves with little leaves of tender green, which vibrate and quiver with the least breath of air. He had, moreover, a perfectly wonderful secret of rendering the effect of tiny blades of grass and flowers which grow upon the meadows in June. He delighted in the verge of any bank where tall bushes bend to the water; and he loved water itself in undetermined clearness and in the shifting glance of light, leaving it here



Const.

LAKE AT VILLE D'AVRAY.

in shadows and touching it there with brightness, the sky in the depths beneath wedded to the bright border of the pool or the ravishing outlines of the bank and the clouds passing across the firmament, and here and there embracing a light, shining fragment of blue. He loved morning before sunrise, when the white mists hover over pools like a light veil of gauze, and gradually disperse at the first burst of the sun. . . .

"Amongst trees he did not care to paint the oak, the favorite with all artists who have a passion for form, nor the chestnut, nor the elm, but preferred to summon, amid the delicate play of sunbeams, the aspen, the poplar, the alder, the birch with its white, slender branches and tremulous leaves, and the willow with its light foliage. . . . In Corot a tree is a soft, tremulous being, rocking in the fragrant air in which it whispers and murmurs of love and joy." — *Richard Muther*.

"And, after all, what is art but rhythm? Corot knew that art is nature made rhythmical." — *George Moore*.

"Corot there paints with wings on his back." — *Jules Dupré*.

"Corot helps you to breathe, but there is more air in his pictures than there is earth or rocks. He dreams of the country all the while he is painting it." — *Jules Bastien-Lepage*.

"To understand my landscapes, you must at least have the patience to wait till the mist rises." — *Corot*.

"A landscape painter's day is delightful. He rises early, before sunrise, at three in the morning, and sits under a tree and watches and waits. There is not so much to be seen at first. Everything has a sweet odor. Everything trembles under the freshening breeze of dawn. Bing! the sun gets clearer; but he has not yet torn away the vest of gauze behind which lie the meadow, the valley, the hills in the horizon. Bing! Bing! The first ray of the sun! . . . Another ray! The landscape lies entirely behind the transparent gauze of the ascending mists, gradually sucked up by the sun, which permits us to see, as it ascends, the silver-striped river, the meadows, the cottages, the far-receding distance. At last you can see what you imagined at first. Bam! The sun has risen. . . . Bam! Everything sparkles, shines! Everything is in full light—light soft and caressing as yet. The backgrounds with their simple contours and harmonious tones are lost in the infinite sky through an atmosphere of azure and mist. The flowers lift up their heads. The birds fly here and there." — *Corot*.

"After one of my excursions, that is, after travelling and making sketches, I invite nature to come and spend a few days with me, and then my foolishness begins. Pencil in hand, I hear the birds singing, the trees rustling in the wind; I see the running brooks and the streams charged with ten thousand reflections of the earth and sky—nay, the very sun rises and sets in my studio." — *Corot to Jules Dupré*.

Camille Corot (1796–1875). Corot's father was a hair-dresser originally, but finally assimilated to himself his



wife's trade, namely, that of millinery. He was a polite, prosperous little man, a court modiste (Napoleon I.) of some fame, as is shown by this sentence from a contemporary play, "I have just come from Corot, but could not speak to him; he was locked up in his private room, occupied in composing a new spring hat."

After a high school education, Camille became a clerk in a dry goods house. M. Dumesne, in his charming "Souvenirs Intimes," gives the following account of his escape from trade:—

"Corot begged his father to allow him to leave commerce and become a painter, for it was what he desired more than anything in the world. His father reluctantly consented, and said, 'Your sisters' portions were ready for them to the minute, and I was hoping soon to provide properly for your establishment in life, for you are now old enough to stand at the head of your own house of business; but since you refuse to continue the pursuit of your trade for the sake of painting, I give you notice that during my life you will have no capital. I will give you an income of fifteen hundred francs. Never expect anything else, and see if you can get along with that.'

"And Camille, much moved, embraced his father, crying, 'I thank you! It is all I want, and you make me very happy!'

"Almost on the same day, giving himself time only to buy the necessary tools for an artist, he made his studio in the centre of Paris, almost close to the paternal house. He went down the tow-path by the Seine, not far from Pont Royal, looking toward the city, and, full of joy,

began to paint. All who have been admitted to Corot's studio know this first performance of his brush. He used to show it to us, and say, 'While I was painting that, it was thirty-five years ago, the young girls who worked at my mother's were curious to see M. Camille at his new work, and they ran away from the shop to come and look at it. One of them, whom we will call Mademoiselle Rose, came oftener than the others. She is living still. She has never married, and she visits me from time to time; she was here last week.

"'Oh! my friends, what a change. And what thoughts it starts! My painting is still here, — it is as young as ever, — it marks the hour and the time of day when I did it; but Mademoiselle Rose and I, where are we?'"

In spite of his kindly gentleness, he knew how to give a rebuke, as the following story will show: —

A presumptuous young artist sketching near him one day, asked, "Why do you omit some things from your sketches? And why do you insert others? This tree is not in the landscape." "Do not tell," answered Corot, "but I put it here to please the birds."

For twenty-five years he worked and studied unhampered by the necessity of earning and spending money. Finally, when, at fifty, he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his abilities, his father, who looked upon him still as a child, doubled his allowance, saying, "Well, Camille seems to have talent after all."

He lived through the troublous times of 1848 and 1851, scarcely realizing what was going on. It is related that

hearing the firing on the barricades during the revolution of 1848, he said, "What is the matter? Are we not satisfied with the government?"

Nevertheless, in 1870 he shouldered his musket for France.

Every one loved "Papa Corot," for he was both the master and the comrade.

Richard Muther, in his "History of Modern Painting," gives the following beautiful account of his death:—

"His end was as harmonious as his life and art. Nothing troubled his end; it was the evening of a beautiful day. On the evening of February 23, 1875, when he had just completed his seventy-ninth year, he was heard to say as he lay in bed, drawing in the air with his fingers, 'Mon Dieu, how beautiful that is; it is the most beautiful landscape I have ever seen.' When his old housekeeper wanted to bring him his breakfast, he said, with a smile, 'To-day Père Corot will breakfast above.' Even his last illness robbed him of none of his cheerfulness; and when his friends brought him in the news of the medal struck to commemorate his jubilee as an artist of fifty years' standing, he said, with tears of joy in his eyes, 'It makes me happy to know that one has been so loved. I have had good parents and dear friends; I am thankful to God.' With those words he passed away to his true home, the land of the spirits, not the paradise of the church, but the Elysian field that he had dreamt of and painted so often.

\* \* \* \* \*

"When they bore him from his house in the Faubourg Poissonnière and a passer-by asked who was being buried, a

fat shopwoman, standing at the door of her house, answered, 'I do not know his name, but he was a good man.'

"Beethoven's symphony in C minor was played at his funeral, according to his own direction; and as the coffin was being covered, a lark rose exulting to the sky. 'The artist will be replaced with difficulty, the man, never,' said Dupré, at Corot's grave.

"On May 20, 1880, an unobtrusive monument to his memory was unveiled at the border of the lake at Ville d'Avray, in the midst of the dark forest where he had so often dreamed. He died in the fulness of his fame as an artist; but it was the forty pictures collected in the Centenary Exhibition of 1889 which first made the world fully conscious of what modern art possessed in Corot, — a master of immortal masterpieces, the greatest poet and the tenderest soul of the nineteenth century, as Fra Angelico was the tenderest soul of the fifteenth, and Watteau was the greatest poet of the eighteenth."

**Method.** — What do you see in this picture? Who else sees this, too?

What time of the year is it? Who painted it? Tell them of Corot's beautiful life and ideals. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

*THE WILLOWS — COROT*

**Literature :** (See pp. 171, 175.)

This picture might profitably follow a nature lesson on the willows. For a guide to these, in addition to the usual guides, Mrs. Dyson's "Stories of the Trees" will be found invaluable.

Ruskin's "Silvery fountains transfixed in air" might have been written of this picture, so faithfully and yet so poetically does it interpret the foliage of early spring. •

**Method.** — Of what is this a picture? Why are the trunks of the trees so dark? Where else can you see them? Why are the branches so light? Who is the girl who leans against the tree trunk? What is she doing? Why does the path look beautiful? Do you like the picture? Why?

See p. 173 for another picture by Corot, and Part II, for still others. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



Cont.

THE WILLOWS.

*DEDHAM MILL, ESSEX—CONSTABLE***Literature :**

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Muther</i>
ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Chesneau</i>
GAINSBOROUGH AND CONSTABLE (Great Artist Series)	<i>Arnold</i>
CENTURY OF PAINTERS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL .	<i>Redgrave</i>
STUDIES IN ENGLISH ART, vol. 2 . . . . .	<i>Wedmore</i>
PORTFOLIO PAPERS . . . . .	<i>Hamerton</i>
CONSTABLE, LIFE AND LETTERS, edited by Leslie.	

ART JOURNAL, vol. 33, p. 150; vol. 47, p. 367; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 6, p. 334; vol. 14, p. 282; PORTFOLIO, vol. 4, pp. 93, 108, 117; vol. 21, p. 162; LEISURE HOURS, vol. 30, p. 406; BLACKWOOD, vol. 58, p. 257.

This is the first plate of the series, "English Landscapes," to which he writes the following preface: "It is the desire of the author in this publication to increase the interest for and promote the study of the rural scenery of England with all its endearing associations, with her climate of more than vernal freshness, in whose summer skies and rich autumn clouds, 'in thousand liveries dight,' the observer may daily watch their endless varieties of effect."

The windmill in an engraving from one of his sketches entitled "Spring" is one of those in which he worked; and its outline, with the name of 'John Constable, 1792,' very accurately and neatly carved by him with a penknife, still remains on one of its timbers. . . . His younger brother



Constable

**DEDHAM MILL. ESSEX.**



said to me, "When I look at a mill painted by John, I see that it will go round, which is not always the case with those by other artists."

By a wind miller every change of sky is watched with a peculiar interest; and it will appear from Constable's description of the picture of which his brother speaks, that the time spent as one was not wholly lost to him as a painter.

"It may, perhaps," he says, "give some idea of one of those bright and silvery days in the spring, when, at noon, large garish clouds, surcharged with hail and sleet, sweep with their broad shadows the fields, woods, and hills; and by their depth enhance the value of the vivid greens and yellows so peculiar to this season. The natural history, if the expression may be used, of the skies, which are so particularly marked in the hail squalls at this time of the year is this: The clouds accumulate in large masses, and from their loftiness seem to move but slowly; immediately upon these large clouds appear numerous opaque patches, which are only small clouds passing rapidly before them, and consisting of isolated portions detached, probably, from the larger cloud. These floating much nearer the earth may perhaps fall in with a strong current of wind, which, as well as their comparative lightness, causes them to move with greater rapidity. Hence they are called by wind millers and sailors, messengers, and always portend bad weather. They float midway in what may be termed the lanes of the clouds; and from being so situated are almost uniformly in shadow, receiving a reflected light only, from the clear blue sky immediately above them. In passing

over the bright parts of large clouds, they appear as dark; but in passing the shadowed parts, they assume a gray, a pale, or a lurid hue." — *From Life of Constable, Leslie.*

Constable's love for spring: "All nature revives, and everything around me is springing up and coming into life. At every step I am reminded of the words of Scripture, "I am the resurrection and the life." — *From a letter of Constable.*

"I love my native village, I love every corner and cranny of it. As long as I can hold a brush I shall never weary of painting it." — *John Constable.*

"I like the landscapes of Constable. He is always picturesque, of a fine color, and the lights are always in the right places. But he makes me call for my greatcoat and umbrella." — *Fuseli.*

"There has never been a boy painter, nor can there be. The art requires a long apprenticeship, being mechanical as well as intellectual." — *John Constable.*

"I have already alluded to the simplicity and earnestness of the mind of Constable; to its vigorous rupture with school laws, and to its unfortunate errors on the other side. Unteachableness seems to have been a main feature of his character, and there is a corresponding want of veneration in the way he approaches nature herself. His early education and associations were against him. . . . I have never seen any work of his in which there were any signs of his being able to draw, and hence even the most necessary

details are painted by him inefficiently. . . . There is a strange want of depth in the mind which has no pleasure in sunbeams but when piercing painfully through clouds; nor in foliage but when shaken by the wind; nor in light itself but when flickering, glistening, restless, and feeble. Yet with all these deductions, his works are to be deeply respected as thoroughly original, thoroughly honest, free from affectation, manly in manner, frequently successful in cool color, and especially realizing certain motives of English scenery with perhaps as much affection as such scenery, unless when regarded through media of feeling, derived from higher sources, is calculated to inspire." — *From Modern Painters, John Ruskin.*

"He is the most genuine painter of the cultivated land in England." — *C. R. Leslie.*

"That wonderful man, Constable, is one of England's glories." — *Eugène Delacroix.*

John Constable (1776–1837) was the son of a wealthy English miller, who wished his son to become either a clergyman or a miller. But when John discovered that the plumber of the village spent all of his spare hours out of doors sketching, his intense love for art was no longer to be suppressed. He assisted his father still, and was noticeably careful and diligent in his duties; but every moment that was free he spent in sketching. Finally, after a year's struggle, his father decided to allow him to become an artist.

At this time he was a well-formed, muscular, good-looking, young fellow, wearing the miller's white hat and

coat; and looking so well in them that he was known for miles around as "the handsome miller."

The opposition to his love affairs was much longer and more determined. In the end, however, in spite of the opposition of her wealthy relatives, he succeeded in marrying his first love, and with her lived happily, so far as his domestic life was concerned, until her death. But as an artist, his only English successes were in portraiture. His other pictures, unsold, collected to such an extent that he wrote, finally, the famous bitter advertisement:—

"Mr. John Constable's collection of landscapes, painted by his own hand, is open every day gratis; an application only is required."

In France, as the characteristic bit from Delacroix quoted above indicates, his pictures were greatly admired. They are even said to have been the forerunners, if not the inspiration, of the Barbizon school. (See p. 34.)

At his death a subscription among his English admirers was raised to buy one of his greatest pictures, "The Cornfield," and place it in the National Gallery.

One of the last acts of his life, the night before his sudden death, was to cross the street to see why a little child was crying. She had hurt her knee, but not seriously. Constable comforted her and gave her a shilling. It was one of his favorite sayings, "Children should be respected."

**Method.** — With questions develop the meaning of the picture with its showery clouds; the mill that was his dear home; the boats; the church; and, at the other side, his favorite tree, the ash.

Tell them of his love for spring. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

*FEEDING THE HENS — MILLET*

(For literature, see p. 29.)

This is one of the happy, familiar scenes which Millet's own domestic life enabled him to paint with so much grace and feeling. The child on the doorstep is his own, and the house itself is not unlike his own.

**Method.** — What is the woman doing? Why? Who is she? Why do you think so? Where does she live? How do you know? What time of the year is it? These are examples of the many leading questions that may be asked to develop the story of the picture.

Tell the children something of the life of the artist.  
(See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



**FEEDING THE HENS.**

**Millet.**

### SPRING — DIAZ

#### Literature :

- HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING. . . . . *Muther*  
 HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING. . . . . *Stranahan*  
 PAINTERS OF BARBIZON, vol. 1 (Great Artist Series). *Mollett*  
 MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 12, pp. 181, 231; CENTURY, vol. 30, p. 3.

“Diaz has the finest career before him, if he will only work. He is a *fier tempérament* of a colonist, and what facility! He makes his pictures as an apple tree makes apples.” — *Sigalon (a fellow student)*.

“As soon as his name is mentioned, there rise in memory the recesses of a wood, which the autumn has turned red — a wood where the sunbeams play, gilding the trunks of the trees; naked white forms repose amid mysterious lights, or there advance on paths of yellow gold sand gayly draped odalisques, whose rich costume glitters in the rays of the sun. Few have won from the forest like him its beauty of golden sunlight and verdant leaves. Others remained at the entrance of the forest; he was the first who really penetrated to its depths. The branches met over his head like the waves of the sea; the blue heaven vanished, and every thing was shrouded. The sunbeams fell like the rain of Danaë through the green leaves, and the moss lay like a



Dias

SPRING.



velvet mantle on the granite piles of rock. He settled down like a hermit in his verdant hollow. The leaves quivered green and red, covered the ground, sportively gilded by the furtive rays of the evening sun. Nothing was to be seen of the trees, nothing of the outline of their foliage, nothing of the majestic sweep of their boughs, but only the mossy stem touched by the radiance of the sun. The pictures of Diaz are not landscapes, for the land is wanting; they are treescapes, and their poetry lies in the sunbeams which dance, playing around them. 'Have you seen my last stem?' he would himself inquire of the visitors to his studio.

"These woodland recesses were the peculiar specialty of Diaz, and he but seldom abandoned them to paint warm, dreamy pictures of summer. For, like a true child of the South, he knows nothing of spring, with its light mists, and still less of the frozen desolation of winter. The summer alone does he know, the summer and the autumn; and the summers of Diaz are an everlasting song, like the springs of Corot. . . .

"Diaz is a fascinating artist, a great charmer, and a feast to the eyes. . . .

"When, in the far South, amid the eternal summer of Mentone, he closed his dark, shining eyes forever, at dawn on November 18, 1876, a breath of sadness went through the tree-tops of the old royal forest of Fontainebleau. The forest had lost its hermit, the busy woodman who penetrated most deeply into its green depths; and it preserves his memory gratefully. Only go, in October, through the copse of Bas Bréau, lose yourself amid the magnificent foli-

age of these trees, of the growth of centuries, that glimmer of a thousand hues like gigantic bouquets, dark green and brown, or golden and purple, and at the sight of this brilliant gleam of autumn tones you can only say, 'a Diaz!' — *Richard Muther.*

"You paint stinging nettles and I prefer roses." — *From Diaz to Millet.*

"Diaz is the son of Giorgione, the cousin of Correggio, and the grandson of Boccaccio." — *From L'Artiste.*

"Virgilio Diaz de la Peña (1808–1876). The first of the proud pleiad (the Barbizon school) who did not issue from Paris itself is Diaz, who, in his youth, worked with Dupré in the china manufactory of Sèvres. Of noble Spanish origin, he was born in Bordeaux in 1807, after his parents had taken refuge from the Revolution [an unsuccessful Spanish conspiracy against King Joseph Bonaparte], across the Pyrenees, and in his landscapes, too, perhaps, the Spaniard betrays him a little. . . .

"He, too, was long acquainted with poverty, as were his great brother artists, Rousseau and Dupré. Shortly after his birth he lost his father [who had fled for safety to England]. Madame Diaz, entirely without means, came to Paris, where she supported herself by giving lessons in Spanish and Italian. When he was ten years old, the boy stood as an orphan on the pavement of the vast city. A Protestant clergyman in Belleone then adopted him. And now occurred the misfortune which he was so fond of relating in after years. In one of his wanderings through the wood he was bitten by a poisonous insect, and from that time he was

o

obliged to hobble through life with a wooden leg, which he called his *pilon* [drumstick]. [This jest is characteristic of his point of view. In spite of his lameness he was always gay and bright, running, swimming, and playing "hoppity-hop" with even greater eagerness than the other boys.]

"From his fifteenth year, he worked, at first as a lame errand boy, and afterward as a painter on china, together with Dupré, Raffet, and Cabat, in the manufactory of Sèvres. Before long he was dismissed as incompetent, for one day he took it into his head to decorate a vase entirely after his own taste.

"Then poverty began once more. Often when the evening drew on and he was sheltered by the dark, he wandered about the boulevards, opened the doors of carriages which had drawn up at the pavement, and stretched out his hand to beg. 'What does it matter?' he said. 'I shall one day have carriages and horses and a golden crutch; my brush will win them for me.'

"He exhibited on speculation at a picture dealer's, in the hope of gaining a hundred francs [he asked five hundred], 'The Descent of the Bohemians,' that picturesque band of men, women, and children, who advance singing, laughing, and shouting by a steep woodland road, to descend on some neighboring village, like a swarm of locusts. A Parisian collector bought it for fifteen hundred francs. Diaz was saved, and he migrated to the forest of Fontainebleau. . . .

"He is said to have been the terror of all game, as long as he was the housemate of Rousseau and Millet in Fontainebleau, and wandered through the woods there with a gun on his arm to get a cheap supper.

"It is reported, too, that when his pictures were rejected by the Salon in those days, he laughingly made a hole in the canvas with his wooden leg, saying: 'What is the use of being rich? I can't have a diamond set in my *pilon*!'

"In these years, previous to 1855, when he had nothing to do with any picture dealer, the immortal works of Diaz were executed." — *Richard Muther*.

He died from the bite of a viper, according to some accounts, but more probably of consumption.

Meissonier and Dupré were among the pall-bearers. But although many others spoke at his grave, his great friend Dupré was silent.

Later, in a letter, he wrote a sentence which has since become famous: —

"The sun has lost one of his most beautiful rays!"

**Method.** — What time of the year does the picture represent?

Tell them something of the painter, particularly of his happy boyhood in spite of his terrible misfortune.

If possible, show them some of his more characteristic wood interiors, although even in these Diaz loses much — almost everything — in reproduction. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



**MAY**  
**(NATURE)**

## MAY

(NATURE)

### *IN THE OPEN COUNTRY—DUPRÉ*

(For literature, see p. 26; for an account of the artist, p. 26.)

**Method.** — What time of the year is it? Why do you think so? The time of day? What do you see in the foreground? What is each doing? In the background? Do you like the picture? Why?

For another picture by the same artist see p. 27. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



Dupré.

IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.



*WOMAN CHURNING — MILLET*

(For literature, see p. 29; for an account of the artist, p. 34.)

**Method.** — With questions develop the fact that the woman is a peasant, hard-working and gentle (look at the cat), making butter in a very primitive churn. Notice the poverty of the room, the hen in the doorway, and the wooden shoes of the peasant.

For other pictures by Millet, see pp. 31, 135, and 189. (See, also, pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



**A WOMAN CHURNING**

**Millet.**



## SONG OF THE LARK — BRETON

### Literature:

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JULES BRETON.

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . *Muther*

HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . *Stranahan*

MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 11, p. 409; PORTFOLIO, vol. 6, p. 2;  
NATION, vol. 52, p. 223; ART JOURNAL, vol. 36, p. 289; LEISURE  
HOUR, vol. 35, p. 249; ATLANTIC MONTHLY, vol. 66, p. 557.

“Jules Breton wrote many poems, and a vein of poetry runs through his pictures. They tell of the sadness of the land where the fields sleep dreamily beneath the shadows of the evening, touched by the last rays of the setting sun; but they tell of it in verses where the same rhymes are repeated with wearisome monotony.” — *History of Modern Painting, Muther.*

“Breton paints girls who are too beautiful to remain in the country.” — *Millet.*

“In the glow of M. Breton’s sunsets any figure, however trivial, would be transfigured; and if he goes a step farther and selects figures that are noble, because of large limbs and manifest bodily sanity, who can object?” — *Garnet Smith.*

“But he is a skilful, a cultivated, and a genuine painter, and has had a history of uninterrupted success, his presentation of nature and of humble life making him of an accepted excellence in both landscape and figure. In this



Breton.

**THE SONG OF THE LARK.**

estimate he has united the suffrages of all lands: the Germans have decorated him; England bestowed upon him a medal; France, a chair at the Institute; and Americans make any sacrifices for the possession of his pictures." — *History of French Painting, Stranahan.*

Jules Breton (1827– ), one of the most popular of living French artists, was born of wealthy, intelligent parents. His mother died when he was but four years of age; so his uncle, a genuine lover of nature, came to live with his father, to help bring up Jules and the other children. At the age of six, Jules determined to be an artist. This was the more remarkable in that there was no art in his native town. The only painting that he had ever seen was the restoration, by means of bright green paint, of the four statues of the seasons which adorned his father's grounds. This made upon him so vivid an impression that in later years he made it the subject of a poem.

He was sent to a religious school at the age of ten. While there, he made a drawing of a favorite black dog, named Coco, representing him in a cassock, on his hind feet, with a book in his paws. Underneath he wrote, "The Abbé Coco reads His Breviary." Unfortunately this was seen by one of his teachers.

"Did you do this through impiety or to laugh at your masters?" he asked. Poor little Jules did not know at all why he had done it. He only knew that it was certainly wrong to laugh at the masters, and so he answered, trembling,

"Through impiety."

His master whipped him. These undeserved blows caused his family to send him to another school, where, fortunately, the atmosphere was more favorable to his artistic ambitions.

He has always been a hard worker, and his great successes have been well earned.

His brother, Émile, and his daughter, Madame Demont-Breton, are both his pupils, and both excellent artists.

**Method.** — Who is the figure? What season of the year? What time of day? How do you know? Of what is the girl thinking? (See, also, pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



### HELPING HAND—RENOUF

#### Literature :

HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . . *Stranahan*

His "Helping Hand" is a charming piece of marine genre, in which . . . the heavy yawl and the sturdy hand of the boatman on the heavy oar enhance the puniness of the hand of the child, who is smiling complacently at the thought, in which her father indulges her, that she is helping him in sending the boat over waves that are raising its bow high over their heads. — *Stranahan*.

Émile Renouf (1845- ) had his studio for some time in New York City. While there he painted a sunset view of Brooklyn Bridge and the river that roused a great deal of enthusiasm. "A Helping Hand" is perhaps his best work.

He returned to Paris some years ago, and resides there still.

**Method.** — The quotation from Stranahan suggests clearly the line of questioning. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



Rescue.

A HELPING HAND



### THE YOUNG BULL—PAUL POTTER

#### Literature :

THE OLD MASTERS OF BELGIUM AND HOLLAND. . . *Fromentin*

ART JOURNAL, vol. 4, pp. 105, 141; vol. 8, p. 110; HARPER, vol. 67, p. 538; CENTURY, vol. 26, p. 840.

Fromentin, it is true, believes in the greatness of the painter, but he points out the defects of the picture relentlessly, — says, indeed, that it is ugly and unconsidered; that the painting is monotonous, thick, pale, heavy, and dry; that the arrangement is of the utmost poverty; that unity is lacking since it begins, no one knows where, has no end, receives light without being illuminated; that it is too full, without being entirely illuminated; that the animals are ridiculous in form, the head of the white cow built of something hard, and the sheep and ram modelled in plaster; that no one could defend the shepherd; but that the cloud is in its true place!

“On entering the Hague one confronts the finest animal painted — Paul Potter’s ‘Bull’; this immortal animal, which, in accordance with the idea of classing pictures in a hierarchy of celebrity, deserves to be placed in the Louvre



Peter.

THE YOUNG BULL.

P

by the side of the 'Transfiguration,' by Raphael, the 'Martyrdom of St. Peter,' by Titian, and the 'Communion of St. Jerome,' by Domenichino; this 'Bull' for which England would gladly pay a million of francs, and which Holland would not sell for double that amount. On the subject of this painting more pages have been written than the painter gave strokes of his brush, and writings and disputings are carried on about it as if, instead of being a picture, it was a living creature, a new creation.

"The supreme merit of the bull can be expressed in a single word: he is 'living.' The fiery eyes, which betoken a vigorous vitality and a savage ferocity, are so well depicted that involuntarily one glances from right to left, as would naturally be done if the animal were met on the plain. His black, humid nostrils seem to absorb and send forth the air with his deep breathings. The hairs are painted, one by one, with all their wavings and creases; one can see the traces of rubbing against the trees and the ground; one might almost swear they are real hairs attached to the canvas. The other accessories are not inferior; the head of the cow, the wool of the sheep, the flies, the grass, the leaves and stems of the plant, the moss, — everything is reproduced with wonderful exactness. But whilst rendering ample justice to the infinite skill of the artist, one does not realize the patience and labor of the reproduction; it seems almost as if the work must be the result of inspiration, of a passion, during which the painter, seized with a sort of fury for truth, had no moments of hesitation or fatigue.

"Innumerable judgments have been passed upon this mar-

vellous work of a young man of twenty-four years of age. The dimensions have been criticised, and they have been judged to be excessive for the vulgar nature of the subject; the absence of luminous effects, because the light is everywhere impartially, and throws all objects into relief without the contrast of shadows; the rigidity of the bull's legs; the coloring, somewhat hard, of the plants and animals in the background; and the heaviness of the shepherd's face. Notwithstanding all these faultfindings, Paul Potter's 'Bull' remains crowned with the glory of being one of the great masterpieces of art in Europe; and will probably always be ranked, by the public, as the most renowned work of the prince of animal painters.

"With his 'Bull,'" says a discriminating writer, "he has written a true idyl of Holland." — *Edmondo de Amicis*.

"Do you not recognize under the external form of Paul Potter's animals the real life of each of them, a manifestation of their typical, essential nature? The pose, the look, the step of each one tells the individual story." — *Abbé de Lamennais*.

"Let us have cattle and market vegetables. This is the first and essential character of the Holland landscape art. Its second is a worthier one: a respect for rural life.

"I should attach greater importance to this rural feeling if there were any true humanity in it, or any feeling for beauty. But there is neither. No incidents of this lower life are painted for the sake of the incidents, but only for the effects of light. You will find that the best Dutch painters do not care about the people, but about the lustres

on them. Paul Potter, their best herd and cattle painter, does not care even for sheep, but only for wool; regards not cows, but cowhide. He attains great dexterity in drawing tufts and locks, lingers in the little parallel ravines and furrows of fleece that open across sheep's backs as they turn; is unsurpassed in twisting a horn or pointing a nose; but he cannot paint eyes, nor perceive any condition of an animal's mind, except its desire of grazing." — *Modern Painters, John Ruskin.*

Paul Potter (1625–1654) was the son of a painter. His father was his only teacher. It is said that at the age of fourteen he was a skilful artist.

Before he was twenty he left his father's house to care for himself, going first to Delft and then to the Hague. Here he lodged with a famous architect of the day, and proceeded at once to fall in love with the beautiful daughter of the house. The father refused to allow Paul Potter to marry her, however, saying, contemptuously, that he would not give his daughter to an artist who could paint nothing but animals.

Paul Potter kept on painting animals, nevertheless. Indeed, it was shortly after this that he produced the famous "Bull" originally intended for a sign to a butcher's shop. He soon became famous, and the architect repenting his judgment, Paul Potter married the daughter.

His house became the rendezvous for all the artists, literary men, and distinguished strangers of the Hague. He painted usually in a studio filled with visitors, with whom he chatted as he worked.

After painting all day, he would engrave or etch all the evening. This constant work quickly undermined his health, according to some writers. More reasonably it was a characteristic symptom of his disease (consumption).

He died at the age of twenty-nine.

**Method** (see pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7). — The line of questioning to show the content of the picture has been outlined clearly in the quotations from De Amicis and Fromentin.

Tell the children something of the life of the artist.



**JUNE**  
**(VACATION DAYS IN OTHER LANDS)**





## JUNE

### (VACATION DAYS IN OTHER LANDS)

#### ALGERIA

#### ARAB AT PRAYER—FORTUNY

##### Literature :

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Muther</i>
FORTUNY . . . . .	<i>Yriarte</i>
FORTUNY . . . . .	<i>Davillier</i>

MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 4, p. 77; HARPER, vol. 76, p. 491; ATLANTIC, vol. 58, p. 566; NATION, vol. 43, p. 83; CENTURY, vol. 1, p. 15.

**Algeria and the Arabs :** WINTERS IN ALGERIA, F. A. BRIDGMAN; BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE LEVANT, vol. V, KNOX; KNOCK-ABOUT CLUB IN NORTH AFRICA, OBER; LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 78, p. 195; vol. 158, p. 746; vol. 191, p. 165; vol. 193, p. 289; HARPER, vol. 76, pp. 653, 845; vol. 77, p. 75; ALL THE YEAR ROUND, vol. 74, p. 185; ECLECTIC, vol. 8, p. 364; LEISURE HOUR, vol. 8, p. 536; vol. 38, p. 666; MUNSEY, pp. 7, 165; CHAUTAUQUAN, vol. 10, p. 434. IRVING'S ALHAMBRA and photographs of the Alhambra will be interesting as other illustrations of the same architecture.

"The time that I spent with Fortuny yesterday is haunting me still. What a magnificent fellow he is! He paints the most marvellous things, and is master of us all. I wish I

could show you the two or three pictures that he has in hand, or his etching and water-colors. They inspire me with a real disgust of my own. Ah! Fortuny, you spoil my sleep." — *Henri Regnault*.

"In these days the enthusiasm for Fortuny is no longer so glowing. . . . He is a charmer who dazzles the eyes, rather creates a sense of astonishment than holds the spectator in his grip. Beneath his hands painting has become a matter of pure virtuosity, a marvellous flaring framework that amazes — leaves us cold after all. With enchanting delicacy he runs though the brilliant gamut of radiant colors upon the small keyboard of his little pictures, painted with a pocket lens; and everything glitters golden, like the dress of a fairy. To the patience of a Meissonier he united a delicacy of color, a wealth of pictorial point, and a crowd of delightful trifles, which combine to make him the most exquisite and fascinating juggler of the palette — an amazing colorist, a wonderful clown, an original and subtle painter with vibrating nerves, but not a truly great and moving artist." — *Richard Muther*.

"Mariano Fortuny (1838–1874), although distinctively a French artist, was born in Spain of Spanish parents.

"He grew up amid poor surroundings, and when he was twelve years of age he lost his father and mother. His grandfather, an enterprising and adventurous joiner, had made for himself a cabinet of wax figures, which he exhibited from town to town. With his grandson he went through all the towns of Catalonia, the old man showing



**ARAB AT PRAYER.**

**Fortuny.**

the wax figures, which the boy had painted. Whenever he had a moment free, the latter was drawing, carving in wood, and modelling in wax. It chanced, however, that a sculptor saw his attempts, spoke of them in Fortuny's birthplace, and succeeded in inducing the town to make an allowance of eight dollars a month to a lad whose talent had so much promise. By these means Fortuny was enabled to attend the Academy of Barcelona during four years. In 1857, when he was nineteen years of age, he received the *Prix de Rome*. [Just as he was about to set out on his journey he was conscripted. An admiring, wealthy, and aristocratic family in the town, however, secured his release by a payment of three hundred dollars.

"His daytime in Rome was spent in copying the old masters and his evenings in the 'academy of Gigi,' so called from the name, or rather nickname, of the model, who had fitted out a room where artists could work at night, both from the nude and from costumed figures. His comrades of this period, themselves now celebrated artists, say that he was never idle.]

"But whilst he was copying the pictures of the old masters there, a circumstance occurred which set him upon another course. The war between Spain and the Emperor of Morocco determined his future career. Fortuny was then a young man of twenty-three, very strong, rather thick-set, quick to resent an injury, taciturn, resolute, and habituated to exertion. His residence in the East, which lasted from five to six months, was a discovery for him—a feast of delight. He found the opportunity of studying in the immediate neighborhood a people whose life was opulent in

color and wild in movement; and he beheld with wonder the gleaming pictorial episodes so variously enacted before him, and the rich costumes upon which the radiance of the South glanced in a hundred reflections. . . .

“The studio which he built for himself after his marriage with the daughter of Federico Madrazo in Rome was a little museum of the most exquisite products of the artistic crafts of the West and the East. The walls were decorated with brilliant Oriental stuffs, and the great glass cabinets with Moorish and Arabian weapons, and the old tankards and glasses from Murano stood around. He sought and collected everything that shines and gleams in varying color. That was his world and the basis of his art.” — *Richard Muther*.

His studio was the rendezvous of his friends, to whom he listened and with whom he conversed as he worked. From them, while they were still freely and unconstrainedly talking, he made studies and portraits.

For general society he cared nothing at all, and never visited except at houses where he could work as he sat.

His fatal illness was brought on by an imprudent eagerness to be at work in a new studio in a villa which had been for a long time unoccupied, and was, in consequence, damp.

He was working when he died. Death came to him while he was in the very act of making a design for an album from a mask of Beethoven.

**Method.** — Precede the study of this picture with lessons on Algeria and the Arabs. The books given above are fully

illustrated. With their aid the costumes of the Arab, — the man with his turban, the long hood reaching from his neck to his heels, his flowing sleeveless burnous, his swords, and the woman with her enveloping *haik*, three yards by nearly two, her veil, her seventeen-yard pantaloons, and her anklets filled with shot, — will become realities to them. Make them familiar, too, with the exteriors of the mosques, with their minarets from which the muezzin, usually blind, proclaims the hours of prayer. "Sleep is good, but prayer is better," he calls, and then the Arabs, with their faces toward Mecca, fall on their knees on a rug spread for the purpose. In the centre of the open court of the mosque is found the water for the ablutions required by the Moslem ritual. A jug of water is usually found in the prayer room, but the most important part of this room is the niche which directs the eyes of the worshipper toward Mecca. As a rule, the women are expected to say theirs at home, but some mosques have an upper room specially reserved for them. Other of Fortuny's pictures of the Arabs may be used to advantage, for example, the "Suppliants," the "Snake Charmer," the "Juggler," the "Sword Dance." (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

#### AFRICA

#### *A KABYL* — SCHREYER

##### Literature :

- HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING. . . . . *Muther*  
 HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . . *Stranahan*  
 MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 18, p. 133; MUNSEY, vol. 11, p. 264.  
**Kabyl:** See books on Northern Africa, p. 217; SCRIBNER'S  
 MAGAZINE, vol. 2, p. 573.



**A KABYL.**

Behrman.



A Kabyl is one of the Berber inhabitants of either Algeria, Tunis, or perhaps some of the oases of the Sahara. When young they look like the English peasants, with their fair hair, blue eyes, and white skins; but, like the Arabs, most of them soon become brown in the sun. The monuments of Egypt show that the type is ancient and local.

Of a similar picture:—

“The other print called up before me all the charm, the glow, the dreaminess of Africa. A horseman on a thoroughbred Arab, standing on the top of a hillock, is surveying a vast plain. The smoke of a cannon like a tiny cloud on the horizon hangs for an instant in the hot, quivering atmosphere. The attitude is noble, grandly indifferent; silky is the horse’s coat, and flexible his neck—as only an Arab can be. All Africa seemed to rise up before me, conjured up by this figure, so true, as a whole, in its general effects and in its smallest details. . . .

“Tall, broad-shouldered, full of energy, Schreyer, who is sixty-five years of age, does not look more than fifty. His eye is extremely bright, and rests on all he looks on without impatience or haste; and his face and expression explain the man better than pages of biography. They reveal his devotion to his art, the loving movement of his brush, the slow maturing of his pictures, to which he gives the appearance of absolute infinity in broad outline, and then leaves them to ripen in his studio and to become familiar before finishing them with vivid accuracy of execution and touch.

“In the ardor of work everything serves his turn, his

fingers as well as his brushes, or even the palm of his hand; but he is never weary of touching up and working over a canvas; adding even when one sees completeness, the imperceptible little spark which stamps a masterpiece." — *Magazine of Art, 1895, Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch.*

"Schreyer, who still lives in Paris, belongs to the following of Fromentin. The Arab and his steed interested him, also. In his pictures everything tends to make a blooming bouquet of colors, which dazzle the eye. White horses rear, tossing their manes and distending their nostrils; and Arabs, in rich and picturesque costumes, are either mounted upon them or lying upon the ground. The desert spreads around in undulating banks of sand, sometimes clouded by a pale horizon, sometimes caressed by a mild evening sun, the beams of which touch the furrows of the earth with gold. Schreyer is — for a German — a man with an extraordinary gift for technique and a brilliantly effective sense of life." — *Richard Muther.*

Adolph Schreyer (1828— ), a German artist, spent two years in a military riding school studying the horse. After this he worked in the art schools of Munich and Düsseldorf. But he is for the most part self-taught.

Among his first pictures were several painted from sketches made while he was a soldier in the East.

Later, he went to Algeria, Morocco, and the Crimea, led by his desire for strong lights and brilliant colors. These he compares to a "bouquet whose flowers he sets on his palette."

He is now living in Paris.

**Method.** — Of whom is this a picture? In what country? Is the journey easy or difficult for the horse? for the man? (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

## JAPAN

### IN THE UYENO PARK—OUTAMARO

#### Literature :

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . .	<i>Muther</i>
JAPANESE ILLUSTRATION . . . .	<i>Strange</i>
THE PICTORIAL ARTS OF JAPAN . . . .	<i>Anderson</i>
JAPANESE HOMES AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS	<i>Morse</i>
JAPONICA . . . . .	<i>Sir Edwin Arnold</i>
LETTERS FROM JAPAN . . . . .	<i>Fraser</i>
THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY . . . .	<i>Fraser</i>

CENTURY, vol. 24, p. 577; SCRIBNER, vol. 3, p. 108; vol. 13, pp. 399, 729; ATLANTIC, vol. 78, p. 219; vol. 60, p. 614; CHAUTAUQUAN, vol. 11, p. 736; NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, vol. 3, p. 348; STRAND, vol. 15, p. 558.

OUTAMARO, LEISURE HOUR, vol. 44, p. 314.

LIFE OF OUTAMARO . . . . . *Goncourt*

“Uyeno park lies north from the capital. In the spring all Tokio delights to visit it for the sake of its wonderful display of their favorite cherry blossoms (“king of flowers” they call them), and in August the mass of lotos flowers in the pond below is scarcely less beautiful. But the park does not need to depend upon her flowers to bring visitors to her. Here are tombs of princes, a huge bronze Buddha, a beautiful old temple and a famous triple bridge, — not to mention tea-houses and other modern means of diversion.

“In the background of this picture is seen one of the



IN THE UYENO PARK. •

Outamaro.

Shinto temples. The large sign placed on the umbrella pine tree names the God to whose service it is now dedicated. The people are a party of worshippers, the man in the foreground carrying water and flowers, to be used in the ceremonial. The writing in the lower right hand corner is the signature of the artist, and is read, of course, from above downward. In the upper corner, reading from right to left according to the Japanese custom, the inscription is: 'Eight landscapes of Yeddo, Evening Bell of Uyenô Park.'

"As is well known, oil painting exists neither in China nor Japan. Just as the Japanese choose the slightest materials for building, so everything in their painting bears a trace of extreme lightness. Japanese pictures, *kakemonos*, are painted in water-color or China ink upon framed silk or paper; but this paper has the advantage over the European (and American) article in its unsurpassed toughness, its remarkable softness and pliability, its surface, which has either a dull, silky lustre or may only be compared with the finest parchment. And the pictures themselves are kept rolled up, and only hung as occasion offers and according to very refined rules. Only a few are hung at a time, and only such as harmonize. When a visit is expected, the taste of the guest determines the selection. Fresh and variously colored flowers and branches placed near them in vases are obliged to harmonize in color with the pictures. As an instrument for painting use is only made of the pliant brush of hair, which executes everything with a free and fluent effect. Pen, crayon, or chalk, and all hard mediums which offer resistance, are consistently excluded. . . . In all pictures, whether they are fanciful or plain

renderings of fact, attention is riveted by the same keenness of observation, the same refinement of taste, in the highest sense of the word by pictorial charm. . . . The Japanese . . . are . . . celebrated as the most spirited draughtsmen in existence.

“The Japanese artist lives with nature, and in her, as no artist of any other country has ever done. . . . Every house, even in the centre of towns, has a garden laid out in fine taste, and combining beautiful flowers, trees, and cascades, — everything incidental to the soil. The form of trees, the shape and color of flowers, the ripple of leaves, the gleaming mail of insects, are so imprinted in the memory of the painter, that his fancy can summon them at pleasure without the need of fresh study. . . . His keen eye sees in the flight of birds turns and movements first revealed to us by instantaneous photography. This quickness of eye, and this astonishing exercise of memory, enable him to attain the most striking effects with the slightest of means. . . .

“The love of nature is born in the Japanese; but the photographic imitation, the servile reproduction of reality, is never his ultimate aim. . . . Their poets never describe, but only endeavor to express a spiritual feeling, to hold a memory fast — the blitheness of smiling pleasure, the mournfulness of vanished joy. They sing of the mist passing over the mountain summit, the fishing-boats, the reeds by the seashore, the splash of waves, the flying streaks of cloud, the sunset streaming purple over the weary world. . . . And how slight are the means that have been employed. Everything has the freshness of life, and the

sheer, intangible movements of objects has been caught by a simple and decisive line. . . . How the Japanese understood the art of expressing much with a few means, where the Europeans toiled with great expenditure of means to express little.

“And in everything, as regards color too, the Japanese have a strain of refinement peculiar to themselves. . . . The most vivid effects of red and green trees, yellow roads, and blue sky are represented; the most refined effects of light are rendered — illuminated bridges, dark firmaments, the white sickle of the moon, glittering stars, the bright and rosy blossoms of spring, the dazzling snow as it falls on trim gardens; and there are discords nowhere. How heavy and motley our coloring is compared with these delicious chords, set beside each other so boldly, and invariably so harmonious. Is it that our eyes are by nature less delicate? or is everything in the Japanese only the result of more rational training? We have not the same intense force of perception, this instinctive and sensuous gift of color. Their coloring is a delight to the eye, a magic potion. The simplest chords of color are often the most effective; nothing can be more charming than the delicate duet of gray and gold. And the cheapest woodcut has often all these refinements in common with the most costly kakemono. Even here, where they turn to lowly things, their art is never vulgar, but maintains itself of such an aristocratic height that we barbarians of the West, blessed with oil prints and academies of art, can only look up with envy to this nation of connoisseurs. . . .”

— *Richard Muther.*

“Outamaro, the poet of women, was, in a special sense, the Watteau of aristocratic life in Japan. He knew the life of the Japanese woman as no other has ever done — her domestic occupations, her walks, and her charming graces, her vanities, and her love-affairs. He knew, also, the scenes of nature which she contemplated, the streets through which she passed, and the banks along which she sauntered with an undulating step. His women are slender beings, isolated like idols, and standing motionless in poses hieratically august; æsthetic souls, who swoon and grow pale under the sway of disquieting visions; fading flower forms roaming wearily by the verge of a lonely sea or a sluggish stream, or flitting timidly, like bats, through the soft brilliancy of lights amid a festival of night. And, in killing what is fleshly and physical, he renders the faces visionary and dreamy, renders the hands and the gestures finer, and, at the same time, subdues and mitigates the colors and the splendors of the clothes, taking pleasure in dying chords, in deep black and tender white, in fine, pallid nuances of rose color and lilac.” — *Richard Muther*.

Kitagawa Outamaro (1754–1803), rejoicing, also, in the names of Yusuke, Nobuyoski, Masrasaki Ki-ya, early found his way from the province in which he was born to the city of Yeddo. Here he made his home with a well-known and flourishing publisher, and it was, in consequence, as an illustrator of popular novels that he began his career. After this he began to work in color, and devoted himself to the work that he always liked best, — the reproduction of the dainty, lovely women of Japan, their habits, and their wonderful costumes.



"The Japanese woman is small and tends to plumpness," writes Tighe Hopkins in the *Leisure Hour*. "Under the pencil of Outamaro, she becomes a creation of slender grace and elegance, yet she remains essentially Japanese. Actually her face is rather short and round; Outamaro gives us a longish, oval countenance; but the type is absolutely that of Japan. His women are coy or vivacious, gay or languorous, studious or coquettish; an ideal grace and daintiness belongs to all of them, and they are all sincerely and exquisitely Japanese, charming little daughters of the land of the rising sun."

Outamaro was almost equally renowned as a painter of nature. Not only are there several beautiful representations of spring and other of the poetic sides of out-of-door life, but he has left to us three books on natural history proper, which show a very minute knowledge of insects, birds, and reptiles. To the volume on "Insects" his master has written a little preface, telling of his earliest remembrances of Outamaro as a child chasing insects in the garden.

"Many a time," says he, "I have scolded him for this, in the fear that he might grow up to be a wanton destroyer of life; and now, in the fulness of his powers, his studies of insect life are amongst his most signal achievements." For a caricature of an official of note, Outamaro was thrown into prison when quite an old man. When he was at last set free, both his mind and body had suffered from the confinement. Nevertheless, he began at once to work in his studio, and, work hard as he would, he could not begin to satisfy the demands of the public and his publishers.

After his death his widow married one of his students, who, thereupon, took the name of the great artist. But, in spite of his signature, there is no difficulty in discriminating against his work.

There exist several portraits of Outamaro by himself. In all of these he is an elegant man, with carefully dressed hair, posed somewhat theatrically, and dressed with distinction.

Outamaro was very illiterate. He was also dissipated. It is said that one of his publishers took care of him in his own home, keeping him in retirement as much as possible, fearing that otherwise he would kill himself with his fast life, and thus kill a goose who was laying golden eggs for the publisher.

**Method.** — Of whom is this a picture? Why do you think so? What kind of a tree? What is placed on its trunk? What, then, is the building back of the tree? Who are the people? What is each doing? Do you like the picture? Why?

Give them a brief biography of the artist and, if possible, show some of his other pictures.

This picture should be preceded with a study of Japan, however superficial.

By all means, have a loan collection and exhibition of Japanese objects of art, and these will include everything that they manufacture, from pictures, ivories, porcelains, embroideries, cloisonné, down to tea boxes and cheap fans.

If you tell them only the plain truth about Japan the children will not fail to be enthusiastic over this wonderful country and yet more wonderful people. And this enthu-

siastic understanding can scarcely fail to give them higher ideals of conduct and attainment.

For Hokusai see Part II.

## ITALY

### A STREET SCENE—PASSINI

#### Literature :

MODERN ITALIAN ART . . . . *Willard.*  
 HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . *Muther.*  
 MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 10, p. 127.

#### Italy and Venice :

VENETIAN DAYS . . . . . *Howells.*  
 GONDOLA DAYS . . . . . *F. Hopkinson Smith.*

F. Marion Crawford's Italian stories : some of Ouida's, notably PASCARELLE, IN MAREMMA, MOUFFLON.

ART JOURNAL, vol. 35, p. 138; vol. 41, p. 42; vol. 44, p. 38;  
 HARPER, vol. 90, p. 738; LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 181, p. 659;  
 MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 10, p. 127.

“Ludwig Passini (1832–1900) is of Austrian birth. His father was a distinguished painter and engraver in Vienna. The son accompanied his father in his daily walks, and early acquired the paternal habit of recording what he saw in his sketch book. His father wished to make him an architect, and to this end placed the boy in a first rate technical school. But young Passini learned here nothing but drawing and so thoroughly detested the technique of the profession, that his father finally allowed him to enter



A STREET SCENE.

Paucal.

the Academy, with the idea of becoming an artist. He worked for many years in Rome but finally settled in Venice, whose life his pictures so often reflect.

"And though comparisons are odious, perhaps Passini will not resent it if I liken him to a forerunner, Carpaccio. Diversity of method, if you will, but the same spirit. Both are examples of spirits finely touched to fine issues. Carpaccio worked in oil; Passini uses water-color. Carpaccio dealt with fantastic legends, with dragons and basilisks, with whatever he felt inclined to treat in his own quaint individual fashion. And Passini portrays calm scenes of Venetian popular life which reveal the manners and customs of an irresistibly charming race. But in all Carpaccio's work you feel the man; in his perception of what should be seized and shown if a picture is to move human sympathy. Kindliness and a certain radiant sincerity mark the manner of Carpaccio. These qualities may with equal truth be attributed to Ludwig Passini, for they are eminent in his work. And those who have the privilege of his friendship will know that they are equally eminent in the man." — *Magazine of Art*, 1887.

While the following quotation from Muther was written of another artist of Passini's school, it gives admirably the spirit animating his own pictures.

"The richly colored city of the lagunes is his domain — not romantic Venice, but the Venice of the day, with its narrow ways and pretty girls; Venice with its glittering effects of light and picturesque figures in the streets. Laundresses, and women making bouquets, sit laughing and

jesting over their work — the same coquettish girls with black or red hair, pearly white teeth, and neat little slippers who move also in the works of Tito.” — *Richard Muther*.

**Method.** — Precede this picture with some account of Italy or Venice.

At what are the people looking? Who are the people on the steps? What were they doing before they caught sight of the donkeys carrying the wooden cages? What will each do later? Where is this street? Look at the beautiful window. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)

## SPAIN

*THE MELON EATERS* — MURILLO

(For literature and an account of Murillo, see p. 70.)

This picture belongs to Murillo's earlier art, and is without doubt a reminiscence of the days when he stood in the market-place to sell his rapidly painted pictures.

**Method.** — What is each of these doing? What is the plant to the left? (Fig.) What fruits and vegetables have the children in the basket? Do they look poor? Would they be as happy in our country? Why not?

There are four other pictures in this series, all of which typify equally well the comfort and comparative ease of living in the warm climate of Spain. (See pp. xxi, 5, 6, 7.)



Murillo.

THE MELON EATERS.





PICTURE STUDY  
IN  
ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS



*PART II*  
*GRAMMAR GRADES*



See page 28.

Adm.

# THE HAYMAKER.

PICTURE STUDY  
IN  
ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

*A MANUAL FOR TEACHERS*

BY

L. L. W. WILSON

AUTHOR OF "NATURE STUDY IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS," ETC.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE  
PART II—GRAMMAR GRADES

New York  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
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1909

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## THE SCOPE AND PURPOSE OF THE SERIES

**THERE** are two Manuals and two books for pupils: the one set for Primary Grades, and containing fifty pictures in each; the other set for Grammar and Primary Grades, with forty pictures in each. The pictures used in the Manuals are in each case repeated in the pupils' books.

The Manuals are designed to aid teachers in imparting to children a true appreciation of, and love for, the paintings by the world's great masters. Pictures of famous and beautiful paintings are already becoming widely used in elementary schools, and it is proposed to shape a course in picture study which shall carry the pupil through the chief schools of painting.

The arrangement of the books is such that each school is represented by four or five of its most famous examples, which will be studied with a view to the appropriateness of their subjects to the months of the school year.

With each painter represented is a good biography, a bibliography of works of reference about him and his school, together with criticisms by famous men who have made his works their study.

**Method** Suggestions as to the method to be pursued by the teacher are printed with each picture.

In place of the biography, bibliography, criticism, and method which appear in the Manuals, the pictures in the pupils' books are accompanied by one page each of text containing a verse or two germane to the subject of the picture facing it.



## PREFACE

BARE white walls, blackboards, maps, a calendar, — for years this has been the schoolroom. Art has had no place here. Much attention has been given to drawing, it is true, but it has been for the most part juiceless drawing — cones and cylinders, prisms and vases. Small wonder that wooden drawing has resulted from the incessant study of these wooden forms.

Now all has been changed. Tinted walls adorned with reproductions of great pictures, casts of famous statuary, are the order of the day. The windows are filled with living plants and perhaps an aquarium. Drawing and color study of natural objects have supplanted to a great extent the painfully exact drawing of the geometric solids.

The result of all this is that the child is more nearly in a proper environment than ever before. But this environment is a new world. For it he needs an interpreter.

To help the busy teacher to be a leader to this new Palace Beautiful and a guide to its treasures, these manuals have been written.

L. L. W. WILSON.

PHILADELPHIA NORMAL SCHOOL,  
September, 1899.



"PICTURE study should be taken seriously. The effort is not for amusement, entertainment, or decoration alone; it has an aim and a purpose larger, broader, and more dignified than any of these. Picture study is with us, if we read the times aright, because the influence of art reproduction is a vital power in our daily life. We should be doing only half our duty by the boys and girls if we withheld from them this art life, which is in very truth their legitimate inheritance. Those who admit that gems of literature belong by right to the public school scholar, will have difficulty in arguing that pictures, the world's gems of art, shall not also find their place in the schoolroom." — *Address by JAMES FREDERICK HOPKINS, Director of Drawing in Public Schools, Boston, in Perry Magazine.*

"Beholding true beauty with the eye of the mind, we will be enabled to bring forth not images, but realities, and bringing forth and nourishing true virtues to become the friends of God." — PLATO.

"We are so made that we love  
First, when we see them painted, things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;  
And so they are better painted — better to us,  
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;  
God uses us to help each other so,  
Lending our minds out." — BROWNING.

## NOTE

IN compiling this Manual it has been found necessary to quote the opinions of several well-known art critics whose works are copyrighted in this country. The author takes the opportunity to acknowledge the very prompt kindness which has been extended to her by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, who have given her permission to make a few quotations from Stranahan's "History of French Painting"; Messrs. Harper and Brothers for permission to reprint the quotation from Dr. Henry van Dyke's "The Christ Child in Art"; Messrs. Henry T. Coates & Co. for the quotations from De Amicis' "Spain"; The Century Company for their permission to quote Mr. Timothy Cole's description of the two pictures, by Ruisdael and Maes, which he reproduced in the *Century*; Messrs. Curtis & Cameron for permission to reproduce Israels' "A Mother's Care" and Sargent's "Prophets" from their copyrighted photographs; Messrs. Eaton & Mains for permission to quote some extracts from Van Dyke's "How to Judge a Picture"; Messrs. Little, Brown & Company for permission to use two passages from Grimm's "Michael Angelo" and some lines from Mrs. Preston's "Cartoons"; to Dr. J. Frederick Hopkins for permission to quote his opinion upon the value of art study in the public schools; Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for permission to include De Amicis' description of Paul Potter's "Bull" and Stearns' criticism of the Madonna della Sedia which appears in his "Midsummer of Italian Art."



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## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

A GOOD background for pictures and bits of statuary is essential. Fortunately, in modern schoolhouses the walls are most frequently painted a cream color, which not only harmonizes well with the usually yellow woodwork, but also sets off the pictures to the greatest advantage.

But unless some one prevents it beforehand, or cures it later, the ventilators and registers will make ugly dark areas on the light walls, staring the less conspicuous pictures out of countenance. It is a simple matter, however, to paint both ventilators and registers the same tint as the walls themselves.

With regard to the pictures, two externals are essential: —

1. That they shall be large.
2. That they shall be suitably framed.

It is a great temptation to buy four small pictures rather than one large one. If you are buying them for your own room, then perhaps the choice could be defended. But in a schoolroom, which is a place for study, for work, the dignity that comes from size counts for more than variety. Then, too, the children remain in the room but a year at most. Let them carry away with them the deep abiding remembrance of a very few large pictures well hung.



Large pictures for the schoolroom may be good for the purpose, and yet not too expensive. From the Prang Educational Company, New York, Boston, and Chicago; from W. H. Pierce and Company, 352 Washington Street, Boston; from the Perry Picture Company, Malden, Massachusetts; and from A. W. Elson and Company, 146 Oliver Street, Boston, may be obtained reproductions of the great works of old and new masters, which will cost, when framed, from three dollars up.

**Framing.** — Plain moulding with no ornate projections to catch the dust and worry the eye is a safe choice. Very wide mats and wide frames are out of place in the schoolroom. The usual rule for color is that the frame should correspond to the middle tone of the picture. In the long run, inexpensive oak, ash, or birch frames will be the most satisfactory.

Small pictures have their value and should be given, from time to time, a temporary place on the walls. When, for instance, the children are studying the early colonial history of our country, what could be better than a line or two lines, on the level of the children's eyes, of the series of pictures which so graphically illustrate the conditions and facts of the settlement of Massachusetts, viz., the series by Boughton, the corresponding pictures by Weir and Rothermel.

An excellent and inexpensive way to keep these permanently is to *passepertout* them.

The best French glass can be bought in quantity (ninety panes), size 8 × 10, for three cents a pane. For five cents may be purchased a sheet of black alligator paper, which

makes an excellent binding. Dennison's gummed suspension eyes cost ten cents for a box of twenty-five.

The only other essentials are paste, time, and a modicum of manual dexterity.

Gray photographic mounts,  $8 \times 10$  inches and costing fifteen cents a dozen, are great time-savers, and greatly enhance the beauty of the print.

Given these materials, proceed as follows: cut away neatly all the white margin of the print; place the trimmed picture exactly in the middle of the mount, and with a pencil lightly indicate this location; cover the back of the print with paste; quickly press it down and put under a book to dry. See *Harper's Round Table*, vol. 1 (new series), p. 282.

Cut the binding paper into strips an inch wide. Cut these again into strips ten inches long and also into strips a trifle longer than eight inches. Cut off the corners of the latter at an angle of forty-five degrees. Paste these for half their width on the glass. Clean the glass, particularly the inside. Place the mounted picture face down and paste down the free parts of the binding paper. On the middle of the back glue the suspension rings. When the binding has become quite dry, with a sharp penknife and ruler make the edges true.

**Calendars.** — This is an excellent way to use the smaller pictures. The calendar pad costs but a few cents. "Rembrandt mounts"  $8 \times 10$  in size make the most convenient mount. On each of these paste an appropriate picture. Below the picture fasten the leaf for the month on the calendar. After pressing the mounts — always an essen-

tial when paste is used — eyelet them and fasten them together.

A most effective Millet calendar may be made in this way:—

Use a portrait of Millet for the cover mount, then for each month choose the following appropriate pictures:—

January,	Girl Spinning	July,	The Gleaners
February,	Woman Churning	August,	The Angelus
March,	Labor	September,	The Rainbow
April,	Potato Planting	October,	Feeding the Hens
May,	The Sower	November,	Wood-Chopper
June,	Going to Work	December,	Mother and Child

The mounts will cost fifty cents a dozen, the pictures a cent each, and cord, eyelets, and calendar pad will make the total not far from seventy-five cents. But the result is more valuable. Most teachers will buy another pad the next year to paste over the only useless part of the calendar that it may again send its influence out over the children.

For a like purpose the pictures of Rosa Bonheur, Breton, Dupré, Corot, lend themselves with equal appropriateness to the change of seasons. Equally interesting calendars may be made from the pictures of Botticelli, Raphael, Rubens, Van Dyck, Velasquez, Murillo, Rembrandt, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Burne-Jones, to mention the better known and more popular artists only.

Now as to the course. The table of contents for the volume will show that there is here included nearly every picture recommended by the Massachusetts State Director, Mr. Bailey, and the Boston Director of Drawing, Mr. Hop-

kins. There are also many others given, so that if one chooses she can, from the material here given, make her own course, with a suitable picture for each month of the school year.

For the benefit of those who have not the data at hand, I append the two courses of which I have spoken:—

1st. Course in Picture Study prepared by Henry Turner Bailey, State Director of Drawing, Massachusetts, for the Grammar Grades.

#### Grade VI:

THE HORSE FAIR . . . . .	<i>Rosa Bonheur</i> , p. 143.
READING HOMER . . . . .	<i>Alma-Tadema</i> , p. 121.
CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS . . . . .	<i>Hofmann</i> , p. 63.

#### Grade VII:

TÉMÉRAIRE . . . . .	<i>Turner</i> , p. 111.
AURORA . . . . .	<i>Guido</i> , p. 187.
REPOSE IN EGYPT . . . . .	<i>Van Dyck</i> , —

#### Grade VIII:

THE MILL . . . . .	<i>Rembrandt</i> , p. 177.
THE GLEANERS . . . . .	<i>Millet</i> , p. 31.
DELPHIC SIBYL . . . . .	<i>Michelangelo</i> , p. 81.
MADONNA OF THE CHAIR. [See Part I, p. 83.] . . . . .	<i>Raphael</i> .

#### Grade IX;

JUNE CLOUDS . . . . .	<i>Wm. M. Hunt</i> , p. 185.
SPRING . . . . .	<i>Corot</i> , p. 163.
THE GOLDEN STAIR . . . . .	<i>Burne-Jones</i> , p. 125.
MADONNA . . . . .	<i>Bouguereau</i> , p. 61.

2d. Course in Picture Study, prepared by James Frederick Hopkins, Director of Drawing in the Boston Public Schools.

**Grade VI:**

OXEN GOING TO THEIR WORK . . . . .	<i>Troyon</i> , p. 29.
HOLY FAMILY . . . . .	<i>Murillo</i> , p. 57.
MADONNA OF THE MEYER FAMILY . . . . .	<i>Holbein</i> , p. 99.
READING HOMER . . . . .	<i>Alma-Tadema</i> , p. 121.
THE RAINBOW. [Spring] . . . . .	<i>Millet</i> , p. 171.

**Grade VII:**

GLEANERS . . . . .	<i>Millet</i> , p. 31.
MADONNA . . . . .	<i>Bouguereau</i> , p. 61.
ASSUMPTION . . . . .	<i>Titian</i> , p. 101.
A FASCINATING TALE . . . . .	<i>Mme. Ronner</i> , p. 123.
WATERING TROUGH . . . . .	<i>Dagnan-Bouveret</i> , p. 183.

**Grade VIII:**

END OF LABOR . . . . .	<i>Breton</i> , p. 39.
CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS . . . . .	<i>Hofmann</i> , p. 63.
THE ANGELUS . . . . .	<i>Millet</i> , p. 107.
THE GOLDEN STAIR . . . . .	<i>Burne-Jones</i> , p. 125.
DANCE OF THE NYMPHS . . . . .	<i>Corot</i> , p. 155.

**Grade IX:**

THE HAYMAKER . . . . .	<i>Adan</i> , Frontispiece, p. 38.
CHRISTMAS CHIMES. . . . .	<i>Blashfield</i> , p. 65.
THE TÉMÉRAIRE . . . . .	<i>Turner</i> , p. 111.
THE PROPHETS . . . . .	<i>Sargent</i> , p. 131.
AURORA . . . . .	<i>Guido Reni</i> , p. 187.

To those who prefer to make their own course, I would suggest a picture each month, selecting always something appropriate to the season; for example, a scene reminiscent of vacation sights would be appropriate to September, a harvest picture to October, one of Boughton's Pilgrim com-

positions for the Thanksgiving month, or something suggestive of preparation for winter. December will be the month for a Madonna, or perhaps the less specific message of goodwill on earth as exemplified in Blashfield's "Chimes." The winter months should be devoted to the study of the old masters. With the end of winter comes, appropriately enough, the study of modern masters, and in the spring months again, the study of some of the outdoor scenes, so appropriate to the season.

More information has been given to the teacher in this little volume than she can possibly impart to the pupil, even if it were worth while. Moreover, with the aid of the bibliography for each artist, she can drink still deeper from the Pierian spring. This is not that she may teach the child more, but rather that she may teach him less. The more thoroughly one knows any subject, the better is one able to pick out the vital truths and the genuine facts, and reject for the child the details, which, however necessary to teacher's comprehension, would only serve to confuse in the child's mind the image there made by the important thought.

In addition to the special books and articles referred to later, the following general works will be found very useful:—

HOW TO JUDGE A PICTURE . . . .	<i>Van Dyke</i>
HISTORY OF ART . . . . .	<i>Goodyear</i>
OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF ART . .	<i>Lübke</i>
THE OLD MASTERS AND THEIR PICTURES }	<i>Sarah Tytler</i>
MODERN PAINTERS AND THEIR PAINTINGS }	
STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS . . . .	<i>Mrs. Clement</i>
ART AND CRITICISM . . . . .	<i>Theodore Child</i>
CONSIDERATIONS ON PAINTING . . . .	<i>John La Farge</i>



**SEPTEMBER**  
**(SUMMER IN OTHER COUNTRIES)**





## SEPTEMBER

(SUMMER IN OTHER COUNTRIES)

### FRANCE

#### *THE GLEANER*—JULES BRETON

##### Literature :

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JULES BRETON.

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Muther*

HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . . *Stranahan*

MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 11, p. 409; NATION, vol. 52, p. 223;  
PORTFOLIO, vol. 6, p. 2; ART JOURNAL, vol. 36, p. 289; LEISURE  
HOUR, vol. 35, p. 249; ATLANTIC MONTHLY, vol. 66, p. 557.

SONGS OF LABOR . . . . . *John G. Whittier*

AT HARVEST TIME . . . . . From *Lilliput Levee*

“The Gleaner (1877), another ample and superb figure with the grace of free action and abounding strength, carries from the field, on her shoulder, in the fine pose of one arm raised to support it there, the sheaf of wheat she has gleaned. It indicates an experience of the serious earnestness of poverty, but not of its depression.” — *Stranahan*.

The picture is a favorite with the painter. “Ceres of France” he calls it in one of his poems. “How royally,” he says, “is the golden wheat carried on thy shoulder.”

"Jules Breton wrote many poems, and a vein of poetry runs through his pictures. They tell of the sadness of the land when the fields sleep dreamily beneath the shadows of the evening, touched by the last rays of the setting sun; but they tell of it in verses where the same rhymes are repeated with wearisome monotony." — *Richard Muther*.

"Breton paints girls who are too beautiful to remain in the country." — *Millet*.

"But he is a skilful, a cultivated, and a genuine painter, and has had a history of uninterrupted success, his presentation of nature and humble life making him of an accepted excellence in both landscape and figure. In this estimate he has united the suffrages of all lands: the Germans have decorated him, England bestowed upon him a medal; France, a chair at the Institute; and Americans make any sacrifice for the possession of his pictures." — *Stranahan*.

"In the glow of M. Breton's sunsets any figure, however trivial, would be transfigured; and if he goes a step farther, and selects figures that are noble, because of large limb and manifest bodily sanity, who can object?" — *Garnet Smith*.

Jules Breton (1827- ), one of the most popular of living French artists, was born of wealthy, intelligent parents. His mother died when he was but four years old, so his uncle, a genuine nature lover, came to live with his father and helped to bring up Jules and the other children. At the age of six Jules determined to be an artist. This was the more remarkable in that there was no art in his native town. The only painting that he had ever seen was



**THE GLEANER.**

**Breton.**

the restoration, by means of bright green paint, of the four statues of the seasons which adorned his father's grounds. This made upon him so vivid an impression that in later years he wrote a poem in commemoration. He was sent to a religious school at the age of ten. While there he made a drawing of a favorite black dog named Coco, representing him in a cassock on his hind feet with a book in his paws. Underneath he wrote, "The Abbé Coco reads His Breviary." Unfortunately this was seen by one of his teachers. "Did you do this through impiety or to laugh at your masters?" he asked. Poor little Jules did not know at all why he had done it. He only knew that it was certainly wrong to laugh at his masters, and so he answered, trembling, "Through impiety." His master whipped him. These undeserved blows caused his family to send him to another school, where, fortunately, the atmosphere was more favorable to his artistic ambitions.

He has always been a hard worker, and his great successes have been well earned. His brother, Émile, and his daughter, Madame Demont-Breton, whose picture of the "Frightened Bather" will be remembered, are both his pupils, and both excellent artists.

**Method.** — Secure, if possible, a large framed copy for the room and smaller copies for each of the pupil's desks.

The message of this picture is the beauty, the dignity of labor, the health and real wealth that it brings. Therefore, let the study of the picture be preceded by the nature study for the month, by the thoughtful reading of such poems as his magnificent "Songs of Labor," "At Harvest Time," from "Lilliput Levee," etc.

Let the children give their own interpretation, but direct their observation, and thought, too, by leading questions, as they may be necessary.

Of whom is this a picture? What is she doing? What was she doing? How do you know? What time of the year is it? (July.) Why do you think so? Is it hard work or easy work for the girl? Would you find it hard or easy? Why? How would you carry the large sheaf? What will become of the wheat? Why is she barefoot? Was the picture painted in this country? Why do you think not?<sup>1</sup> Who painted the picture? Why did he call her "Ceres of France"? Does she look like a goddess? How? Why? What other harvest pictures have you ever seen?

Stimulate the children to bring other pictures for a loan collection.

Just as soon as possible let them have the keen pleasure and great intellectual stimulus of deciding which picture of several they like the best, and why they prefer it to the others.

The teacher must remember that it is impossible to force into the consciousness of the children artistic feeling, knowledge, and wisdom. Its development and growth is from within outward; therefore it is not a bad plan to let the children shape the course within reasonable limits. Show them either a number of Breton's pictures, or else

<sup>1</sup> Presumably the children will notice what astonishes many American travellers, viz., that in the Old World women work in the fields. It might be well to teach, what apparently the ordinary traveller will not believe, that is, that this is good, healthy work, much better than sewing. They are not only used to it, but also better for doing it!

a number of harvest pictures by other artists. Put them about the room. Then let the children choose each for him or herself which one she wishes to keep on her desk for a day. Give them the opportunity thus silently to study several.

It is a good plan to let the children write an account of the artist or the picture, or both. Give them each a copy of the picture, thus starting them with an art note-book, to which should be added the appropriate poems; or, if possible, give them each the opportunity to buy the picture, or, if nothing better can be done, openly start a note-book of your own in the hope that some of them will feel disposed to follow your example. Show some of the more handy children how to *passepartout* pictures. (See p. xix.)

When they have thus had the chance to form an opinion, ask them which they like best, and why. This last word ought to be printed in capital letters. For in picture study as in everything else it is the very keystone of the arch. To give the children material for intelligent comparison, to give them leisure to study this and to think out its meaning, to put the "why" to them with the earnestness and the emphasis that will enable them to crystallize their own thoughts, and then yourself not only to understand their answer to this master question, but also to follow up this real clew thus given as to the content and the calibre of their minds,—to do all this is real teaching, and a genuine education for teacher as well as pupil.

Take the picture the most of the pupils prefer for the individual study of the entire class. Provide each with a copy, and if possible secure a large copy, the largest

and best that you can afford, for the walls of the school-room.

If there is a great and palpable difference in the merit of the pictures, and if the children have not chosen the best, it might be worth while to give them a lesson on this best, and then allow them again a choice.

But do not let them see that you are striving to improve their taste, nor that there is any merit in selecting one picture rather than another. For self-conscious priggishness is even more intolerable in art than in arithmetic.

## EGYPT

### *A LEASH OF HOUNDS—GÉRÔME*

#### Literature :

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING. . . . . *Muther*  
 HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING. . . . . *Stranahan*  
 MODERN FRENCH MASTERS . . . Edited by *J. C. van Dyke*

MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 3, p. 453; MUNSEY, vol. 7, p. 428; ST. NICHOLAS, vol. 23, p. 3; CENTURY, vol. 15, p. 483; PORTFOLIO, vol. 6, p. 82; LIPPINCOTT, vol. 13, pp. 279, 532; ART JOURNAL, vol. 29, p. 26; vol. 30, p. 279.

**Sahara:** Various works of travel in Northern Africa such as WINTERS IN ALGERIA, F. A. BRIDGMAN.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, vol. 7, (n. s.), p. 465; SCRIBNER, vol. 13, p. 315; LIVING AGE, vol. 194, p. 565; TEMPLE BAR, vol. 20, p. 262; BLACKWOOD, vol. 75, p. 479; LIPPINCOTT, vol. 22, p. 265.

“I would rather have a leash of hounds by Gérôme than by any painter that I know.”—*P. G. Hamerton.*



"This year must be marked by a white stone, for a new painter is born to us, who is named G r me. To-day, I present him to you: to-morrow he will be celebrated." — *Th ophile Gautier*.

"He gives a lesson whenever he paints a picture."

"Truly his pictures are but 'reports' of scenes, acts, incidents; but in his hands they completely escape becoming a purely literary art. He simplifies them into the presentation of the essential and significant verities, and unconsciously leaves them to impress as they may. But well may he be confident of the effect, for, with his penetrating feeling, which is something too susceptibly perceptive to be dominated by mere ocular vision, and his wide sweep of the gamut of significant expression, he always touches the exact keys." — *Stranahan*.

"G r me's art is an intelligent, frigid, calculating art. In execution he does not rise above a petty study of form and an academic discipline. His drawing is accurate, and he has even succeeded in giving his figures a certain truth of nature which is in advance of the generalization of the classic ideal; yet from first to last he is wanting in every quality as a painter. His pictures of the East are hard landscapes, in which men or animals, who are harder still, — unfortunate, eternally petrified beings, — stand out abruptly. He has an eye for form, but the effect of light upon the body escapes him. His pictures, therefore, give the impression of china, and his color is hard and dead. What distinguishes him is a watchful observation, a chilling correctness, enclosing everything in outlines which are



GÉRÔME.

A LEASH OF HOUNDS.

without character. And this marble coldness remained with him later, when, moving with the development of historical painting, he gradually took to working on more tragical subjects. Even the more violent subjects are depicted with the daintiest grace, and with a smile he serves up decapitated heads, prepared with a painting *à la maître d'hôtel*, upon a gold-rimmed porcelain plate, which is as smooth as glass." — *Richard Muther*.

"If you see passing upon the boulevard at a gallop a cavalier of nervous manner, well-seated in his saddle, of clear eye and gray moustache, followed perchance by dogs . . . salute him; it is Gérôme, and if you wish to speak to him stop him quickly in passing; he is Parisian only *en courant*; he will perhaps have departed this evening for the Orient, for Italy, or for Egypt. . . . He will be at Pæstum or Cairo, always *en route*, always taken with the new . . . with travel, with curious customs, with bizarre types, delaying, perchance, before the rags of some miserable idiot crouching before a mosque, after having called forth the Greek antique, with its immortal poesy and its eternal youth." — *Jules Claretie*.

Jean Léon Gérôme (1824— ) was the son of a poor goldsmith. Each year his father made a business journey to Paris. On one of these occasions he bought his son an original painting and box of colors. The boy made, unaided, so excellent a copy of a painting by Décamp that a wealthy neighbor persuaded his father to send him to Paris to study, himself contributing not only money, but also a letter of introduction to Paul Delaroche,

then in his prime. The little Gérôme made great progress, and became a favorite with the master. But at the end of two years, Delaroche suddenly determined to close his studio and go to Rome. He recommended another master to Gérôme, but the latter begged so hard to accompany him that he finally consented. This was only the beginning of Gérôme's wandering.

He has always been a hard worker. After he had won fame as a painter and was of an age to rest on his laurels, he determined to become a good sculptor. He shut himself up in his studio and worked until he succeeded.

The two following extracts are from his own letters. The last was written at the age of seventy-two: —

“We are having days so gloomy that it is almost impossible to work. Nevertheless, I keep at it desperately, and expect to fight on to my last breath.”

“I am at work every morning, and only leave my studio when day has fled, and this since my youth. You see I have been hammering on my anvil a long time. It is one of the examples that I try to set my students, that of being an ardent and indefatigable worker every day and under all circumstances.”

**Method.** — Where is this? What desert? What are the dogs doing? The Arab? Precede the study of this picture with lessons on deserts. For this purpose the literature given under Sahara will be found useful. “Thirst” another of Gérôme's desert pictures will be interesting to the children, showing the same drifts of sand, and painting the silence which is only broken by the mysterious rumble

caused perhaps by the movement of the fine loose sand or perhaps by the grass roots and stems rubbing together. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

### HOLLAND

In addition to the usual works of geographical reference the following will be useful:—

LAND OF PLUCK . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Dodge</i>
HANS BRINKER; OR, THE SILVER SKATES . . .	<i>Mrs. Dodge</i>
BOY AT THE DIKE . . . . .	<i>Phæbe Cary</i>

### THE MILL—JACOB RUISDAEL

#### Literature :

THE OLD MASTERS OF BELGIUM AND HOLLAND . *Fromentin*  
 LANDSCAPE PAINTERS OF HOLLAND *Cundall* (Great Artist Series)  
 OLD DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS . *Cole and Van Dyke*  
 CENTURY MAGAZINE, vol. 26, p. 363; . ART JOURNAL, vol. 4,  
 pp. 143, 181.

“The subject is the mouth of a Dutch river, without a single feature of grandeur in the scenery; but the stormy sky, the grouping of the vessels, the breaking of the seas, make the picture one of the most impressive ever painted.”  
 — *John Constable, Third Lecture at Royal Institution.*

“It is a singularly impressive piece, representing a dead calm before a storm. The mill, with its dark, widespread arms, rises high in the canvas to the right, upon the summit of a terraced ground, — a palisade topped by the dark



Ruisdael.

THE MILL.

and quiet river. The white sail of a boat, — toward mid-stream, — flat and unruffled by the slightest breeze, and of exquisite value in its relief and in its delicate reflection in the water, — rises softly against the far-off horizon. Above is a wide sky, heavy with clouds, which break as they scale toward the top of the canvas, disclosing the gray blue of the heavens through the watery vapors. . . . All shadow, so to speak, except the pink flash of light crowning the disk of two clouds high up near the middle of the sky, which is the final gleam of the retiring sun. The mysterious sense of expectancy, which is the essence of this work, is heightened by the strange light, as of an eclipse, that is diffused over all. I have felt at times as if this picture was really the most entrancing thing that I ever beheld.” — *Century*, 1894, *Timothy Cole*.

Jacob Ruysdael (1625–1681) was one of the greatest of the Dutch landscape painters. Nothing much is known of his life except that his elder brother was probably his first teacher; that he was not wealthy; and that he died in a Harlem hospital.

**Method.** — Of what is this a picture? In what country? Why do you think so? Look at the sky. What do the clouds say to you? Is there any light on them? Where? Why? Are the arms of the mill moving? What will make them move? Look at the sails and then at the water below the boat. Do you think that the water is smooth or rough? Why? Do you like the picture? Why? (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

## JAPAN

*FUJIYAMA SEEN FROM THE TOKAIDO*

## HOKUSAI

## Literature :

- HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . *Muther*  
 THE PICTORIAL ARTS OF JAPAN . . . . *Anderson*  
 JAPONICA . . . . . *Sir Edwin Arnold*  
 LETTERS FROM JAPAN . . . . . *Fraser*  
 PRINCESS SPLENDOR, or THE WOODCUTTER'S  
 DAUGHTER, a legend of Fujiyama. JAP-  
 ANESE FAIRY TALES.

CENTURY, vol. 24, p. 577 ; SCRIBNER, vol. 3, p. 108 ; vol. 13, pp. 399, 729 ; ATLANTIC, vol. 60, p. 614 ; vol. 78, p. 219 ; CHAUTAUQUAN, vol. 11, p. 736 ; NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, vol. 3, p. 348, ART JOURNAL, vol. 24, p. 293 ; vol. 29, pp. 73, 134 ; vol. 30, pp. 77, 233, 261 ; NATION, vol. 7, pp. 16, 215 ; HOKUSAI, MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 14, pp. 307, 242 ; ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED, vol. 13, p. 135 (story) ; STRAND, vol. 15, p. 558 ; FUJIYAMA, HARPER, vol. 90, p. 269 ; NATURE, vol. 47, p. 178 ; CENTURY, vol. 22, p. 483.

Fujiyama, Fuji-San, the Peerless, the Lady of Mountains, as she is variously called by the Japanese, is a glorious snow-crowned volcanic mountain with a toothed and truncated cone. It is the subject of numerous legends. The mountain arose in a single night, and at the same time the great lake Biwa was formed. At its summit lives the "Protector of the Great Hole." Once a year all its snow disappears for twelve hours so that the goddess may visit it. Every night the sand brought down from it by the feet of the pilgrims who ascend it during the day returns unaided to its original resting-place.



This picture of Fuji partially concealed by large clouds is one of the favorite views from the Tokaido, a road leading to Tokio over which used to pass the nobles on their journey to the capital. In former times it was customary for those of the lower rank to dismount when passing a superior, and even to this day, some of the older nobles try to enforce the custom. The priest mounted on a bull is apparently too wrapped up either in admiration for the sacred mountain, or in praying to it, to think of questions of rank and consequent precedence. From his shoulder hangs the peculiar hat which proclaims to the initiated his office. The *Hako* (box) carriers, to the right, are carrying something, perhaps threshed rice, to the house at the side, in another part of which laborers are packing in bean cakes — another cheap, useful, and favorite article. The house is thatched with rice straw, and at the foot of the umbrella pine may be seen pyramids of stacked rice.

In the upper right-hand corner the artist has signed his name. It reads downward.

“As is well known, oil painting exists neither in China nor Japan. Just as the Japanese choose the slightest material for building, so everything in their painting bears a trace of extreme lightness. Japanese pictures, *kakamonos*, are painted in water color or China ink upon framed silk or paper; but this paper has the advantage over the European (and American) article in its unsurpassed toughness, its remarkable softness and pliability, its surface, which has either a dull, silky lustre, or may only be compared with finest parchment. And the pictures themselves



FUJIYAMA SEEN FROM THE TOKAIDO.

Ukiyoshi

are kept rolled up in the *Tokonama*, the little closet near the reception-room, and only hung as occasion offers, and according to very refined rules. Only a few are hung at a time, and only such as harmonize. When a visit is expected, the taste of the guests determines the selection. Fresh and variously colored flowers and branches placed near them in vases are obliged to harmonize in color with the pictures.

“As an instrument for painting, use is only made of the pliant brush of hair, which executes everything with a free and fluent effect. Pen, crayon, or chalk, and all hard mediums which offer resistance, are consistently excluded. . . . In all pictures, whether they are fanciful or plain renderings of fact, attention is riveted by the same keenness of observation, the same refinement of taste, in the highest sense of the word, by pictorial charm. . . . The Japanese . . . are . . . celebrated as the most spirited draughtsmen in existence.

“The Japanese artist lives with nature, and in her, as no artist of any other country has ever done. . . . Every house, even in the centre of towns, has a garden laid out in fine taste, and combining beautiful flowers, trees, and cascades, everything incidental to the soil. The form of trees, the shape and color of flowers, the ripple of leaves, the gleaming mail of insects are so imprinted in the memory of the painter that his fancy can summon them at pleasure without the need of fresh study. . . . His keen eye sees in the flight of birds turns and movements first revealed to us by instantaneous photography. This quickness of eye and this astonishing exercise of memory enable

him to attain the most striking effect with the slightest means. . . .

"The love of nature is born in the Japanese, but the photographic imitation, the servile reproduction of reality, is never his ultimate aim. . . . Their poets never describe, but only endeavor to express a spiritual feeling, to hold a memory fact—the blitheness of smiling pleasure, the mournfulness of vanished joy. They sing of the mist passing over the mountain summit, the fishing boats, the reeds by the seashore, the splash of waves, the flying streaks of cloud, the sunset streaming purple over the weary world. . . . And how slight are the means that have been employed. Everything has the freshness of life, and the sheer, intangible movement of objects has been caught by a simple and decisive line. . . . How the Japanese understood the art of expressing much with a few means, where the Europeans toiled with a great expenditure of means to express little. . . .

"And in everything, as regards color, too, the Japanese have a strain of refinement peculiar to themselves. . . . The most vivid effects of red and green trees, yellow roads, and blue sky are represented; the most refined effects of light are rendered—illuminated bridges, dark firmaments, the white sickle of the moon, glittering stars, the bright and rosy blossoms of the spring, the dazzling snow as it falls on trim gardens; and there are discords nowhere. How heavy and motley our coloring is compared with these delicious chords, set beside each other so boldly, and invariably so harmonious. Is it that our eyes are by nature less delicate? or is everything in the Japanese only the

result of more rational training? We have not the same intense force of perception, this instinctive and sensuous gift of color. Their coloring is a delight to the eye, a magic potion. . . . The simplest chords of color are often the most effective; nothing can be more charming than the delicate duet of gray and gold. And the cheapest woodcut has often all these refinements in common with the most costly *kakamono*. Even here where they turn to lowly things, their art is never vulgar, but maintains itself at such an aristocratic height that we barbarians of the West, blessed with oil prints and academies of art, can only look up with envy to this nation of connoisseurs.

"Among the draughtsmen . . . there was . . . one great genius, one of the most important artists of his country, who became more familiar to Europe than any of his compatriots: this was Hokusai. All of the qualities of Japanese art are united in him, as in a focus. His work is the encyclopædia of a whole nation, and in his technical qualities he stands by the side of the greatest men in Europe. . . . He has in the highest degree that peculiarly Japanese quality of giving tangible expression to the movements of things and living creatures. His men and women gesticulate, his animals run, his birds fly, his reptiles crawl, his fish swim; the leaves on the trees, the water of rivers, the sea, and the clouds of the sky move gently. He is a magnificent landscape painter, celebrating all seasons from the blossoming of spring to the freezing of the ice in the winter. . . . But he is also a philosopher and a poet of wide flight, who makes the boldest journeys into the land of dreams. . . .

"Hokusai was born in 1760 amid flowery gardens in a quiet corner of Yeddo [Tokio]. . . . His father was purveyor of metallic mirrors to the Court. Hokusai took lessons from an illustrator, but does not seem to have been much known until his fortieth or fiftieth year. In 1810 he first founded an industrial school of art, which attracted numbers of young people. To provide them with a compendium of instruction in drawing, he published the first volume of his 'Mangwa.' From that time he was recognized as the head of a school. When his fame began to spread, he changed his residence almost every month to protect himself from troublesome visitors. And just as often did he alter his name. Even that under which he became famous in Europe is only a pseudonym. . . . It was that which he bore the longest, and by which he was definitely recognized. . . .

"'From my sixth year,' he writes in a preface to one of his books, 'I had a perfect mania for drawing every object that I saw. When I had reached my fiftieth year, I had published a vast quantity of drawing; but I am unsatisfied with all that I have produced before my seventieth year. At seventy-three I had some understanding of the form and the real nature of birds, fish, and plants. At eighty I hope to have made further progress, and at ninety to have discovered the ultimate foundation of things. In my hundredth year I shall rise to yet higher spheres unknown, and in my hundred and tenth, every stroke, every point, and, in short, everything that comes from my hand, will be alive.'

"Hokusai . . . died at eighty-nine, and is buried in the temple at Yeddo. During the period between 1815

and 1845 he published . . . over five hundred volumes. . . .

"The most celebrated of those works, which contain landscapes exclusively, are the views, published in three volumes in 1834-1836, of the mountain of Fuji, the great volcano rising close by Yeddo, and from old time playing a part in the works of Japanese landscape painters." — *Richard Muther*.

His death was singularly characteristic. He had worked to the very last moment, and then, shortly before his death, prayed: —

"If heaven would give me but another five years . . . I might yet become a great painter."

How great he really was he did not know, and the world has scarcely even yet realized!

**Method.** — The picture lesson should be preceded by lessons on Japan. The teacher who knows her subject cannot fail to rouse the enthusiasm of the children for this wonderful country and its still more wonderful people, and this enthusiastic understanding cannot fail to give them higher ideals both of conduct and of attainment. Of what people is this a picture? Why do you think so? What mountain do you see in the distance? Where is it? Why is its cone white? What do you see in the foreground? What is each person doing? Who is each?

By all means get together as large a loan collection as possible of Japanese objects, — fans, parasols, dishes, and the like. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

**OCTOBER**

**(NATURE)**





## OCTOBER

(NATURE)

### THE OXEN GOING TO THEIR WORK—TROYON

#### Literature :

- PAINTERS OF BARBIZON, vol. II . . . *Mollett* (Great Artist Series)  
HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Muther*  
HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . . *Stranahan*  
MODERN FRENCH MASTERS . . . Edited by *J. C. van Dyke*  
ART JOURNAL, vol. 15, p. 22.

See p. 35 for an account of the Barbizon school.

“ . . . That mighty picture in the Louvre which displays him in the zenith of his creative power. Till then no animal painter had rendered, with such combined strength and actuality, the long, heavy gait, the philosophical indifference, the quiet resignation of cattle, the poetry of autumnal light, and the mist of morning rising lightly from the earth and veiling the whole land with gray, silvery hues. The deeply furrowed, smoking field makes an undulating ascent, so that one seems to be looking at the horizon over the broad face of the earth. A primitive Homeric feeling rests over it.”—*Richard Muther*.

Constant Troyon (1810-1865) began his artistic life in the porcelain factory at Sèvres. The teaching that he there received in design and decoration was his chief art instruction. Moreover, he was enabled by this trade to paint pictures quite irrespective of popular demand, since he was not dependent on them for his daily bread. Nevertheless, his paintings were greatly in demand, and by means of them, before his death, he accumulated a fortune.

**Method.** — The quotation from Muther given above shows clearly the meaning of the picture. Lead the children with questions, or otherwise, to an understanding and sympathy with Troyon's sentiment. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)



Troyes.

OXEN GOING TO THEIR WORK.

## THE GLEANERS — JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

### Literature :

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Muther</i>
HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Stranahan</i>
MODERN FRENCH MASTERS . . . . .	Edited by <i>J. C. Van Dyke</i>
MILLET, PEASANT AND PAINTER . . . . .	<i>Sensier</i>
JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET . . . . .	<i>Julia Cartwright</i>
PAINTERS OF BARBIZON, vol. 1 . . . . .	<i>Mollett</i> (Great Artist Series)

ART JOURNAL, 1881; ATLANTIC MONTHLY, vol. 38, p. 257; vol. 60, p. 506; vol. 79, p. 719; CENTURY, May, 1889; MAGAZINE OF ART, vols. 6 and 12; CENTURY MAGAZINE, vol. 25, p. 908; vol. 23, p. 380; McCCLURE's, vol. 6, p. 499; SCRIBNER, vol. 7, p. 531; vol. 20, pp. 732, 825; vol. 21, pp. 104, 189, 392; ART JOURNAL, vol. 26, p. 157; vol. 33, p. 299; ATLANTIC, vol. 38, p. 257; NATION, vol. 32, p. 116. (See also p. 35, Barbizon School.) TEMPLE BAR, vol. 43, p. 650; NINETEENTH CENTURY, vol. 24, p. 419; CONTEMPORARY, vol. 26, p. 157; LEISURE HOUR, vol. 31, p. 343; vol. 43, p. 15; vol. 39, p. 162.

“And what deep intuition of Nature is to be found in the ‘Gleaners’! . . . They do not seek compassion, but merely do their work. It is this which gives them loftiness and dignity. They are themselves products of nature, plants of which the commonest is not without a certain pure and simple beauty. Look at their hands. They are not hands to be kissed, but to be cordially pressed. They are brave hands which have done hard work from youth upwards.” — *Richard Muther*.

“Sometimes in a sterile portion you see figures hoeing and digging. From time to time one rises and straightens



MILK.

THE GLEANERS.

his back, as they call it, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. 'Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow.' Is this the gay, jovial work some people would have us believe in? But nevertheless it is to me true humanity and great poetry." — *From a letter from Millet to Sensier.*

*Sensier's Interpretation of Millet*

"For Millet, the man of soil, represents the whole human family; the laborer gave him the clearest type of our toil and our suffering. Millet is, however, neither a discouraged nor a sad man. He is a laborer who loves his field — ploughs, sows, and reaps it. His field is art. His inspiration is life, is nature, which he loved with all his strength. . . . And if before a painting or a drawing by Millet, we are shocked by the roughness of his hand, the unusualness of his subject, the unexpectedness of his composition, let time do its work. Let us go and look at the plains, the forest, and the sky; let us forget our fashions and our traditions, and we will feel the same strengthening breath that animated Millet. . . . He that understands him will say, Here is a painter who has given a place to the humblest; a poet who has raised to honor those whom the world ignores, and a good man, whose work encourages and consoles."

"And is not Millet a sort of French Wordsworth, who, in barbarous Breton dialect has told us in infinitely touching strains of the noble submission of the peasant's lot, his unending labors, and the melancholy solitude of the country?" — *George Moore, in Modern Painting.*

Millet was one of the greatest of the "Barbizon school." The meaning of this familiar phrase is explained in the following paragraphs from Richard Muther's "History of Modern Painting":—

" . . . Barbizon, the Mecca of modern art, where the secrets of *paysage intime* were revealed to the Parisian landscape painters by the nymph of Fontainebleau. . . . Barbizon itself is a small village three miles to the north of Fontainebleau, and, according to tradition, founded by robbers, who formerly dwelt in the forest. . . . There are barely a hundred houses in the place. Most of them are twined with wild vines, shut in by thick hedges of hawthorn, and have a garden in front, where roses bloom amid cabbages and cauliflowers. At nine o'clock in the evening all Barbizon is asleep, but before four in the morning it awakes once more for work in the fields.

" . . . It is reported that one of David's pupils painted in the forest of Fontainebleau and lived in Barbizon. The only inn was at that time a barn, which the former tailor of the place, a man by the name of Ganne, turned into an inn in 1823. Here, after 1830, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Brascassat, and many others alighted when they came to follow their studies in Barbizon from the spring to the autumn. Of an evening they clambered up to their miserable bedroom and fastened to the head of the bed with drawing pins the studies made in the course of the day. It was only later that Père Capain, an old peasant who had begun life as a shepherd with three francs a month, was struck with the seasonable idea of buying in a few



acres and building upon them small houses to let to painters. By his enterprise the man became rich, and gradually grew to be a capitalist, lending money to all who, in spite of their standing as celebrated Parisian artists, did not enjoy the blessings of fortune. But the general place of assembly was still the old barn employed in Ganne's establishment, and in the course of years its walls were covered with large charcoal drawings, studies, and pictures. Here, in a patriarchal, easy-going, homely fashion, artists gathered together, with their wives and children, of an evening. Festivities also were held in the place, in particular that ball when Ganne's daughter, a godchild of Madame Rousseau, celebrated her wedding. Rousseau and Millet were the decorators of the room; the entire space of the barn served as ballroom, the walls being adorned with ivy. Corot, always full of fun and high spirits, led the polonaise, which moved through a labyrinth of bottles placed on the floor.

"They painted in the forest. But they did not take the trouble to carry the instruments of their art home again. They kept breakfast, canvas, and brushes in holes in the rocks. Never before, probably, have men so lost themselves in nature. At every hour of the day — in the cool light of morning, at sunny noon, in the golden dusk, even in the twilight of blue moonlight nights — they were out in the field and the forest, learning to surprise everlasting nature at every moment of her mysterious life. The forest was their studio, and revealed to them all its secrets. . . . The masters of Fontainebleau made the discovery of light and air. . . .

"The peculiarity of all these masters . . . consists precisely in this: they never represented . . . actual nature in the manner of photography, but freely painted their own moods from memory, just as Goethe . . . instead of elaborating a prosaic description of the Kikelhahn wrote the verses 'Ueber allen Wipfeln ist Ruh.' . . . The works of the Fontainebleau artists are Goethe-like poems of nature in pigments. . . . A landscape was not for them a piece of scenery, but a condition of soul . . . and thus they fathomed art to its profoundest depths. Their works were fragrant poems sprung from moods of spirit which had arisen in them during a walk in the forest." — *Muther*.

#### Literature for the Barbizon School of Painters :

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH PAINTERS	}	<i>Philip Gilbert Hamerton</i>
IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING		
LANDSCAPE		
LANDSCAPE PAINTING IN FRANCE	}	<i>D. C. Thomson</i>
THE BARBIZON SCHOOL OF PAINTERS		
HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . .		
HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . .		
		<i>Muther</i>
		<i>Stranahan</i>

ART JOURNAL, vol. 43, p. 283; vol. 48, p. 119; SCRIBNER, vol. 7, p. 53.

Jean-François Millet (1814–1875) was the son of poor French peasants. His father was a man of beautiful character, a natural musician, and a lover of nature. He said to his son often, "Look at that tree, how large and beautiful; it is as beautiful as a flower," or "See! That house buried by the field is good; it seems to me that it ought to be drawn that way." He tried sometimes to model in clay

or to carve a bit of wood. But he died ignorant of his own worth and gifts.

Millet's grandmother named him Jean for his father and François for that charming Saint Francis of Assisi, whom even the birds loved and to whom they talked. She loved her little godson and grandson, rocking, caring for him, and singing to him all day long. In the morning she wakened him gently with, "Wake up, my little one; you do not know how long the birds have been singing the glory of God!"

The little Millet was a handsome, hearty, strong lad, quite able to hold his own against the other boys both with his fists and his head. The clergyman of the village taught him Latin for the pleasure of it, and he studied it for the same reason.

His father sympathized with his craze for drawing and helped him to find his first master. Finally, Millet went to Paris, and there entered the studio of the famous painter, Paul Delaroche. The city students could not understand him. They nicknamed him the "Man of the Woods"; but they soon learned that he could draw. "It is easy to see that you have painted a great deal," said Delaroche. But he had never touched the brush before.

Nevertheless he had a hard struggle to get along. His pictures did not sell. He was ready to print signboards even, but the market for them was not inexhaustible. At last he moved from Paris to Barbizon, where he lived and worked for the rest of his life.

At first a small peasant house with three rooms answered for his wife and three children, but as his family increased

the house was lengthened, and a studio, wash-house, and chicken-yard built in the garden.

"He had two occupations," writes Sensier; "in the morning he dug or planted, sowed or reaped; after lunch he went into the low, dark, cold room called a studio. . . . His first vision was a Bible subject, Ruth and Boaz, which he drew on the wall in crayon."

Here for years he was wretchedly poor. "But," said he, "let no one think that they can force me to *prettify* my types; I would rather do nothing than express myself feebly. Give me signboards to paint; give me yards of canvas to cover by the day like a house painter, but let me imagine and execute my own work in my own way."

But recognition came to him at last and in his own lifetime. The knowledge of him, and reverence and love for his teaching have been increasing ever since his death.

See pp. 107, 145, 171 for a few of his other works.

**Method.** — Of what is this a picture? What story is told in the background? What time of the year is it? What time of the day? What country? Why do you think so. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

Of few great artists can a collection of cheap reproductions be so easily made. Therefore devote as much time as possible to the study of the other pictures, making these three questions the framework: —

What does the picture mean?

Which of these do you like best, and why?

Than the last, no question can be more important.

**END OF LABOR—JULES BRETON**

**Literature:** (See p. 3.)

For an account of the artist and criticisms of his paintings, see pp. 3, 4.

**Method.**—What do you think that the girl in the foreground is saying? What are the others in her group doing? What is she carrying in her left hand? Why? What do you make out of the group toward the right? of the left background? Where is the sun? How do you know? What is the time of day? the season of the year? the country? (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

**THE HAYMAKER—ADAN**

(*See Frontispiece*)

There is very little available literature for this living French artist. He was a pupil of Cabanel.

**Method.**—What is the girl doing? What was she doing a moment ago? Who is she? Beyond the haycock what do you suppose that there is? Where is the sun? What is the time of day? What trees are those in the background? (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)



Breston.

THE END OF LABOR.



**NOVEMBER**  
**(PREPARATION FOR WINTER)**





## NOVEMBER

### (PREPARATION FOR WINTER)

#### *THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER* — BOUGHTON

##### Literature :

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . *Richard Muther*  
THE ARTISTS . . . . . *Tuckermann*

MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 5, 397; ART JOURNAL, vol. 25, p. 41;  
PORTFOLIO, vol. 2, p. 65; vol. 8, p. 159; NEW ENGLAND MAGA-  
ZINE, vol. 15, p. 481; CENTURY, vol. 21, p. 156.

COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH . . . *Henry W. Longfellow*  
A BOSTON THANKSGIVING STORY, adapted  
from E. E. Hale, in THE CHILD'S  
WORLD . . . . . *Emilie Poulsson*

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING, in STORY  
HOUR . . . . . *Mrs. Wiggin and Nora Smith*

CUSTOMS AND FASHIONS IN OLD NEW  
ENGLAND, Ch. IX . . . . . *Alice Morse Earle*  
A TARDY THANKSGIVING . . . . . *Miss Wilkins*

##### Poems :

THE PILGRIMS . . . . . *Mrs. Hemans*  
THANKSGIVING DAY . . . . . *Lydia Maria Child*  
THANKSGIVING DAY . . . *Nora Perry, in New Songs and Ballads*  
THANKSGIVING }  
A THANKSGIVING FEAST } *Margaret E. Sangster, in Easter Bells*  
MISS LUCINDA'S OPINION }  
THE PUMPKIN }  
FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL } . . . *Whittier*

"What Boughton does best in figure painting is women and children, his types being never without grace of figure and gesture, and having often for sentiment something of that reserved gentleness which belongs to lives that have to be passed less in pleasure than in patience."—*Sidney Colvin*.

George Henry Boughton (1834— ), born in England, but living in America, while still a boy earned his living in his brother's hat factory. But he was more successful with his pen, making clever sketches, than in learning the trade. It is related that one day going to a shop for fish-hooks his eye caught sight of some tubes of oil colors. He spent his fish-hook money for these, and securing a bit of old canvas, with no one to help, he yet managed to make pictures which were the marvel of all who saw them. Before he was twenty he had made enough money to take him to Europe. He came back to New York, but finally married and settled in London, where he has since lived.

**Method.** — Describe the picture. What country is this? Who are the two people in the foreground? For what are they watching? who else is watching?

If the children have not already learned in history or by reading the story of the early settlers in Massachusetts, tell them now of the second and anxiously awaited coming of the *Mayflower*.

Whether it is worth while to tell them anything of the artist must be decided by the judgment of the teacher.

Collect, if possible, the rest of his pilgrim series, which includes a charming portrait of Rose Standish and one of Priscilla, as well as the familiar scenes. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)



Boughton.

THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER.

## INDUSTRY—PAUL VERONESE

## Literature :

## HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTHERN ITALY

*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*HANDBOOK OF PAINTING . . . . . *Kugler*MEMOIRS OF ITALIAN PAINTERS . . . . . *Jamieson*STONES OF VENICE . . . . . *Ruskin*VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE. . . *Berenson*RENAISSANCE IN ITALY, vol. 3 . . . . . *Symonds*

CENTURY, vol. 22, p. 581 ; ART JOURNAL, vol. 10, pp. 1, 33

Stories of Arachne in the various books of mythology :

EMERTON'S SPIDERS.

MCCOOK'S OLD FARM FAIRIES, and TENANTS OF AN OLD FARM.

MADAME ARACHNE . . . . . *Celia Thaxter*

“Never was the pomp of color so exalted as in his works, which may be likened to concerts of enchanting music. . . . The beauty of his figures is more addressed to the senses than to the soul, though even the most superficial of his innumerable works have a feeling for graces, which at that time had entirely departed from other schools.” — *Kugler's Handbook.*

Paolo Cagliari (1528–1588) was called Veronese from his birthplace, Verona. Very little is known of his life except that he was not appreciated in his birthplace; that in Venice, however, Titian was his friend, and that there, in consequence, he met with his first successes; that he once travelled to Rome in the suite of the Venetian ambassador; and that on account of the great demand for his work in Venice, he declined the invitation of Philip the Second to



Vaccosa.

INDUSTRY.

go to Spain. But that he was prosperous we are sure ; and that he was happy we believe, so full of the joy of life are all of his paintings.

The best known and perhaps his masterpiece is the huge "Marriage of Cana," in the Louvre, the guests of which are all portraits, Veronese himself being represented as playing the 'cello.

**Method.** — What is the figure doing? Why is she called *Industry*? Is she beautiful? Why? (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

### THE SHEEPFOLD — JACQUE

#### Literature :

PORTFOLIO, vol. 6, p. 130.

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING	. . .	<i>Muther</i>
HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING .	. . .	<i>Stranahan</i>
THE LAMB . . . . .	. . .	<i>William Blake</i>
SPRING (Sheep shearing) . . .	From <i>The Seasons</i> ,	<i>Thomson</i>
THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES .	. . .	<i>Andersen</i>
THE WEAVER'S SONG . . . . .	. . .	<i>Barry Cornwall</i>
NEW WORK FOR PENSÉ . . .	From <i>Each and All</i> ,	<i>Jane Andrews</i>

Charles Émile Jacque (1813–1894). Until his own death, Jacque lived on in the little house in Barbizon, where for so many years Millet struggled with poverty and worked. He was one of the first to appreciate Millet's gift, and was always his warm personal friend.

He began to study law and then left law for wood engraving. For seven years after this he served in the army. But always he was the artist. Finally, when he had served out his army time, all his energies were again turned into



Jacques

THE SHEPFPOLD.

11. — E



his engraving and painting. He is best known as a painter of cows and sheep. But he is also called the Raphael of Pigs, so charming and ideal are his pictures of them. He managed to invest them with almost a touch of poetry.

Stranahan says, "Jacque has an appreciation of the sentiment that requires that the pail at the well, the hoe or the rake incidentally left, should have the associations of use and wear, and feels the greater worth of the old dog, whose decrepitude suggests many years of faithfulness."

It is told of him that buying an old dog for a model, his neighbors, thinking that he must have a love for such animals, brought them to him in great numbers, much to his dismay.

**Method.** — What do you see in this picture? What time of the year? Why? How do sheep prepare themselves for winter? What does the farmer do for him? Why? Is the sheepfold old or new? Why do you think so? Who painted it? Whose friend was Jacque? Where did they both live?

Secure a loan exhibition of other sheep pictures. Those of Millet, Rosa Bonheur, Dupré, Mauve, Lerolle, and Roll are especially beautiful. Ask which they like best, and why. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)



Roll.

THE FARMYARD.

### THE FARMYARD—ROLL

#### Literature :

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING	. . .	<i>Muther</i>
HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING	. . .	<i>Stranahan</i>
THE FARMYARD SONG	. . . . .	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>
MILKING	. . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>
THE MILKMAID	. . . . .	<i>Austin Dobson</i>
THE DROVERS	}	<i>Whittier</i>
AMONG THE HILLS		
OUR RURAL DIVINITIES, BIRDS AND POETS	. . .	<i>John Burroughs</i>

Alfred Philippe Roll (1847- ). "Roll, through his comprehension of lucid sunshine and keen breathable atmosphere, loves all forms of open air scenes. . . . But, be it in interiors or in the open air of the street, he gives, usually on large canvases, with deep and simple sympathy, without false sentiment, the severe forms of popular labors, popular sufferings, and, at times, popular joys, with a keen penetration of actual movement, and bears well the test that an artist's measure is his discernment of the characters that he represents." — *Stranahan*.

**Method.** — Develop the meaning of the picture.

What will become of each of these animals in the winter?  
(See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

**DECEMBER**

**(CHRISTMAS)**



## DECEMBER

### (CHRISTMAS)

BEN HUR. . . . .	<i>Wallace</i>
TINY TIM; in CHRISTMAS CAROL . . .	<i>Dickens</i>
THE FIR TREE; in LAST DREAM OF THE OLD OAK }	<i>Andersen</i>
STORY OF CHRISTMAS; in THE STORY HOUR	<i>Mrs. Wiggins</i>
CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM, ST. NICHOLAS, vol. 24, p. 92.	
CHRISTMAS, SKETCH BOOK . . . . .	<i>Washington Irving</i>
NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS; in WHITTIER'S CHILD LIFE	
CHRISTMAS GREETING . . . . .	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>
OLD CHRISTMAS . . . . .	<i>Mary Howitt</i>



## HOLY FAMILY—MURILLO

### Literature :

SPANISH MASTERS . . . . .	<i>Washburn</i>
ANNALS OF THE ARTISTS OF SPAIN . . .	<i>Stirling-Maxwell</i>
MURILLO . . . . .	<i>Minor</i> (Great Artist Series)
MURILLO . . . . .	<i>Sweetser</i>
BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FINE ARTS . . . .	<i>Spooner</i>
MURILLO'S TRANCE, "Cartoons" . . . .	<i>Mrs. Preston</i>

PORTFOLIO, vol. 8, p. 165; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 21, pp. 67, 90; vol. 26, p. 243; HARPER, vol. 71, p. 938; CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. 29, p. 820.

"Now let us speak of Murillo in our gentlest tones. Velasquez is in art an eagle; Murillo is an angel. One admires Velasquez and adores Murillo. By his canvases we know him as if he had lived among us. He was handsome, good, and virtuous. He was born to paint the sky. Fortune gave him a mild and serene genius, which bore him to God on the wings of a tranquil inspiration, and yet his most admirable paintings breathe an air of gentle sweetness which inspire sympathy and affection even before admiration. A simple nobility and elegance of outline, an expression full of sprightliness and grace, and inexpressible harmony of colors, — these are the qualities that impress one at first sight; but the more one looks at the paintings, the more one discovers; and surprise is transformed little by little into a delicious sense of pleasure. His saints have a benign aspect, cheering and consoling; his angels,



THE HOLY FAMILY.

Murillo.



whom he groups with marvellous ability, make one's lips tremble with a desire to kiss them; his virgins, clothed in white, with long, flowing draperies of azure, with their great black eyes, their clasped hands, delicate, graceful, and ethereal, make one's heart tremble with their beauty and one's eyes fill with tears. He combines the truth of Velasquez, the vigor of Ribera, the harmonious transparency of Titian, and the brilliant vivacity of Rubens. . . . [Of an Immaculate Conception in Madrid.] I was filled with an inexpressible love for that face. More than once as I looked at it I felt the tears coursing down my cheeks. . . . My heart was softened and my mind was lifted to a plane of thought higher than any I had before reached — a new feeling of prayer, a desire to love, to do good, to suffer for others, to elevate my mind and heart. . . .

“One should see on a Sunday the children, the girls, and the poor women before these pictures — see how their faces light up, and hear the sweet words upon their lips. Murillo is a saint to them, and they speak his name with a smile, as if to say, ‘He is ours!’ and in so saying they look as if they were performing an act of reverence. The artists do not all regard him in the same manner, but they love him above all others, and they are not able to divorce their admiration from their love.” — *Edmondo de Amicis*.

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo (1617–1682) was a native of Seville, where, too, he early learned the technique of his profession in those days, drawing, cleaning brushes, grinding colors, and the like. He earned his living by painting pictures rapidly for the weekly market. When Moya re-

turned to Seville with copies of the paintings of Van Dyck and of other Flemish artists, Murillo saw his own lack, and determined to go to Rome. He walked over the Sierras to Madrid, where he was cordially received by the great Velasquez. He persuaded Murillo to remain with him.

Here Murillo made marvellous progress with almost no teaching except such as he obtained indirectly by copying the works of the masters whom he most loved, viz., Van Dyck, Ribera, and Velasquez himself. He returned to Seville, and was immediately successful in the practice of his art. While employed in painting the "Marriage of St. Catharine," at Cadiz, he fell from the scaffold. His few remaining hours were passed in prayer.

**Method.** — Of whom is this the picture? How is the Christ Child supported? In what direction must each of the others look in order to look at him? (Upward.) What is the little St. John doing? What is the meaning of the cross? the scroll (a reminder of the Old Testament prophecies)? the lamb? Who is holding St. John? Who was St. Elizabeth? What does she seem to be thinking? and the mother? What do you see above? Who painted this picture?

See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9, for further suggestions.

**MADONNA — BOUGUEREAU****Literature :**

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . *Muther*  
 HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . *Stranahan*

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, vol. 7, p. 555; PORTFOLIO, vol. 6, p. 42;  
 PRINCETON REVIEW, 1894; COSMOPOLITAN, vol. 8, p. 259.

"Some critics and many artists profess an aversion for this painter because his work has not the qualities of rougher and more passionate art, and because he has been successful in winning the admiration of multitudes who do not know very much about the fine arts. In answer to this let me observe that an artist ought never to be blamed because he is not some other kind of a man; the only question which concerns the critic is whether the painter is, or is not, good in his own kind; and again that true criticism ought to place itself resolutely above the jealousies of artists. . . . Bouguereau has not sufficient strength of realism for subjects frankly taken from the actual world, but when reality is not wanted his idealism is very valuable. I cannot imagine a better painter for Roman Catholic chapels and churches. The worshipper does not want to see the Holy Virgin as the carpenter's wife at Nazareth,



THE MADONNA.

Bouguereau.

he wants to be helped so that his imagination may realize what to him is more than half divine — woman, indeed, in form, but raised far above earthly humanity by heavenly grace and favor.

“Bouguereau’s Virgins are, I should suppose, exactly what a modern Roman Catholic would feel to be most in unison with his thought. . . . In all of these pictures a graceful and highly refined conception is sustained by execution which is absolutely perfection in its own kind, beautiful painting and drawing together, to which in background decorations of stone and marble the artist adds the severer test of an architect.” — *P. G. Hamerton*. [In the *Princeton Review*, 1878.]

William Adolphe Bouguereau (1825– ) adopted art as a profession in spite of the protests of his parents, who then compelled him to support himself. This he did easily, going to a place that no artist had before visited and painting portraits at three dollars each. He won the *Prix de Rome*, which gave him the usual four years’ study in Italy.

**Method.** — Of what is this a picture? How do you know? Do you like it? Why? (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

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### CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS — HOFMANN

#### Literature:

CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. 60, p. 653.

“The ideal beauty of the Boy Christ is beyond description, — the graceful figure, the perfect head, the peculiarly transparent, spirituelle beauty of the complexion, the delicate features and thoughtful brow, the wisdom and fire of the



Rafael.

CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS.

dark eyes, the light of divine intellect upon the face of this wondrous Child, the revelation of the Messiah to the doctors of law.

"We, too, find ourselves, as it were, hanging upon his words as the elders did, scarcely daring to stir lest the vision vanish, yet almost ready to assert that which would proclaim it no vision—that the tint of color comes and goes in the sensitive face. . . .

"We watch the expression of the doctors, also. That profound thinker at the left . . . absently strokes his beard, resting his elbow upon the open book on the reading-desk, while his deep-set eyes are fixed on the Child. Notice the look of interest and surprise upon the face of the man just behind. . . . And the patriarch in the centre, who leans upon a staff and listens with the shrewd calculating air of one who would detect flaws in the reasoning of this eloquent young expounder of the law. See the fair-minded philosopher beside him, who interrogates Christ with earnest sincerity; and the sage seated in the foreground with the book upon his knees, who, looking from the ancient prophecies to the Child, marvels at his wisdom and his answers!" — *Catholic World*, February, 1895.

Heinrich Hofmann (1824— ) is professor of painting as well as a painter, still living in Dresden.

**Method.** — Read or tell the children the story of the finding of Christ in the Temple.

Develop the composition, which is clearly given in the extract from the *Catholic World*, by asking about each of the figures in turn. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)



Blasfield.

THE CHIMES.

II. — F



*CHRISTMAS CHIMES — BLASHFIELD*

If one excepts such references as a note in *Open Letters, Century*, December, 1892, there is scarcely any available literature for this remarkable New York painter, whose pictures rank high in that land of artists, France, and some of whose beautiful work adorns the National Library.

He was born in 1848 and educated in the studios of W. M. Hunt, Bonnat, and Gérôme. This particular picture was painted in Paris, but the studies for the bells were made in Florence, Giotto's Tower, and St. Nicholas in Blois.

**Method.** — Of what is this a picture? What do the angels seem to be saying? What else joins in the happy chorus?

Make emphatic the message of good-will toward men, which is the real significance of the picture. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

**JANUARY**  
**(THE GREAT MASTERS)**



## JANUARY

(THE GREAT MASTERS)

### ANGEL — FRA ANGELICO

#### Literature :

HANDBOOK OF PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Kugler</i>
FRA ANGELICO . . . . .	<i>Phillimore</i> (Great Artist Series)
FRA ANGELICO . . . . .	<i>Sweetser</i>
MORNINGS IN FLORENCE . . . . .	<i>John Ruskin</i>
MIDSUMMER OF ITALIAN ART . . . . .	<i>Stearns</i>
MEMOIRS OF EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Jameson</i>
HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTHERN ITALY . . . . .	<i>Croze and Cavalcaselle</i>
RENAISSANCE IN ITALY, vol. 3 . . . . .	<i>Symonds</i>
MAKERS OF FLORENCE . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Oliphant</i>
CENTURY, vol. 16, p. 616; CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. 4, p. 671.	

This angel is one of the twelve which make a surrounding arch for the Virgin and Child.

"In the heads of his young angels, in the purity and beatitudes of his saints, he has never been excelled, — not even by Raphael." — *Mrs. Jameson*.

"By no other hand are these beings of another sphere depicted so genuinely as the gentle guardians of man. . . . They invariably have an angelic individuality which takes the feelings captive." — *Kugler*.

"The angels of Angelico, with the flame on their white foreheads waving brighter as they move, and the sparkles

streaming from their purple wings like the glitter of many suns upon a sounding sea, listening, in the pauses of alternate song, for the prolonging of the trumpet blast, and the answering of psaltery and cymbal throughout the endless deed and throughout all the star shores of Heaven." — *Ruskin, in Modern Painters.*

"The full outpouring of the sacred spirit that there is in Angelico." — *Ruskin, in Modern Painters.*

"The life of Angelico was almost entirely spent in the endeavor to imagine the beings belonging to another world. By purity of life, habitual elevation of thought, and natural sweetness of disposition, he was enabled to express the sacred affections upon the human countenances as no one ever did before or since. In order to effect clearer distinctions between heavenly beings and those of this earth, he represents the former as clothed in draperies of the purest color, crowned with glories of burnished gold, and entirely shadowless. With exquisite choice of gesture and disposition of folds of drapery, this mode of treatment gives perhaps the best idea of spiritual beings which the human mind is capable of forming. It is therefore a true ideal; but the mode in which it is arrived at (being so far mechanical and contradictory of the appearances of nature) necessarily precludes those who practise it from being complete masters of their art. It is always childish, but beautiful in its childishness." — *Ruskin, in Modern Painters.*

Fra Giovanni da Fiesole (1387–1455) (surnamed because of his saintly character "Angelico") was an Italian Domini-



**Fra Angeloo.**

**ANGEL.**

can monk. He is said always to have said a prayer before beginning to paint. "The life of this really angelic father," says Vasari, "was devoted to the service of God, the benefit of the world, and duty toward his neighbor. He shunned the worldly in all things, and during his pure and simple life was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul must now be in Heaven. He painted incessantly, but would never lay his hand to any but a sacred subject; he might have had wealth, but he scorned it, saying that true riches were to be found in content. He might have ruled over many, but he would not, saying that obedience was easier and less liable to error. He might have enjoyed dignities, but disdained them, affirming that the only dignity he sought was to avoid hell and gain Heaven. He was wont to say that the practice of art required repose and holy thoughts, and that he who would depict the acts of Christ must learn to live with Christ."

**Method.** — Show the children as many of the angels as is possible, and allow them to choose their favorites. Tell them the story of his life, giving to them some idea of monastic life. Read to them portions, at least, of Vasari's account given above, and perhaps even bits from Ruskin. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

MONA LISA—LEONARDO DA VINCI

Literature :

LEONARDO DA VINCI . . . . .	<i>Muntz</i>
MIDSUMMER OF ITALIAN ART . . . . .	<i>Stearns</i>
RENAISSANCE IN ITALY, vol. 3 . . . . .	<i>Symonds</i>
HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTH ITALY	<i>Crowe and Cavalcaselle</i>
MEMOIRS OF ITALIAN PAINTERS . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Jameson</i>
FIVE PAINTERS . . . . .	<i>Eastlake</i>
RENAISSANCE STUDIES IN ART AND POETRY . . . . .	<i>Walter Pater</i>
ITALY . . . . .	<i>Taine</i>
OLD PAINTERS . . . . .	<i>Lee</i>
HANDBOOK OF PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Kugler</i>
BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FINE ARTS . . . . .	<i>Spooner</i>
LEONARDO DA VINCI . . . . .	<i>Richter (Great Artist Series)</i>
ART JOURNAL, vol. 4, p. 45 ; vol. 11, p. 97 ; vol. 46, p. 166 ; PORT- FOLIO, vol. 2, p. 13 ; vol. 24, p. 153 ; ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 1893, vol. 73, p. 414 ; MONIST, vol. 4, p. 507 ; LIVING AGE, vol. 124, p. 643 ; NINETEENTH CENTURY, vol. 38, p. 411 ; CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. 60, p. 235 ; CENTURY, vol. 19, p. 838 ; SCRIBNER, vol. 17, p. 337.	
MONA LISA . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>
MONA LISA'S PICTURE. "Cartoons" . . . . .	<i>Margaret J. Preston</i>

"His highest triumph was the portrait of Mona Lisa. All description of it would be in vain. As the countenance of the Sistine Madonna represents the purest maidenliness, so we see here the most beautiful woman, — worldly, earthly, without sublimity, without enthusiasm, — but with a calm, restful placidity about her which makes us stand before her with endless delight." — *Hermann Grimm*.

"The eyes had that moisture and sparkle which we see continually in nature, and which cannot be rendered with-



out the greatest subtlety. The lashes, showing how the hairs grew in the skin, — in one part thicker, in another thinner, and following the curve of the pores, — could not be more natural. The nose, with its nostrils, pink and tender, seemed to be alive. The mouth, with its line of separation, and its extremities united by the red of the lips with the carnations of the face, seemed not color, but really flesh. In the dimple of the throat, if you looked carefully, you saw the pulse beat; and, in truth, you might say that it was painted in a manner to make any artificer fear and tremble, be he whom he might. He employed also this artifice that, Madonna Lisa being most beautiful, he had some one who, while he drew her, sang or made music on some instrument, and buffoons who kept her merry, so as to relieve the gravity which painting gives to portraiture; and in this work of Leonardo there was a smile so charming that it was a thing more divine than human to see, and it was held so wonderful a thing that the living person could not be beyond it." — *Vasari*.

Mrs. Preston ("Cartoons") makes Leonardo say: —

"Nothing that my pencil ever touches  
Is wholly done. There's some evasive grace  
Always beyond, which still I fail to reach  
As, heretofore, I've failed to hold and fix  
Your Mona Lisa's changeful loveliness.  
Why think of it, my lord. Here's Nature's self  
Has patient wrought these two and twenty years  
With subtlest transmutations, making her  
Your pride, the pride of Florence, and — my despair."

"*La Gioconda*" is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and



**MONA LISA.**

**Da Vinci.**

work. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least. As often happens with works in which invention seems to have reached its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented, by the master. In an inestimable folio of drawings . . . were certain designs by Verrocchio, faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays over all Leonardo's work. Besides, the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams; and, but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had she and the dream grown thus apart, yet so closely together? Present from the first, incorporeal in Leonardo's thought, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in *Il Gioconde's* house.

"That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means—the presence of mimes and flute-players—that subtle expression was protracted on the face." — *Walter Pater*.

Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519) had from the beginning the advantage of the best instruction. As a child, he was

particularly proficient in mathematics. He invented for himself a musical instrument, resembling a lyre, to which he sung songs, the words and music of which he composed himself. But, after all, it was art that he liked best of all. He studied under Verrocchio, who almost at once employed him to execute an angel in a large picture on which he was then engaged. Leonardo's angel so far surpassed the rest of the picture, so says the story, that Verrocchio, enraged that a child should thus excel him, threw away his palette and spent his energies from that time on in sculpture and design.

His father asked him to paint something on a circular piece of wood cut from an old fig tree on his estate. Leonardo resolved to astonish his father. He determined to compose something that should have on the observer the same effect as that of the Medusa on the shield of Perseus. He collected together all kinds of reptiles, insects, and other crawling and flying things. Out of these he compounded a monster which seemed just about to issue from the shield. When he had finished it, he led his father into the room. The terror and horror of the latter proved how successful the lad must have been. The original has disappeared, but the "Medusa's Head" in Florence undoubtedly owes its power to these early studies of his.

In Milan, where he resided at the court of the duke, he painted several famous works, the greatest being, without doubt, "The Last Supper." This was painted in oils on the walls of a convent a little distance out from Milan. It has met with misfortune after misfortune, the most fatal of which was undoubtedly its treatment at the hands of the

French soldiers, who turned the room into a stable. It is said to be a wreck; but no one can look at it even yet without being impressed with the grandeur of the conception.

The rest of his life was, in a great measure, absorbed with rivalries between himself and Michelangelo, just as, later, the latter quarrelled with the growing fame of Raphael. At last, and partly in consequence of this, he left Rome for the court of the French king, in whose arms, it is said, he died.

"He was the miracle of that age of miracles," writes Mrs. Jameson; "ardent and versatile as youth; patient and persevering as age; a most profound and original thinker; the greatest mathematician and the most ingenious mechanic of his time — architect, chemist, engineer, musician, poet, painter! we are not only astounded by the variety of his natural gifts and acquired knowledge, but by the practical direction of his amazing powers. The extracts that have been published from MSS. now existing in his own handwriting show him to have anticipated, by the force of his own intellect, some of the greatest discoveries made since his time."

**'Of The Last Supper.'** — "He here gave expression to the exact moment of time best adapted to animate his history, which is the moment when the Redeemer addresses his disciples, saying, 'One of you will betray me.' Then each of his innocent followers is seen to start as if struck with a thunderbolt; those at a distance seem to interrogate their companions, as if they must have mistaken what he had said; others, according to their natural dispositions, appear variously affected: one of them swooned away, one stands

lost in astonishment, a third rises in indignation, while the very simplicity and candor depicted on the countenance of a fourth seems to place him beyond the reach of suspicion. But Judas instantly draws in his countenance and, while he appears as if attempting to give it an air of innocence, the eye rests upon him in a moment as the undoubted traitor. Vinci himself used to observe that for the space of a whole year he employed his time in meditating how he could best give expression to the features of so bad a heart, and that being accustomed to frequent a place where the worst characters were known to assemble, he there met with a physiognomy suited to his purpose, to which he also added the features of many others. In the figures of the two Saints James, presenting fine forms, most appropriate to the characters, he availed himself of the same plan; and being unable, with the utmost diligence, to invest that of Christ with a superior air to the rest, he left it unfinished, according to Vasari, though Arménini pronounced it exquisitely complete. The rest of the picture — the table-cloth with its folds, the whole of the utensils, the table, the architecture, the distribution of the lights, the perspective of the ceiling — all was conducted with the most exquisite care; all was worthy of the finest pencil in the world." — *Lanzi*.

**Method.** — This is a picture not at first sight interesting to children. A little skill on your part will, however, invest it with all the mysterious charm that it has kept all these years for those who give to it more than a passing look. Show them at the same time a picture of the "Madonna of the Rocks," of Lucrezia Crivelli (La Belle

Ferronnière), of a drawing of a woman's head, published by the Perry Company, letting them discover for themselves the remarkable resemblance, particularly in the smile, between these women. Tell them, then, that two of these are good portraits, tell them of Verrocchio's drawings, made long before either of them could have seen the Mona Lisa, of the four long years that he patiently worked over the portrait, not deeming it finished at the end of four years even, and of the means that he took to preserve on her face the wonderful smile that was so characteristic of the lady, but of which Leonardo had dreamed almost before her birth. If now they are not full of enthusiasm for the beautiful lady, then it must be because you yourself are destitute of imagination, for childhood revels in mysteries.

Does she smile with her eyes or mouth, or both together? How shall we find out? Cover each separately, noticing the effect of the exclusion of each.

The life of so wonderful a man as Leonardo cannot fail to interest the children. They should become familiar with other pictures of his, certainly "The Last Supper," and probably the "Medusa's Head." (See also pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

### *THE DELPHIC SIBYL* — MICHELANGELO

#### Literature :

RENAISSANCE IN ITALY, vol. 3	. . . .	<i>Symonds</i>
MIDSUMMER OF ITALIAN ART	. . . .	<i>Stearns</i>
HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTH ITALY	<i>Crowe and Cavalcaselle</i>	
MEMOIRS OF EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS	. . . .	<i>Mrs. Jameson</i>
HANDBOOK OF PAINTING	. . . .	<i>Kugler</i>



Michelangelo.

THE DELPHIC SIBYL.

II. — G



LIFE OF MICHEL ANGELO . . . . .	<i>Hermann Grimm</i>
FIVE PAINTERS . . . . .	<i>Eastlake</i>
OLD PAINTERS . . . . .	<i>Lee</i>
ITALY . . . . .	<i>Taine</i>
MAKERS OF FLORENCE . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Oliphant</i>
RENAISSANCE STUDIES IN ART AND POETRY	<i>Pater</i>
TEN LECTURES ON ART . . . . .	<i>Poynter</i>
EXCURSIONS . . . . .	<i>W. W. Story</i>
BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FINE ARTS . . . . .	<i>Spooner</i>
MICHELANGELO . . . . .	<i>Clement</i> (Great Artist Series)
LIFE AND WORK OF MICHEL ANGELO . . . . .	<i>Wilson</i>
MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI . . . . .	<i>Black</i>
LIFE OF MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI . . . . .	<i>Harford</i>
LIFE OF MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI . . . . .	<i>Symonds</i>

PORTFOLIO, vol. 24, p. 84; ART JOURNAL, vol. 14, p. 26; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 3, p. 266; NATION, vol. 55, p. 434; NINETEENTH CENTURY, vol. 32, p. 818; LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 127, p. 451; vol. 196, p. 94; FORTNIGHTLY, vol. 15, p. 709; vol. 16, p. 559; ATLANTIC, vol. 71, p. 406; vol. 51, pp. 145, 289.

SEVEN SONNETS OF MICHELANGELO, translated by *Longfellow*

VITTORIA TO MICHELANGELO	} in "Cartoons," by	<i>Margaret J. Preston</i>
IN THE SISTINE		
THE DUKE'S COMMISSION		
MICHELANGELO'S KISS . . . . .		<i>Rossetti</i>

"The sibyls, according to the legends of the Middle Ages, stand next in dignity to the prophets of the Old Testament. It was their office to foretell the coming of the Saviour to the heathens, as it was that of the prophets to announce it to the Jews. . . . The authority of the sibylline writings with the pagans soon suggested the pious fraud of interpolating them; the direct allusions to the Messiah that they contain are supposed to have been inserted in the second

century. . . . The circumstance of their appearing in art equal in rank with the prophets may have arisen from the manner in which St. Augustine speaks of the Erythræan sibyl's testimony immediately before he adverts to that of the prophets of the Old Testament." — *Sir Charles Eastlake*.

"This is one of the sibyls in the series of sibyls and prophets, painted by Michelangelo on the curved part of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

"These are among the most wonderful forms that modern art has called into life. They are all seated and employed in contemplating books or antique rolls of manuscript, with genii in attendance. These mighty beings sit before us, looking down with solemn meditative aspects, or upwards with inspired looks that see into futurity. All their forms are massive and sublime, all are full of varied and individual character." — *Memoirs of Early Italian Painters, Mrs. Jameson*.

"To kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man." — *Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

"The prophets and sibyls in the triangular compartments of the curved portion of the ceiling are the largest figures in the whole work; these, too, are among the most wonderful forms that modern art has called into life. They are all represented seated, employed with books or rolled manuscripts; genii stand near or behind them. These mighty beings sit before us pensive, meditative, inquiring, or looking upward with inspired countenances. Their

forms and movements, indicated by the grand lines and masses of the drapery, are majestic and dignified. We see in them beings who, while they feel and bear the sorrows of a corrupt and sinful world, have power to look for consolation into the secrets of the future. Yet the greatest variety prevails in the attitudes and expressions—each figure is full of individuality. . . . The sibyls are equally characteristic: the Persian—a lofty, majestic woman, very aged; the Erythræan—full of power, like the warrior goddess of wisdom; the Delphic—like Cassandra, youthfully soft and graceful, but with strength to bear the awful seriousness of revelation.” — *Kugler*.

“The Sibylla Delphica, with waving hair escaping from her turban, is a beautiful young being—the most human of all—gazing into vacancy of futurity. She holds a scroll.” — *Lady Eastlake*.

“The reading of the lessons began. But it was impossible to keep the eyes fixed on the lifeless letters of the missal; they raised themselves, with the thought, to the vast universe, which Michelangelo had breathed forth in colors upon the ceiling and the walls. I contemplated his mighty sibyls and wondrously glorious prophets, every one of them a subject for a painting.” — *Improvisatore, Hans Christian Andersen*.

“In the prophets and sibyls of the Sistine some of the same power is apparent, combined with solemnity, mystery, weirdness, even the spirit of that prophecy which characterized the originals. The conceptions are lofty to sublimity, nor are the forms at all unworthy of the ideas that

they embody; but they are not so great as the latter. Bouguereau could have drawn them as well; Delacroix could have given them a more harmonious coloring; Alfred Stevens or Carolus-Duran could have painted them their garments much better; but all of them together could not have created that idea of mystery and power which attaches to them." — *J. C. van Dyke*.

Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475–1564), sculptor, architect, painter, and poet, was of noble family. His father treated his taste for art with harshness and contempt. But the boy persevered in secret studies and progressed so rapidly that finally Ghirlandajo persuaded his father to allow him to study in his studio, paying for his work instead of receiving money for his instruction. Lorenzo the Magnificent was so impressed with his extraordinary power that he offered to take entire care of his education. He treated him as his own son. But, of course, this favor roused the jealousy of others. In a quarrel one of his companions hit him a blow with a mallet, which flattened his nose, disfiguring him for life. Although the blow was not unprovoked, the young man was banished.

Pope Julius II in his own lifetime began the work on his mausoleum. For this Michelangelo made his famous statue of Moses. But the Pope was persuaded that it was ominous to erect a monument during his lifetime. He ceased to supply the artist with the necessary money to carry on the work. On one occasion, even, Michelangelo found it impossible to see him. So he sent him a message, saying that the next time his Holiness wished to see him he

would have to seek him out of Florence. The Pope at once sent five messengers for him, but in vain. At last others persuaded him again to see the Pope. When he came into his presence he was at supper. Julius spoke to him angrily, but Michelangelo, who never did things by halves, fell on his knees, saying:—

“Holy father, my offence has not arisen from an evil nature. I could no longer endure the insults offered me in the palace of your Holiness.” The Pope knit his brows in silence. Whereupon one of the bishops said: “Poor Michelangelo erred through ignorance. Artists are wont to presume too much upon their genius.” The irascible Pope hit the poor bishop across the shoulders with his staff, saying, “It is thou that art ignorant and presuming, to insult him whom we feel ourselves bound to honor!”

Some time after that, at the Pope’s command, Michelangelo began the decoration of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, of which this figure, the Delphic Sibyl, is a part. As he knew nothing of the technique of fresco painting, he invited several eminent painters to help him. But, feeling that they were spoiling his designs, in a fit of impatience he destroyed all that they had done, and would not afterward even allow them to enter the door. Then he began himself to do the entire work, even to the grinding of the colors, and completed the whole magnificent work in an incredibly short time.

After the expulsion of the Medici, for nine months, Michelangelo, now turned engineer, fortified the city against the attacks of their armies. When at last the city was given up to them again, Michelangelo fled. But he

was pardoned, and continued from that time on in high favor. Pope Julius III rose always at his approach, seated him at his right hand, and talked with him as an equal, while crowds of cardinals and ambassadors stood around at humble distances. The Grand-Duke Cosmo always stood, hat in his hand, while speaking with him.

His masterpieces are the "Last Judgment" and the dome of St. Peter.

**Method.** — Before discussing this picture, it would be well to give the children some idea of its place and *raison d'être*, as well as an idea of the great man who composed it. Show them, also, pictures of the "Pantheon suspended in the air," namely, St. Peter's, the statues of Moses, of David, and of the two slaves. The "Last Judgment" is considered his finest painting, but it must be confessed that it would be of doubtful utility to show it. But the picture of the "Three Fates," although not executed by his hand, will be very interesting to them. Direct their attention to the different occupations of each of the three figures, Clotho, to the right, with the spindle; Lachesis, in the centre, with gentle mien, holding the thread; while Atropos, the fate that cannot be avoided, cuts the thread of life. Let them notice the strong resemblance between the faces. The story goes that they were all painted from one model, — an old woman who offered her son to fight for the city when Michelangelo was conducting the defence of Florence. (See also pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

## *THE SISTINE MADONNA—RAPHAEL*

### Literature :

HANDBOOK OF PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Kugler</i>
MEMOIRS OF EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Jameson</i>
MIDSUMMER OF ITALIAN ART . . . . .	<i>Stearns</i>
FIVE PAINTERS . . . . .	<i>Eastlake</i>
GREAT ARTISTS . . . . .	<i>Knox</i>
OLD PAINTERS . . . . .	<i>Lee</i>
RENAISSANCE IN ITALY . . . . .	<i>Symonds</i>
ITALY . . . . .	<i>Taine</i>
BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FINE ARTS . . . . .	<i>Spooner</i>
LEGENDS OF THE MADONNA . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Jameson</i>
RAPHAEL . . . . .	<i>Muntz</i>
RAPHAEL OF URBINO . . . . .	<i>Crowe and Cavalcaselle</i>
RAPHAEL AND HIS FATHER . . . . .	<i>Passavant</i>
RAPHAEL AND MICHELANGELO . . . . .	<i>Perkins</i>
LIFE OF RAPHAEL . . . . .	<i>Hermann Grimm</i>
RAPHAEL . . . . .	<i>D'Anvers (Great Artist Series)</i>
RAPHAEL . . . . .	<i>Sweetser</i>
CHILD OF URBINO; IN BIMBI . . . . .	<i>Ouida</i>

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, vol. 195, p. 643; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 6, p. 434; vol. 7, p. 323; vol. 9, p. 371; vol. 12, p. 151; vol. 17, p. 295; ART JOURNAL, vol. 3, pp. 1, 69; vol. 9, p. 365; vol. 11, p. 47; PORTFOLIO, vol. 1, p. 20; vol. 7, p. 248; CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. 31, p. 816; CENTURY, vol. 21, p. 164.

RAPHAEL . . . . .	<i>Whittier</i>
RAPHAEL; IN ITALY . . . . .	<i>Samuel Rogers</i>
IN THE SISTINE. "Cartoons" . . . . .	<i>Margaret J. Preston</i>

"Here the Madonna, in a glory of cherubims, standing on the clouds, with the eternal Son in her arms, appears truly as the Queen of Heaven. St. Sistine and St. Barbara kneel at the sides. These two figures help to connect the com-



THE SISTINE MADONNA.

Raphael.



position with the real spectators. A curtain, drawn back, encloses them on each side; below is a light parapet, on which two beautiful boy angels lean. The Madonna is one of the most wonderful creations of Raphael's pencil. There is something indescribable in the countenance, which expresses a timid astonishment at the miracle of her own elevation, and, at the same time, the freedom and dignity resulting from the consciousness of her divine situation. The Child rests naturally, but not listlessly, in her arms and looks down upon the world with the grandest expression. Never has the loveliness of childhood been blended so marvellously with a solemn consciousness of a high calling as in the features and countenance of this Child. The eye is at first so riveted on these two figures, as hardly to do justice to the dignity of St. Sixtus, the devotion of St. Barbara, or to the rapt expression of the two angel children. This is a rare example of a picture in Raphael's later time executed by his own hand. No design of the subject . . . has come to light. The execution itself evidently shows that the picture was painted without any such preparation. Proofs are not wanting even of alterations in the original composition. The two angels in the lower part are very evidently a later addition by the master's hand." — *Handbook of Painting, Kugler.*

"On entering . . . for the first time I . . . looked round for the 'Madonna del Sisto,' — literally with a kind of misgiving. Familiar as the form might be to the eye and the fancy . . . still the unknown original held a sanctuary in my imagination, like the mystic Isis behind her veil. . . .

Yes, there she was indeed! that divinest image that ever shaped itself in palpable hues and forms to the living eye! What a revelation of ineffable grace and purity and truth and goodness! . . . when I looked up at it to-day, it gave me the idea, or rather the feeling, of a vision descending and floating down upon me. The head of the Virgin is quite superhuman: to say that it is beautiful gives no idea of it. . . . There is such a blessed calm in every feature! And the eyes beaming with a kind of internal light look straight out of the picture, — not at you or me, not at anything belonging to this world, — but through and through the universe. The unearthly Child is a sublime vision of power and grandeur, and seems not so much supported as enthroned in her arms. . . . St. Barbara . . . seems to be giving a last look at the earth, above which the group is raised as on a hovering cloud. St. Sixtus is evidently pleading . . . for the congregation of sinners who are supposed to be kneeling before the picture — that is, for us — to whom he points. Finally, the cherubs below, with their upward look of rapture and wonder, blending the most childish innocence with a sublime inspiration, complete the harmonious whole, uniting heaven with earth.” — *Sketches of Art, Mrs. Jameson.*

Raphael Sanzio (1483-1520). On a certain Good Friday, not very many years before Columbus discovered America, there was born into the family of an artist, a little boy destined to become one of the world's greatest painters. It was in the Italian city of Urbino, which was at that time one of the chief centres of intellectual and artistic activities.

In this favorable environment, taught by his father, Raphael spent the first sixteen years of his life. Later he studied and worked first with Perugino, and afterward in Florence and Rome.

Always everybody loved him, for he was beautiful, charming in his manner, and kind of heart. He was welcomed as an equal by princes and scholars, and yet he was always sincerely modest. He lived like a prince, with his devoted students for courtiers.

He died on a Good Friday, at the age of thirty-seven, from a fever which lasted only ten days. His body was laid in state in his studio, with his last great unfinished picture, "The Transfiguration," at his head. All Rome came to see for the last time the divine painter whom they loved and for whom they mourned.

**Method.** — Secure at least one photograph which will show the cherub heads in the background. Develop the composition of the picture by suggestive questions. Let the children compare the Madonna with others which they have seen, that they may see with the mind's eye the unsurpassable dignity, modesty, and holiness of this figure. The Christ Child may be compared with other Christ Childs and with the two cherubs in the same way.

No one who loves children and pictures will make the great mistake of letting her pupils see the framework of her questions, thus allowing the conversation to become formal. But there must be a framework in her own mind. A knowledge of composition will help her to direct the observation of the children that they may really *see* the pictures; but, after all, it is the message of the painter

which is all-important. To understand this takes intelligence and soul and heart. And she who understands by reason of this head and heart will know how, and how much, to interpret to the child — something no manual can teach. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)



**FEBRUARY**

**(GREAT MASTERS — *Continued*)**



## FEBRUARY

(GREAT MASTERS — *Continued*)

### MADONNA OF THE MEYER FAMILY

HANS HOLBEIN

#### Literature :

HOLBEIN AND HIS TIME . . . . . *Woltmann*  
HANS HOLBEIN . . . . . *Cundall* (Great Artist Series)  
BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FINE ARTS . . . . . *Spooner*

ART JOURNAL, vol. 19, p. 55; PORTFOLIO, vol. 9, p. 1; vol. 23, p. 131; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 9, pp. 194, 350; vol. 15, pp. 1, 275; vol. 19, p. 155; vol. 49, p. 45; NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, vol. 10, p. 101; CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. 59, p. 744.

“According to family tradition, the youngest son of the burgomaster (Jacob Meyer of Basle) was sick even unto death, and through . . . merciful intercession . . . was restored to his parents, who, in gratitude, dedicated this offering. The Child in her (the Madonna’s) arms is generally supposed to be the Infant Christ. I have fancied as I looked on the picture, that it may be the poor sick child recommended to her mercy, for the face is very pathetic; the limbs are not merely delicate, but attenuated; while on comparing it with the robust child (the little brother restored to health) who stands below, the resemblance and the contrast are both striking.”—*From Legends of the Madonna, Mrs. Jameson.*



"Most of Holbein's heads are not beautiful in the plastic sense of the word, but none the less they are singularly interesting, for under their very ugliness and vulgarity we find the thought and feeling that glorifies everything." — *Jules Bastien-Lepage.*

It has also been suggested that while the child in the arms is the sick child, the boy who is standing is the same child after his recovery. But the earliest records all speak of the picture as "Maria with the Holy Child" or "Maria with the Infant Christ." Moreover, Holbein was always direct and simple in his pictures. It seems almost impossible that he would ever have painted anything so obscure.

The figure on the right of the Virgin is Burgomaster Jacob Meyer, a man of great energy and ability, one of Holbein's early patrons. The children below are his two sons. On the other side, the figure nearest the Virgin, with her head wrapped with linen cloths, is supposed to be the first wife of the burgomaster. The woman next is his second and living wife, and the one next to her, his daughter.

Hans Holbein (1497?–1543) was the favorite son of a German of considerable ability as an artist, but with small success in money matters.

The son, however, managed to pick up an excellent education outside as well as inside of art. One of his early friends was the great Erasmus. Through him he came to England under the patronage of Sir Thomas More, in whose household he lived. Most of his famous portraits were painted in England, where he lived until his death from the plague. Among these pictures were the various por-



Holbein.

**THE MADONNA OF THE MEYER FAMILY.**

(The central figure only is printed in the pupil's book.)

traits of Henry VIII, with whom he was a great favorite, his numerous wives, and Sir Thomas More.

Before Holbein quitted Basle for England, he determined to give the people a proof of his ability. On the forehead of his last portrait he painted a fly. The original of the portrait attempted to brush off the fly, so cleverly was it painted. The story goes on to say that when the news spread, orders began to pour in, in order to keep their great painter in the city.

The following story shows that Henry VIII appreciated his value. It is said that on one occasion, when one of his lords complained that Holbein had thrown him downstairs that he answered him thus:—

“You have not to do with Holbein, but with me. I tell you of seven peasants I can make seven lords; but of seven lords I cannot make one Holbein! Begone!”

**Method.** — Of whom is this a picture? At whom is she looking? Tell them the different figures in the picture, and so much of his life as you deem suitable. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

### ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN—TITIAN

#### Literature :

VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE	.	<i>Berensen</i>
HANDBOOK OF PAINTING	. . . . .	<i>Kugler</i>
FIVE PAINTERS	. . . . .	<i>Eastlake</i>
OLD PAINTERS	. . . . .	<i>Lee</i>
MAKERS OF VENICE	. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Oliphant</i>
RENAISSANCE IN ITALY, vol. 3	. . . . .	<i>Symonds</i>
ITALY	. . . . .	<i>Taine</i>



Titian.

**THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.**

**(The central figure only is printed in the pupil's book.)**

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FINE ARTS . . .	<i>Spooner</i>
MEMOIRS OF EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS . . .	<i>Mrs. Jameson</i>
TWO TOGETHER . . . . .	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i>
TITIAN, HIS LIFE AND TIMES . . . . .	<i>Crowe and Cavalcaselle</i>
CADONE OR TITIAN'S COUNTRY . . . . .	<i>Gilbert</i>
TITIAN . . . . .	<i>Heath (Great Artist Series)</i>

CENTURY, vol. 21, p. 576; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 5, p. 550; vol. 10, p. 242; ART JOURNAL, vol. 10, pp. 193, 225; PORTFOLIO, vol. 8, p. 49; LIVING AGE, vol. 132, p. 806; HARPER, vol. 55, p. 494.

“Foremost among these is the great ‘Assumption of the Virgin,’ in which every condition of his art has been so applied as to give distinctness, dignity, and a kind of sacred poetry to the representation. The Madonna here stands, full front, — a splendid type of woman, — enlarged to greater conspicuousness by the grand flutter of her blue mantle, as she is borne straight and rapidly upward. To her at once the eye is directed, not only from her central position, but from the gestures of the Apostles below, who, with uplifted heads and arms, carry the eye irresistibly to the object of their gaze. The little Amorini who accompany her on each side are the *ne plus ultra* of infantine beauty in form and action, while the little floating creatures under her feet are too few to interfere with the sense of the divine agency that impels her upward. Above is an angel, already of a different sphere — a creature suspended like a floating pennon, eagerly darting forward, as if by an act of volition, with a crown; while the figure of the Almighty, to which it brings the crown, about to cincture the Madonna’s head, though ample in idea and boundless in self-sustaining

power, is reduced by the aid of perspective to little more than a narrow line, in which all the difficulties of celestial forms and features are lost." — *Kugler's Handbook of Painting*.

" . . . The 'Assumption,' an achievement which placed him at the head of Venetian artists. He was employed to paint it for the high altar of Santa Maria de' Frari in Venice, and when after two years' labor it was raised to its place, the church was filled with an admiring crowd. Seen as it is now in the Academy, in a light and a place for which it was not intended, the consummate art which Titian employed to carry the eye up from the prominent group of the Apostles around the tomb of the Virgin, first to the figure in mid-air borne by angel-supported clouds, and higher still to the centre of light around the brow of the Eternal, is unappreciated.

"The wonderful effects, too, which would only suggest themselves to the eye of cultivated genius, of the different atmospheres encircling the three stages which the picture comprehends, are partially lost. All the seeming defects in drawing would be invisible in the gloom about the Frari altar, to which the painting was tempered down, and there would be room for no feeling but that of amazement at the marvellous conception. We should see nothing but the group upon the ground, moving with every impulse and inspired with every sensation that the scene creates: the choirs of angels calling to mind in form, but that alone, the Cupids of the garden of Venus, but here inflamed with a celestial love, turning their faces upward to the Father. . . .

"Every figure is taking part in the scene, every face reflects the glory of the Eternal. It would seem as if here the nature-taught soul of the painter had received inspiration from a power even beyond Nature herself, and had brought every device, both of coloring and of skill, to produce this magic effect." — *Richard Ford Heath*.

"The 'Assumption' is a noble picture because Titian believed in the Madonna. But he did not paint it to make any one else believe in her. He painted it because he enjoyed rich masses of red and blue, and faces flushed with sunlight." — *Modern Painters, John Ruskin*.

"When Titian or Tintoretto look at a human being, they see at a glance the whole of its nature, outside and in; all that it has of form, of color, of passion, or of thought, saintliness and loveliness; fleshly power and spiritual power, grace, or strength, or softness, or whatsoever other quality those men will see to the full, and so paint, that, when narrower people come to look at what they have done, everyone may, if he chooses, find his own special pleasure in the work. The sensualist will find sensuality in Titian; the thinker will find thought; the saint, sanctity; the colorist, color; the anatomist, form . . . there is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about the name of Titian, which means the deep consent of all great men, that he is greater than they." — *Two Paths, Ruskin*.

Tiziano Vecelli (1477-1576) was an artist almost from the day of his birth until he died, ninety-nine years of age. The story goes that when scarcely more than an infant,

with the juice of certain flowers for colors, he painted a Madonna. At the age of nine years, at any rate, he had shown so much ability that his father sent him to Venice to study painting and mosaic. He soon became the greatest painter of Venice, and Venice owned several great ones, — chief among which were his teachers, the Bellinis, and his fellow-student, Giorgione. He married and had two sons and one daughter, Lavinia, whose form and face, above all her beautiful "Titian" red hair, are familiar to all from her father's portraits of her.

The esteem in which Titian was held in his own day, as well as ours, may be judged by the following well-known story. Charles V, older at fifty than Titian at seventy-two, had commanded his presence at his court in Augsburg. While there not only were honors and a pension heaped upon him and his son, but he was also treated with the greatest personal distinction. On one occasion, Titian happened to drop his pencil. Charles immediately picked it up, and, presenting it to him, said, in answer to the painter's excuses, "Titian is worthy of being served by a Cæsar!"

Titian was placed on his right hand when he rode on horseback, "I have many nobles, but only one Titian," said the wise old monarch. It is said that he regarded the acquisition of a picture from him with as much satisfaction as the conquest of new provinces.

His last days were passed in the greatest content, waited upon by the one of his sons who was himself an artist of merit, in a beautiful home, surrounded by artists from every part of Europe, and visited by kings and princes proud to honor him.



Both Titian and his son died from the plague. They were alone in the house, for all who could had fled, hoping to escape the disease. Before life was quite extinct, some men entered his room and carried off before his eyes his money, jewels, and even some of his pictures. A law had been made during the plague that all dead bodies should be carried beyond the city. But even in that time of terror an exception was made in favor of Titian. His body was carried in honor to the church for which he had painted the "Assumption," and there he lies to-day, covered with a plain black marble slab, on which is simply inscribed his name.

**Method.** — With questions and suggestions develop the meaning of the picture.

See that the children see at least the beautiful portrait of himself and one of those of his beautiful daughter. (See also pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

### *THE ANGELUS* — MILLET

#### **Literature :**

For accounts of the artist, see pp. 30, 35. For the Barbizon school, see p. 35.

It was in 1859 that Millet finished his painting of "The Angelus." In this picture, the conception of which is undeniably original, Millet's fundamental thought was of music. He wishes to make audible the sounds of the country-side, even the very sound of the church bell. "It can be done by the truth of portrayal," he said.



YD-4

THE ANGELUS.

" . . . This 'Angelus' was one of his works for which Millet had a strong liking. In looking at it he lived over again the feelings of his youth. He saw in it a religious man, superstitious perhaps, with his life of labor, humiliation, and hope.

"As daylight fades, two peasants, a man and a woman, catch the sound of the Angelus; they rise, stay their work, and stand with heads bare; with eyes cast down they mutter the traditional words '*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria.*'

"The man, a true peasant of the country-side, his head protected by dense short hair, like a felt, prays in silence. The woman is bent in self-abasement. The country is girt with the light of a setting sun; it is the kind of evening when the earth and sky are flooded with purple. The tone is blended in one powerful harmony. Millet has put into it all the resources of his palette. When I saw this picture for the first time it was almost completed, and Millet said, 'What do you think of it?' My answer was simply, 'It is the Angelus; yes, that is it. You can hear the bells.' My words satisfied him. 'Then I am content; you have understood. That is all I wanted.'" — *Sensier*.

"If you look at 'The Angelus' long enough, you will realize that art may make people weep." — *Van Dyke*.

**Method.** — The meaning and composition of this picture may be developed in the usual way by questions and suggestions. Or, since this is probably a picture familiar to most of the children, another device might be used, viz.: give to them an account of the picture before showing it to them. The description quoted from Sensier might be read

to them instead. After asking them the name, distribute the copies, and discuss it in more detail.

By all means give them some idea of the painter and his other works. (See also pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

## *THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH—J. M. W. TURNER*

### Literature :

MODERN PAINTERS, AND ARROWS OF	
THE CHACE . . . . .	<i>John Ruskin</i>
LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER . . . . .	<i>P. G. Hamerton</i>
TURNER . . . . .	<i>W. Cosmo Monkhouse</i> (Great Artist Series)
THE WORKS OF J. M. W. TURNER . . . . .	<i>James Dafforne</i>
HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Richard Muther</i>
CENTURY OF PAINTERS OF THE ENGLISH	
SCHOOL . . . . .	<i>Redgrave</i>
OLD IRONSIDES . . . . .	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>
TURNER'S OLD TÉMÉRAIRE . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>

MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 8, p. 510; ART JOURNAL, vol. 4, p. 46; vol. 5, p. 74; vol. 45, pp. 162, 324; PORTFOLIO, vol. 7, pp. 28, 188; vol. 8, pp. 44, 145; vol. 9, pp. 2, 178; HARPER, vol. 56, p. 381; LIVING AGE, vol. 32, p. 421.

The *Téméraire* (the one that dares) was a famous old warship captured from the French by the English in the battle of the Nile and used by them for forty years afterward. She was then pronounced useless for further service. The rest of the story is clearly told in the picture.

“The highest art of all, then, is that which consists in the expression of one grand idea with such force that every

other thing is forgotten in its contemplation. This is the superlative of art, and this is sublime. If you will study Turner without the Ruskin commentary you will see somewhat of this in his suns and clouds. Mr. Ruskin tells you he is great because he knew about cleavages of rocks, spears of grass, sticks, stones, and trees; and that he was a great painter for one reason — because he painted these objects ‘true to nature’; but with all respect for Mr. Ruskin, I beg of you not to believe any such thing.

“It would not be less erroneous to say that Shakespeare was great because he made a pronoun agree with its noun in gender, number, and person; or that Milton was sublime because he knew how to beat off the accent of an heroic line. People are not great by reason of small accomplishments, but because of great conceptions and revelations; and this is the case with Turner. His paintings are, in some instances, quite sublime because they tell the grandeur and glory of the sun and the clouds, and for no other reason whatever.” — *John C. van Dyke*.

“It is said that in his last days he had sent a landscape to an exhibition. The committee, not able to discover which was the top or which the bottom, had hung it upside down. Later, when Turner came in to the exhibition and the mistake was about to be rectified, he said, ‘No, let it alone; it really makes a better effect as it is.’” — *Muther*.

“Glorious in conception; unfathomable in knowledge; solitary in power; with the elements waiting upon his will, and night and morning obedient to his call; sent as a prophet of God to reveal to men the mysteries of the uni-



Téméraire.

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE.

verse, standing, like the great angel of the Apocalypse, clothed with a cloud, and with a rainbow upon his head, and with the sun and stars given to his hand." — *Ruskin*.

"That phenomenon is Joseph Mallord William Turner, the great pyrotechnist, one of the most individual and intellectual landscape painters of all time. What singular personality! And how vexatious he is to all who merely care about correctness in art! Such persons divide the life of Turner into two halves, one in which he was reasonable, and one in which he was a fool. They grant him a certain talent during the first fifteen years of his activity; but from the moment when he is a complete master of his instrument, from the moment when the painter begins in glowing enthusiasm to embody his personal ideal, they would banish him from the kingdom of art and lock him up in a madhouse. . . .

"In reality, Turner was the same from the beginning. He circled round the fire like a moth, and craved, like Goethe, more light. He wanted to achieve the impossible and paint the sun. To attain his object nothing was too difficult. . . . He studied, analyzed, and copied Claude Lorraine; completely adopted his style, and painted pictures which threw Claude into eclipse by their magnificence and luminous power of color ['Dido Building Carthage']. . . . But at the hour when it was said to him, 'You are the real Claude Lorraine,' he answered, 'Now I am going to lead school, and begin to be Turner.' . . . It is impossible in words to give a representation of the essence of Turner; even copies merely excite false conceptions. 'Rockets

shot up; shocks of cannon thundered; balls of light mounted; crackers meandered through the air and burst; wheels hissed, each one separately, then in pairs, then all together, and ever more turbulently one after the other and together.' Thus has Goethe described a display of fireworks; and this passage perhaps conveys most readily the impression of Turner's pictures. To collect into a small space the greatest possible quantity of light, he makes the perspective deep and the sky boundless, and uses the sea to reflect the brilliancy . . . everywhere to the border of the picture, there is light. And he has painted all the gradations of light from the silvery morning twilight to the golden splendor of the evening red. Hissing and with explosions, volcanoes spit out their lava, which sets the trembling air aglow, and the flaring colors of which blind the eyes. The glowing ball of the sun stands behind the mist, and transforms the whole ether into fine golden vapor. . . . He is the greatest creator in color, the boldest poet among the landscape painters of all time. In him England's painting has put forth its greatest might, just as in Byron and Shelley, those two great powers, the English imagination unrolled its standard most proudly and brilliantly. There is only one Turner, and Ruskin is his prophet." — *Muther*.

J. M. W. Turner (1775–1851) was the son of a London barber, from whom he inherited, apparently, habits of mean economy, but also his honesty and industry.

His first drawing is said to have been done with his fingers in milk spilt on a tea-tray. At school his compan-



ions did his sums for him while he made all sorts of drawings for them. This perhaps accounts for the fact that while he could read, he was scarcely able to write, and that he was, to his life's end, illiterate.

His father had at first intended that he, too, should be a barber, but recognizing his talent, allowed him to follow his bent.

He studied for some time with Sir Joshua Reynolds, and afterward at the Royal Academy. But his great teachers were Claude Lorraine, Titian, and Cuyp, whose pictures he studied, and nature herself.

At the age of twenty he was a well-known artist.

Early in his career he travelled all over England and in a greater part of Wales, making drawings of castles and country places, for each of which he received half a crown and his supper.

He never married. His father lived with him. He used to stretch his canvases and varnish his pictures. Turner said of him, "He began and finished my pictures." He also sawed, planed, nailed together, and painted yellow the boards which served as frames. His lodging was a miserable place, and to it he invited no one, and where he lived with the utmost and unnecessary economy. But his industry was marvellous. Every morning he began at six, locking this door that no one might surprise him at his work and learn his secret methods.

After his father's death he lived with an old housekeeper, who tried to keep him strictly in order. That he might escape from her rule occasionally, he pretended to take long journeys from time to time. In reality he only

went to Chelsea, where he lived in another and equally miserable lodging. A letter incautiously left in his overcoat pocket betrayed his hiding-place. The housekeeper went to the house and found him dying. Ruskin tells us, "The window looked toward the sunset, and the dying eyes of the painter received the last rays of the sun which he had so often celebrated in glowing hymns."

**Method.** — The reading or recitation of Holmes's "Old Ironsides," and an account of the great battle of the Nile, would be excellent preparation for the study of this wonderful picture.

What is happening? What is the time of day? Is this appropriate? Why? Look at the sky, the water, the tug, the ship. In which direction is the ship coming? Why do you think so? Why does she set so high from the water?

Give them some account of Turner's life. If possible, show them some of his other pictures, perhaps the "Death of Nelson," and the "Slave Ship." (See also pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)



**MARCH**  
**(THE MODERN ARTISTS)**



## MARCH

### (THE MODERN MASTERS)

#### READING HOMER — ALMA-TADEMA

##### Literature :

ALMA-TADEMA, HIS LIFE AND WORKS, ART ANNUAL, 1886.

SCHOOL OF ENGLISH PAINTING	. . . .	<i>Chesneau</i>
HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING	. . . .	<i>Muther</i>
MEN OF MARK	. . . .	<i>Cooper</i>

CENTURY, vol. 25, p. 483; vol. 47, p. 483; REVIEW OF REVIEWS, vol. 9, p. 691; MCCLURE'S, vol. 8, p. 32; SCRIBNER'S, vol. 18, p. 663; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 2, p. 193; vol. 4, p. 94; vol. 5, p. 184; vol. 20, p. 42; ART JOURNAL, vol. 27, p. 9; ART JOURNAL, November, 1884.

“As a protest against the false dignity and commonplace stiffness which the impotent pedantry of academies has introduced into their formal dramas and heroic poems, Alma-Tadema has, in a manner, put the antique world into slippers and dressing-gown.” — *Chesneau*.

“This power of making himself believed, Alma-Tadema owes in the first place to his great archæological learning. . . . How the old Romans dressed, how their army was equipped and attired, became as well known to him as the appearance of citizens' houses, the artisans' workshops,

the market, and the bath. . . . There was no monument of brass or marble, no wall-painting, no pictured vase nor mosaic, no sample of ancient arts, of pottery, stone-cutting, or work in gold, that he did not study. His brain soon became a complete encyclopædia of antiquity. He knew the forms of architecture as well as he knew the old myths, and all the domestic appointments and robes as exactly as the usages of ritual. . . . The Pompeian house which he has built in London, with its dreamy vivadarium, its great golden hall, its Egyptian decorations, its Ionic pillars, its mosaic floor, and its Oriental carpets . . . is surrounded by a garden in the old Roman style; and a large conservatory adjoining is planted with plane trees and cypresses. All the celebrated marble benches and basins, the figures of stone and bronze, the tiger skins, and antique vessels and garments of his pictures may be found in this notable house in the midst of London. . . . The baths, the amphitheatre, or the atrium . . . are . . . parts of his own house." — *Richard Muther*.

Laurens Alma-Tadema (1836— ) is by birth and education a Dutchman. But he settled permanently in London in 1873, and has become a naturalized British subject in spite of his ancient lineage, of which, however, he is very proud.

His first English house was accidentally almost destroyed by the explosion of a boat in the river below laden with gunpowder and benzolin. The artist and his wife were absent at the time. It is said that the two children wakened from a sound sleep by glass, etc., hurled into their



Alma-Tadema.

**READING HOMER.**



room, instead of getting wildly excited, first rang the bell, as they had been instructed to do in case of an accident at night. The house, though it seemed ruined to others, only offered new possibilities for picturesqueness to Alma-Tadema. It is to-day the most wonderful and most beautiful house near London.

All of the family are musicians. His daughter Anna and his wife are also excellent artists, and his only other daughter, Laurence, a well-known writer ("Wings of Icarus").

**Method.** — What are the people doing in this picture? Who are they? Where are they? What time of day is it? Which of these is reading from Homer? Why does not each read for himself or herself? Who was Homer? What has the woman to the left of the reader been doing? Still farther to the left? the man standing up? What have they on their heads? Why?

Who painted the picture? How is he able to paint scenes that happened so long ago and so far away? (See also pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

### *A FASCINATING TALE* — MADAME RONNER

#### **Literature :**

CENTURY, vol. 24, p. 852; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 14, p. 21.

Madame Henriette Ronner (1821- ), called the Velasquez of Cats, came from a family of Dutch artists named Knip. Her only teacher was her blind father, whom she supported by means of her work. The first picture which



**A FASCINATING TALE.**

Konner.

she exhibited, when she was only sixteen, was entitled "Cats in the Window." It was sold immediately. Nevertheless, her subsequent work for many years was on dogs. After her father's death she married and moved to Brussels, where she now lives. For many years now she has devoted herself to the painting of cats. In order that she may the better study them, she has had made for them, when they sit for her, a wire and glass cage, well cushioned and provided with hanging bobs.

**Method.** — Why is this picture called "A Fascinating Tale"? In what room is it? How do you know? Do you like it? Why? (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

### **THE GOLDEN STAIR — SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES**

#### **Literature :**

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES . . . . . *Malcolm Bell*

STUDIES IN ENGLISH ART, vol. 2, *Wedmore*; CHAUTAUQUAN, vol. 15, p. 429; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 8, p. 286; ART JOURNAL, vol. 45, pp. 1, 82; REVIEW OF REVIEWS, vol. 9, p. 689; NATION, vol. 55, p. 395. For literature on the PRERAPHAELITES, see p. 124.

"In other pictures he abandons all attempts to introduce ideas, confining himself to the simple grouping of tender girlish figures, by means of which he makes a beautiful composition of the most subtle lines, forms, colors, and gestures. 'The Golden Stair' of 1878 was a picture of this description: a train of beautiful girls, beautiful as angels, descended the steps without aim or object, most of them with musical instruments, and all with the same deli-



Burne-Jones.

**THE GOLDEN STAIR.**

cate feet, and the same robes falling in beautiful folds.”  
— *Richard Muther*.

“Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898) was reading theology at Oxford when Rossetti went there to paint. He had had no training whatever, but some of his drawings shown Rossetti by a mutual friend so attracted him that he at once allowed him to paint for him one of the pictures on which he was engaged.

“Burne-Jones became an intimate friend of Rossetti and one of the most ardent of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood.

“His fame came suddenly. The Grosvenor Gallery, where his pictures were exhibited, became a temple to which crowded both men and women to worship before his pictures.” — *Richard Muther*.

## THE PRERAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

### Literature :

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI AND THE PRE-	
RAPHAELITE MOVEMENT . . . .	<i>Esther Wood</i>
ARROWS OF THE CHACE . . . .	<i>Ruskin</i>

CONTEMPORARY, vol. 49, pp. 471, 737, 820; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 4, p. 434; vol. 11, p. 187; ART JOURNAL, vol. 3, pp. 185, 285; vol. 13, p. 100; NATION, vol. 1, p. 273; vol. 56, p. 145; PUBLIC OPINION, vol. 13, p. 95; HARPER, vol. 82, p. 81.

“Preraphaelitism has but one principle, that of painting everything down to the minutest detail from nature, and from nature only.” — *Ruskin*.

Although Burne-Jones did not belong to the original movement, his name is closely associated with Pre-raphaelitism.

The following extracts from Holman Hunt's account in the *Contemporary* give a brief history of this movement:—

“An event of no small importance occurred to me: a fellow-student spoke to me of Ruskin's ‘Modern Painters’ and ended by lending it for a few days. . . . To get through the book I had to sit up most of the night more than once, and I returned it before I had gotten half the good there was in it. . . . When it had gone, the echo of its words stayed with me and pealed a further meaning and value in their inspiration whenever my more solemn feelings were touched in any way. . . . The companionship of Rossetti and myself soon brought about a meeting with Millais, at whose house one night we found a book of the engravings in the Campo Santo, Pisa. It was probably the finding of this book at this special time which caused the establishment of the Pre-raphaelite Brotherhood. Millais, Rossetti, and myself were all seeking for some sure ground, some starting-point for our art which would be secure, if it were ever so humble. As we searched through this book of engravings, we found in them, or thought we found, that freedom from corruption, pride, and disease for which we sought. . . . Whatever the imperfection, the whole spirit of the art was simple and sincere—was, as Ruskin afterward said, ‘eternally and unalterably true.’ Think what a revelation it was to find such work at such a moment, and to recognize it with the triple enthusiasm of our three

spirits. . . . Neither then nor afterward did we affirm that there was not much healthy and good art after the time of Raphael; but it appeared to us that afterward art was so frequently tainted with this canker of corruption that it was only in the earlier works we could find, with certainty, absolute health. . . . Think how different were the three temperaments that saw this clearly. I may say plainly of myself, that I was a steady and even enthusiastic worker, trained by a long course of early difficulties and opposition . . . and determined to find the right path for my art. Rossetti, with his spirit alike subtle and fiery, was essentially a proselytizer, sometimes even to an almost absurd degree, but possessed alike in his poetry and painting with an appreciation of beauty of the most intense quality. Millais, again, stood, in some respects, midway between us, showing a rare combination of extraordinary artistic faculty with . . . sterling English common-sense. And, moreover, he was, in these early days . . . full of a generous, quick enthusiasm, a spirit on fire with eagerness to seize whatever he saw to be good, which shone out in every line of his face, and made it, as Rossetti once said, look sometimes like the face of an angel. . . .

“‘Preraphaelite’ was adopted, after some discussion, as a distinctive prefix . . . and as we bound ourselves together, the word ‘Brotherhood’ was suggested by Rossetti. . . . It was instinctive prudence, however, that suggested to us that we should use the letters P. R. B., unexplained, on our pictures (after the signature) as the one mark of our union. . . .

“In the meantime, Millais had painted his ‘Christ in the

Home of His Parents,' and my picture was again hung as a pendant to his. While we had been quietly working, the hostile feeling to us had shown itself to be wilder and more extended. A newspaper revealed the meaning of P. R. B. . . . and far and near it seemed as if the honor of Raphael was the feeling dearest of all to the bosom of England, and that this we had impiously assailed. . . . We never were, what often we have been called, realists. . . .

" . . . In agreeing to use the utmost elaboration in painting our first pictures, we never meant more than that the practice was essential for training the eye and the hand of the young artist; we should never have admitted that the relinquishment of this habit of work by a matured painter would make him less a Preraphaelite. . . .

" . . . I was so reduced in means that once, when I had a letter written before me, I could not tell where to find a penny for the stamp." — *William Holman Hunt*.

But good fortune came later, particularly after his best-known painting, "The Light of the World," was exhibited.

**Method.** — There is nothing in this picture except the composition and its beauty. To be sure, that is a great deal. Still, that the children may get out of it all that it holds, I should be very much inclined to tell them this artist was classed with the Preraphaelites, and tell them of their lofty aims and hard struggle. Children of their age respond wondrously quickly to a spark of divine fire.

It will assist them to a realization of these aims, perhaps, if you show them an angel of Fra Angelico (p. 71), and tell them of the patient pains that he bestowed on every



detail, and then let them see the resemblance in this respect of "The Golden Stair," or, better still, Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," over which the artist spent many nights so as truthfully to represent the effect of the light of a lantern in moonlight. (See also pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

### THE PROPHEETS—SARGENT

#### Literature :

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Muther*

REVIEW OF REVIEWS, vol. 9, p. 685; CENTURY, vol. 30, p. 163;  
HANDBOOK OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY; ART JOURNAL,  
vol. 40, p. 65; HARPER, vol. 75, p. 683.

This panel is a portion of the "Frieze of the Prophets," painted by Sargent for the Boston Public Library. This frieze, in turn, is only a portion of a complete, various, and extensive scheme involving both ceiling and walls, and representing the "Triumph of Religion." The "Frieze of the Prophets" represents the monotheistic and spiritual principles of the Jewish religion, particularly in the three centre figures, — Moses, Elijah, and Joshua. This group is at the extreme right of the frieze. They are Micah, Haggai, Malachi, and Zachariah. The last three are the prophets of hope, while Micah is the one prophet of despair. The panel at the extreme right has the reverse arrangement, three despairing prophets and only one hopeful figure, that of Hosea, said to be Sargent's favorite.

". . . John Singer Sargent, one of the most dazzling men of talent in the present day. Born in Florence in



Bergott.

THE PROPHEETS.

Copyright by Curtis and Cameron.

1856, Sargent is still a young man. In Florence and in France he was brought up amid brilliant surroundings; and thus acquired, as a boy, what is wanting to many painters throughout their whole lives,—refined and exquisite taste. . . . He began to study under Carolus Duran, and he is now what Carolus Duran once was,—a painter of the most mundane elegance . . . how thoroughly successful he is in reproducing the fragrant *odeur de femme*, and in catching the physiognomy, fashion, gesture, tone, and spirit of a dignified aristocracy! How vividly his women stand out in their exquisitely tasteful dresses! . . .

“But the smile of the modern sphinx is not his only theme, for he also renders the grace of high-bred children. Sargent is French in his entire manner, and, above everything, a painter for painters. . . . Undoubtedly [he] is an artist who challenges the admiration of his fellows, while the great public stand in perplexity before his pictures. . . . His pictures, moreover, always show the work of the hand. Every stroke can be followed. Everything lives and breathes and moves and trembles.” — *Richard Muther*.

**Method.** — It is hard to say of all the interesting topics connected with this panel, which will be more profitable for the children, — the Boston Public Library, Sargent himself, or the Prophets. The children ought certainly to know something of this pioneer building, “built by the people and dedicated to the advancement of learning,” as one of the exterior inscriptions reads; and also, as reads another, “founded through the munificence and public spirit of its [Boston’s] citizens.”

"Primarily, of course," says the guide, "it was intended to house conveniently and accessibly the great collection of books which the city had been accumulating for nearly forty years; but it was also designed to express in a fitting manner the significance of that collection in the intellectual life of a city—to be, in a word, a work of art, complete in every feature," and, as such, testifying, as has been well said, "to the confidence which the American people have come to feel in the public library as a branch of education."

Therefore I would suggest that, as an introduction, a picture of the building be shown the children; that its exterior inscriptions be read to them; and that with more or less detail, they be made to realize the treasure-house of art that it is. Give them an idea of the Sargent pictures—Sargent, the artist of whom America is so proud; finally studying the Hosea panel with some detail, seeing at least the difference in the expressions of the four prophets. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)



**APRIL**  
**(NATURE)**



## APRIL

(NATURE)

### *PLOUGHING IN NIVERNAIS*—ROSA BONHEUR

#### Literature :

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . .	<i>Muther</i>
HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . .	<i>Stranahan</i>
ROSA BONHEUR, HER LIFE AND WORK . .	<i>René Peyrol</i>
LIVES OF GIRLS WHO BECAME FAMOUS . .	<i>Bolton</i>
WOMEN ARTISTS . . . . .	<i>Ellet</i>
EMINENT WOMEN OF THE AGE . . . . .	<i>Parton</i>

MUNSEY, vol. 2, p. 58; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 5, p. 45; PORTFOLIO, vol. 6, p. 98; LIVING AGE, vol. 58, p. 397; vol. 63, p. 124; CENTURY, vol. 6, p. 833; LEISURE HOUR, vol. 10, p. 359.

The following story is told of the immediate inspiration of this famous picture:—

The Bonheur family used to read a great deal aloud. One evening they began “La Mare du Diable.” It begins, “The ploughman, young and robust, the ground rich, eight vigorous oxen, and a bright, autumn sunlight lighting up the scene.” At the end of the description George Sand says, “It would be a noble subject for a picture.” “Yes,” interrupted Rosa, “the author is right.”



“Without doubt, it is a pleasure to look at her fresh and sunny maiden picture of 1849, ‘Ploughing in Nivernais,’ with its yoke of six oxen, its rich, red-brown soil turned up into furrows, and its wide, bright, simple, and laughing landscape beneath the clear blue sky. She has all the qualities which may be appreciated without one’s being an epicure of art—great anatomical knowledge, dexterous technique, charming and seductive coloring.” — *Richard Muther*.

“Honored Master” is the significant title given her by the famous French critic, Jules Claretie.

Marie Rosa Bonheur (1822–1899) was the most distinguished of a family of French artists, all of whom have said, with pride, “My father taught me.” Her mother, too, was something of a musician.

Rosa Bonheur used to play truant from school and spend hours on her back in the grass gazing at the sky. At other times, oblivious of spectators, she drew what she saw in the smoothed dust with a stick. Always she loved best to represent the animals about her.

She was at first apprenticed to a milliner, but finally her father, to her great joy, arranged that she should go to the boarding-school where he taught.

Nevertheless, she was very mischievous in school. Among other things, she made striking caricatures of both teachers and pupils. These she attached to a thread, cementing one end to the ceiling with small pellets of bread. For this and similar tricks, she was kept for a time on a diet of bread and water. But, in spite of her pranks, she was loved by all.



Bouhou.

PLOUGHING IN NIVERNAIS.

She was the first woman to be decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Eugénie had urged it in vain upon Napoleon III. Finally, taking advantage of his absence, during which time she was regent, she rode from Fontainebleau to Rosa Bonheur's home, surprised her at her work, and kissed her.

After she had left, Rosa found the cross pinned to her blouse.

Her home was an old château, in which, however, she made many changes. The chapel is now an orangery. A new building contains her stable on the first floor, and her studio on the second. In this studio, two sculptured dogs, life-size, support the chimney. There also may be seen a landscape by her father.

A writer in the *Century* thus describes the effects of a ring of her door-bell:—

“The jingle of the bell is at once echoed by the barking of numerous dogs; the hounds and bassets in chorus, the grand St. Bernard in slow measures like the bass drum in an orchestra. After the first excitement had begun to abate, a remarkably small house pet, that has been somewhere in the interior, arrives upon the scene, and, with his sharp, shrill voice, again starts and leads the canine chorus. By this time the eagle in his cage has awakened, and the parrot, whose cage is built on the corner of the studio, adds to the racket.”

**Method.** — With suggestive questions, develop the meaning of the picture. How many of you have ever seen oxen ploughing? Horses? Why is the earth ploughed?

What is the odor of freshly ploughed ground? Why? Is it hard work for the oxen? Why do you think so? How are they geared together? How do we gear them? How is the driver trying to make them work harder?

Rosa Bonheur's pictures are great favorites with children. Secure as large a loan collection of them as possible, and, as always, let them arrange them in the order of their liking for them. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

✓  
*THE HORSE FAIR* — ROSA BONHEUR

**Literature:** (See p. 137.)

For a biography of the artist, see p. 138.

The French consider "Ploughing" to be Rosa Bonheur's masterpiece, perhaps because they own it. In England, however, where she is even more highly esteemed than in France, "The Horse Fair," — which they own! — is called her *chef d'œuvre*. It occupied a year and a half in its painting. The studies for it were made in an old horse market. That she might not attract attention in frequenting this place, she adopted male attire.

The original painting is now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. A replica is in London, and there exist two others, one in water colors.

"It is a group of twenty or more strong Percheron horses; they are white, dappled, black, and splendid in the energy of action and draught power indicated. Some are ridden, some led by sporting, tricky grooms, whom,

notwithstanding their frequent jests at her expense while making her studies, she has as faithfully painted as exultant in the mastery of the noble brutes. The scene is a familiar spot of Paris, with the dome of the Invalides and an avenue of trees seen in the background.

“Solid and firm modelling; accuracy of action rendered with spirit; fidelity to patient observation; the representation of space above, before, and behind her figures; fine rendering of the spirit of the animals, are the qualities of the pictures, and, with the landscape of great grandeur added, represent her style.” — *Stranahan*.

**Method.** — Develop the meaning of the picture clearly given in the above extracts. (See also pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)



Bonheur.

**THE HORSE FAIR.**

*THE SOWER—MILLET*

**Literature:** (See pp. 30, 35.)

SONG OF THE SOWER . . . . .	<i>Bryant</i>
THE SOWER . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>

"Millet's 'Sower' recalls the impression made on us by the first pages of George Sand's 'Mare au Diable,' which deal with labor and rustic toil. Night is coming on, spreading its gray wings over the brown earth; the sower walks with a rhythmic step, casting the grain into the furrow; he is followed by a cloud of picking birds; dark rags cover him; his head is covered by a curious kind of cap; he is bony, swarthy, and spare under this livery of poverty; yet it is life itself which he dispenses with his large hand and his superb gesture, — he, who has nothing, plants in the earth what shall one day be bread. On the other side of the slope a yoke of oxen — strong and gentle companions of man — stand in a last ray of sunlight at the end of the furrow, whose reward will one day be the shambles. This glimmer of sunset is the only light in the picture, bathed in sombre shadow and presenting to the eye newly ploughed black earth under a cloudy sky. . . . There is something grand in this man with his violent gesture, his proudly rugged outlines, which seem to be painted with the earth which he is planting." — *Théophile Gautier*.



Millet

THE SOWER

II. — L



"Ploughing, manuring, and harrowing are duties which can be done, if not with indifference, at any rate without heroic fervor; but when a man takes the white grain-bag, rolls it around his left arm, fills it with seed,—the hope of the coming year,—he performs a kind of sacred ministry. He says nothing, he looks right in front of him, gauges the furrow, and, with a movement governed as it were by the rhythm of a mysterious chant, he casts the grain, which falls to earth, soon to be covered by the harrow. The action of the sower and his rhythmic step are truly superb. The importance of the deed is real. The sower feels the weight of his responsibility. He sows skilfully; he will gauge by the action of his hand the quantity of seed which he takes from the bag. With each throw he will fertilize the productive forces of mother earth. He will be in truth the generator of the germ of life. I have seen sowers who would not set foot on the ploughed ground without having made the sign of the cross in the air with a handful of seed, and pronouncing in a low voice some incomprehensible words, which seemed to be a prayer."—*Sensier*.

**Method.** — Who is this man? Why do you think so? What is he doing? Who are following him? Why? Where does he carry the grain? What will be the result of his work? (See also pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

*SUNSET IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU*  
 THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

**Literature :**

- HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . *Mulher*  
 A HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . *Stranahan*  
 MODERN FRENCH MASTERS . . . Edited by *J. C. van Dyke*  
 PAINTERS OF BARBIZON, vol. 1, *Mollett* (Great Artist Series)

MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 11, p. 385; CENTURY, vol. 19, p. 568.

- THE OAK; IN STORIES OF THE TREES . . . *Mrs. Dyson*  
 OAK AND THE IVY . . . *Eugene Field*  
 LAST DREAM OF THE OLD OAK . . . *Anderson*  
 THE OAK . . . *Lowell*

"In quite a peculiar sense the oak was his favorite tree — the mighty, wide-branching, primeval oak which occupies the centre of one of his masterpieces, 'A Pond,' and spreads its great gnarled boughs to the cloudy sky in almost every one of his pictures. . . .

"Plants, trees, and rocks were not forms summarily observed and clumped together in an arbitrary fashion; for him they were beings gifted with a soul, breathing crea-

tures, each one of which had its physiognomy, its individuality, its part to play, and its distinction of being in the great harmony of universal nature. 'By the harmony of air and light with that of which they are the life and illumination, I will make you hear the trees moaning beneath the north wind and the birds calling to their young.' To achieve this aim he thought that he could not do too much. As Dürer worked seven times on the same scenes of the 'Passion' until he found the simplest and most speaking expression, so Rousseau treated the same motives ten and twenty times. . . . Observe his trees: they are not dead things; the sap of life mounts imperceptibly through their strong trunks to the smallest branches and shoots, which spread from the extremity of the boughs like clawing fingers. The soil works and alters. . . . In Rousseau a tree is a proud, toughly knotted personality, a noble self-conscious personality." — *Richard Muther*.

"For twenty-five years he has been the first apostle of truth in landscape, above all as a colorist; but neither the institute nor the public has been willing to confess it. His incontestable talent has been contested by everybody." — *Edmond About*.

Théodore Rousseau (1812–1867), the "wizard of Fontainebleau," the founder of the Barbizon School, was the son of a tailor of Paris, and, like many of the great landscape painters, spent his childhood among the dead walls and roofs and chimneys of a large city. As a boy he was especially fond of mathematics. Many of his ancestors



Turner.

SUNSET IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

and living relatives had been and were painters in a small way, so that he experienced no particular difficulty in devoting his time to the study of painting. But to the great anger of himself and his friends his magnificent pictures were at first excluded from the Salon, and, when admitted, not noticed. On one such occasion, Diaz, who had received a medal, voiced this feeling by proposing for a toast:—

“Théodore Rousseau, our master, forgotten!”

As all of those who had been remembered were present, the sensation caused by this brave speech may be imagined.

He lived in one of the cottages at Barbizon, plain in itself, but beautiful because of the charming decorations, chiefly rare pieces of pottery, which he bought from the peasants. Here he lived with his mad wife, whom he kept with him in spite of her wild laughter and cries. “She is but a spoiled child, after all,” he said; “I find that I am very unjust to seek thus my own repose, at the expense of her heart!”

It is said that a parrot screamed and his poor wife danced and trilled while he lay dying. Millet, who loved him dearly, closed his eyes.

See p. 35 for an account of the Barbizon School.

**Method.** — Mrs. Dyson’s “Stories of the Trees” will be found very useful to the teacher or to the pupils for information about the oak, and to put one in sympathetic relations with it.

Direct the attention of the children to the composition of the picture by means of leading questions, first allowing

them, if they so desire, to describe it to you in their own way. Tell them of Rousseau's patient study of this his favorite tree, and something, at least, of the forest, and of his life in Barbizon.

See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9, for further suggestions.



MAY  
(SPRING)



## MAY

(SPRING)

### *DANCE OF THE NYMPHS — COROT*

**Literature :** (See p. 162.)

For an account of the Barbizon School, see p. 35.

For the criticisms and biography of Corot, see pp. 158-170.

**Method.** — Hold the picture off at arm's length. What is the time of day? Why? Bring it nearer. What comes out of the haze? What next? What do you see in the foreground? Look also at the leaves. What time of the year is it? Where is the sun? [To the right, notice the trunks of the trees.] How do you know? (See pp. xvii, 7 8, 9.)



Cover.

**DANCE OF THE NYMPHS.**

### SPRING — DAUBIGNY

#### Literature :

- HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Muther*  
 HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . . *Stranahan*  
 MODERN FRENCH MASTERS . . . . . Edited by *Van Dyke*  
 PAINTERS OF THE BARBIZON SCHOOL, vol. 2 . . . . . *Mollett*

CENTURY MAGAZINE, July, vol. 22, p. 323; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 12, pp. 300, 325.

For literature of Barbizon School, see p. 35.

For literature for spring, see p. 162.

“Daubigny is a painter of the country. If one goes . . . to see the apple trees blossom and the birches growing green, to breathe in the odor of the cow house and the fragrance of the hay, to hear the tinkle of the cow-bells, the quacking of frogs, the chirp of gnats, one does not say, ‘I want to see nature,’ but ‘I am going into the country.’ In this sense, Daubigny is less an adorer of nature than a man fond of the country. His pictures give the feeling one has in standing at the window on a country excursion, and looking at the laughing and budding spring. One feels no veneration for the artist, but one would like to be a bird to perch on the boughs of these trees, or a lizard to creep amongst this green, a cockchafer to fly humming from tree to tree. . . . One does not admire him — one loves him.”

— *Muther.*

“Daubigny is afraid of nothing. He paints — better than any one else I know — the green meadows, the beautiful



Doubly.

SPRING.

fields where everything grows. He adores the running stream and the setting sun and the rising moon only, he is exactly the opposite of Corot and does not dream enough." — *Bastien-Lepage*.

"*Nature* conveys an idea of grandeur, *country*, an idea of *bien être* intimate and familiar. . . .

"*Voilà la campagne* and Monsieur Daubigny's kingdom! His 'Spring,' loaded with flowers, is a little masterpiece of impersonal painting; the hand of man does not appear in it. On the landscapes of M. Desgoffe the hand makes its power felt, and in those of M. Corot, its delicacy; but the work of M. Daubigny is like the smile of spring seen through a window. This art without artifice transports us bodily to the meadows and trees. The gamut of happy colors does not seem to have been found on a palette, but supplied by the sun himself. We have no intention of making a compliment to the artist when we wish we were a bird to perch on his branches, or a lizard to trot about hidden in the grass, or a grasshopper to nibble." — *Edmond About*.

"The flower  
Which rises to the kisses of the wind  
And readjusts her collar  
At the mirror of the rising sun."

Charles François Daubigny (1817–1878) was born into a family of artists. His earliest playthings were pencils and paints. Because he was a sickly child he was sent into the country and lived several years with an old nurse. "It is among apple orchards in the pure air of the open country

that he passed his earliest years, and imbibed that love of the fields that became the passion of his life."

He left home at an early age because of the second marriage of his father, and had no particular difficulty to earn his own living painting snuff-boxes, picture clocks, trade circulars, advertisements, and the like. He shared his lodgings with another lad, also an art student. They determined to go to Italy, and for this reason hoarded their small savings in a built-up hole in the wall of their room. They worked hard, lived plainly, saving all that they could. At the end of the year they broke open the wall. The river of small coins that dropped out amounted to nearly three hundred dollars. With this they walked to Italy, visiting its great cities, finally settling down for work at an old Roman watering-place. Here Daubigny worked hard; but his companion was, unfortunately, in love and anxious to return. Finally, at the end of four months, Daubigny agreed to return. When they arrived home, walking all the way, they had still four gold pieces to divide between them. It had only cost them about twelve dollars a month, each, to live.

Later, Daubigny lived for some time with three friends, having with them everything in common. These were all artists; and it was agreed among them that each year one of their number should prepare a picture for the Salon, living, in the mean time, at the expense of the others.

After his marriage, he built for himself a famous ark of a boat, which was, in truth, a travelling studio. His house, also built by himself, at Anvers, a river village with but a single street, was beautiful. Corot frescoed the lobby

with one of his landscapes. Two other less famous artists contributed to the decoration of the same walls. Daubigny himself painted the panels in the dining room and also the bedroom of his daughter. "The wall at the foot of the bed he has covered with branches in blossom holding the nests of little singing birds. It is the song of spring: the great white blossoms open, the hawthorn twines, the newly hatched birds stretch out their yellow beaks. . . . On the panels, little Tom Thumb is sowing his bread crumbs, whilst his brothers vanish in the wood. Red Riding Hood is talking to the wolf, and there are attributes: children's toys, dolls with rosy cheeks, the toctoc mallet, little yellow windmills, paper dogs that squeak; and then girls, boys, grace rings, shuttlecock, rackets, butterfly nets; and round it all, as a frame, there are wreaths, — wreaths of white roses, wreaths of red roses, of cornflowers, of daisies, of violets, of pansies, of tuberose, fresh lilac, red cherries that the children wear for earrings, wreaths of field flowers, poppies, and ears of corn for harvest home." — *Charles Yriarte*.

He is said to have been the first painter who ever finished a large picture entirely in the open air. In one case he fixed his canvas to firm posts and kept it there exposed to the horns of the ruminants and tricks of small boys. It had in it great clouds driven by the wind. He used, therefore, to stand at the windows for hours, watching for them, and at just the right moment rushed out to work. This he did, too, in spite of the fact that he was afflicted with rheumatism.

He had a passion for work, but joined to it was great lightheartedness and a love for outdoor amusements. He was so boisterous in his manner, so loud in his speech, that he was nicknamed "Captain" Daubigny.

Perhaps recalling the last words of Corot, Daubigny said just before he died:—

"Adieu, adieu, I am going on high to see if Corot has found for me there any new motives for landscape."

**Method.**—Why is this picture so beautiful?

Give them some account of Daubigny. (See p. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

II. — M



## SPRING—COROT

## Literature :

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Muther</i>
HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Stranahan</i>
MODERN FRENCH MASTERS . . . . .	Edited by <i>J. C. van Dyke</i>
PAINTERS OF BARBIZON, vol. 2 . . . . .	<i>Mollett</i>

ART JOURNAL, vol. 41, p. 208; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 11, p. 181; part 6, p. 146; vol. 1, p. 60; CENTURY, vol. 16, p. 255; CONTEMPORARY, vol. 26, p. 157; NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, vol. 5, p. 692.

For the literature of the Barbizon School, see p. 35.

SONG; IN PIPPA PASSES . . . . .	<i>Browning</i>
RETURN OF SPRING . . . . .	<i>Longfellow</i>
PROGRESS OF SPRING } . . . . .	<i>Tennyson</i>
EARLY SPRING } . . . . .	
SONG OF THE SOWER } . . . . .	<i>Bryant</i>
THE NEW AND THE OLD } . . . . .	
SPRING . . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>
WHITE MAN'S FOOT, HIAWATHA . . . . .	<i>Longfellow</i>
LEGENDS OF BRUNHILDE, PERSEPHONE, AND THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. . . . .	
THE COMING OF SPRING . . . . .	<i>Nora Perry</i>
THE VOICE OF SPRING . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i>
A SPRING SONG . . . . .	<i>James Freeman Clarke</i>
SPRING . . . . .	<i>Adelaide A. Procter</i>
SPRING GREETING } . . . . .	<i>Sidney Lanier</i>
SUNRISE } . . . . .	
A SUNRISE SONG } . . . . .	
MORNING . . . . .	<i>Keats</i>
MORNING . . . . .	<i>Fletcher</i>
SUTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE; IN BIGLOW PAPERS . . . . .	<i>Lowell</i>

"I only saw Corot once. It was in some woods near Paris, where I had gone to paint, and I came across the old gen-



Wood.

SPRING.

tleman unexpectedly, seated in front of his easel in a pleasant glade. After admiring his work, I ventured to say, 'Master, what you are doing is lovely, but I cannot find your composition in the landscape before us.' He said, 'My foreground is a long way ahead,' and, sure enough, nearly two hundred yards away his picture rose out of the dimness of the dell, stretching beyond the vista into the meadow." — *Modern Painting, George Moore.*

"His favorite season was the early spring when the farthest twigs upon the bough deck themselves with little leaves of tender green, which vibrate and quiver with the least breath of air. He had, moreover, a perfectly wonderful secret of rendering the effect of tiny blades of grass and flowers which grow upon the meadows in June. He delighted in the verge of any bank where tall bushes bend to the water, and he loved water itself in undetermined clearness and in the shifting glance of light, leaving it here in shadows and touching it there with brightness; the sky in the depths beneath wedded to the bright border of the pool or the ravishing outlines of the bank and the clouds passing across the firmament, and here and there embracing a light-shining fragment of blue. He loved morning before sunrise, when the white mists hover over pools like a light veil of gauze, and gradually disperse at the first burst of the sun. . . .

"Amongst trees, he did not care to paint the oak, — the favorite with all artists who have a passion for form, — nor the chestnut, nor the elm, but preferred to summon amid the delicate play of sunbeams, the aspen, the poplar, the

alder, the birch with its white slender branches and tremulous leaves, and the willow with its light foliage. . . . In Corot a tree is a soft tremulous being, rocking in the fragrant air in which it whispers and murmurs of love and joy." — *Muther*.

"Corot helps you to breathe, but there is more air in his pictures than there is earth or rocks or trees. He dreams of the country all the while he is painting it." — *Bastien-Lepage*.

"And, after all, what is art but rhythm? Corot knew that art is nature made rhythmical." — *George Moore*.

"Corot there paints with wings on his back." — *Dupré*.

"To understand my landscapes, you must at least have the patience to wait till the mist rises." — *Corot*.

"A landscape painter's day is delightful. He rises early, before sunrise, at three in the morning, and sits under a tree and watches and waits. There is not so much to be seen at first. Everything has a sweet odor. Everything trembles under the freshening breeze of dawn. Bing! the sun gets clearer, but has not yet torn away the vest of gauze behind which lie the meadow, the valley, the hills in the horizon. Bing! Bing! The first ray of the sun! . . . Another ray! The landscape lies entirely behind the transparent gauze of the ascending mists, gradually sucked up by the sun, which permits us to see as it ascends the silver-striped river, the meadows, the cottages, the far-receding distance. At last you can see what you imagined at first. Bam! The sun has risen; . . . Bam! Everything

sparkles, shines! Everything is in full light . . . light, soft, and caressing as yet. The backgrounds with their simple contours and harmonious tones are lost in the infinite sky through an atmosphere of azure and mist. The flowers lift up their heads. The birds fly here and there.” — *Corot*.

“After one of my excursions, that is, after travelling and making sketches, I invite nature to come and spend a few days with me, and then my foolishness begins. Pencil in hand, I hear the birds singing, the trees rustling in the wind; I see the running brooks and the streams charged with ten thousand reflections of the earth and sky — nay, the very sun rises and sets in my studio.” — *Corot to Jules Dupré*.

Camille Corot (1796–1875). Corot’s father was a hair-dresser originally, but finally assimilated to himself his wife’s trade, namely, that of millinery. He was a polite, prosperous little man, a court modiste (Napoleon I.) of some fame, as is shown by this sentence from a contemporary play: “I have just come from Corot, but could not speak to him; he was locked up in his private room, occupied in composing a new spring hat.”

After a high school education, Camille became a clerk in a dry goods house. M. Dumesnie, in his charming “Souvenirs Intimes,” gives the following account of his escape from trade:—

“Corot begged his father to allow him to leave commerce and become a painter, for it was what he desired more than anything in the world. His father reluctantly consented, and said, ‘Your sisters’ portions were ready for them to the

minute, and I was hoping soon to provide properly for your establishment in life, for you are now old enough to stand at the head of your own house of business; but since you refuse to continue the pursuit of your trade for the sake of painting, I give you notice that during my life you will have no capital. I will give you an income of fifteen hundred francs. Never expect anything else, and see if you can get along with that.'

"And Camille, much moved, embraced his father, crying, 'I thank you! It is all I want, and you make me very happy!'"

"Almost on the same day, giving himself time only to buy the necessary tools for an artist, he made his studio in the centre of Paris, almost close to the paternal house. He went down the tow-path by the Seine, not far from Port Royal, looking toward the city, and, full of joy, began to paint. All who have been admitted to Corot's studio know this first performance of his brush. He used to show it to us, and say, 'While I was painting that, — it was thirty-five years ago, — the young girls who worked at my mother's were curious to see M. Camille at his new work, and they ran away from the shop to come and look at it. One of them, whom we will call Mademoiselle Rose, came oftener than the others. She is living still. She was never married, and she visits me from time to time; she was here last week.

"'Oh! my friends, what a change. And what thoughts it starts! My painting is still here, — it is as young as ever, — it marks the hour and the time of day when I did it; but Mademoiselle Rose and I, where are we?'"

In spite of his kindly gentleness, he knew how to give a rebuke, as the following story will show. A presumptuous artist sketching near him one day asked, "Why do you omit some things from your sketches? And why do you insert others? This tree is not in the landscape." "Do not tell," answered Corot, "but I put it here to please the birds."

For twenty-five years he worked and studied, unhampered by the necessity of earning and spending money. Finally, when at fifty he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his ability, his father, who looked upon him still as a child, doubled his allowance, saying, "Well, Camille seems to have talent after all."

He lived through the troublous times of 1848-1851, scarcely realizing what was going on. It is related of him that hearing the fighting on the barricades during the revolution of 1848, he said: "What is the matter? Are we not satisfied with the government?"

Nevertheless, in 1870 he shouldered his musket for France.

Every one loved "Papa Corot," for he was both the master and the comrade.

Richard Muther, in his "History of Modern Art," gives the following beautiful account of his death:—

"His end was as harmonious as his life and art. Nothing troubled his end; it was the evening of a beautiful day. On the evening of February 23, 1875, when he had just completed his seventy-ninth year, he was heard to say as he lay in bed drawing in the air with his fingers, 'Mon Dieu,

how beautiful that is; it is the most beautiful landscape I have ever seen.' When his old housekeeper wanted to bring him his breakfast, he said, with a smile, 'To-day Père Corot will breakfast above.' Even his last illness robbed him of none of his cheerfulness, and when his friends brought him in the news of the medal struck to commemorate his jubilee as an artist of fifty years' standing, he said, with tears of joy in his eyes: 'It makes me happy to know that one has been so loved. I have had good parents and dear friends; I am thankful to God.' With those words he passed away to his true home, the land of spirits, not the paradise of the church, but the Elysian fields he had dreamt of and painted so often.

"When they bore him from his house in the Faubourg Poissonnière, and a passer-by asked who was being buried, a fat shopwoman, standing at the door of her house, answered, 'I do not know his name, but he was a good man.' Beethoven's symphony in C minor was played at his funeral, according to his own direction, and as the coffin was being covered, a lark rose exulting to the sky. 'The artist will be replaced with difficulty, the man never,' said Dupré at Corot's grave. On May 20, 1880, an unobtrusive monument to his memory was unveiled at the border of the lake at Ville d'Avray, in the midst of the dark forest where he had so often dreamed. He died in the fulness of his fame as an artist, but it was the forty pictures collected in the Centenary Exhibition of 1889 which first made the world fully conscious of what modern art possessed in Corot: a master of immortal masterpieces, the greatest poet and the tenderest soul of the nineteenth



century, as Fra Angelico was the tenderest soul of the fifteenth, and Watteau the greatest poet of the eighteenth."

— *Muther*.

**Method.** — Get some distance from the picture. What time of day does it seem to be? Why? Come nearer. What comes out of the haze? What do you see in the foreground? Look also at the leaves. What time of year is it? Why are there so few leaves on the tree to the left? Who painted the picture?

Tell the children the story of Corot's life, reading to them from his own letters as much as possible. Nothing could be more beautiful and affecting than the beautiful account of his end, quoted above from Muther's magnificent "History of Modern Painting." (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

### SPRING — MILLET

#### Literature :

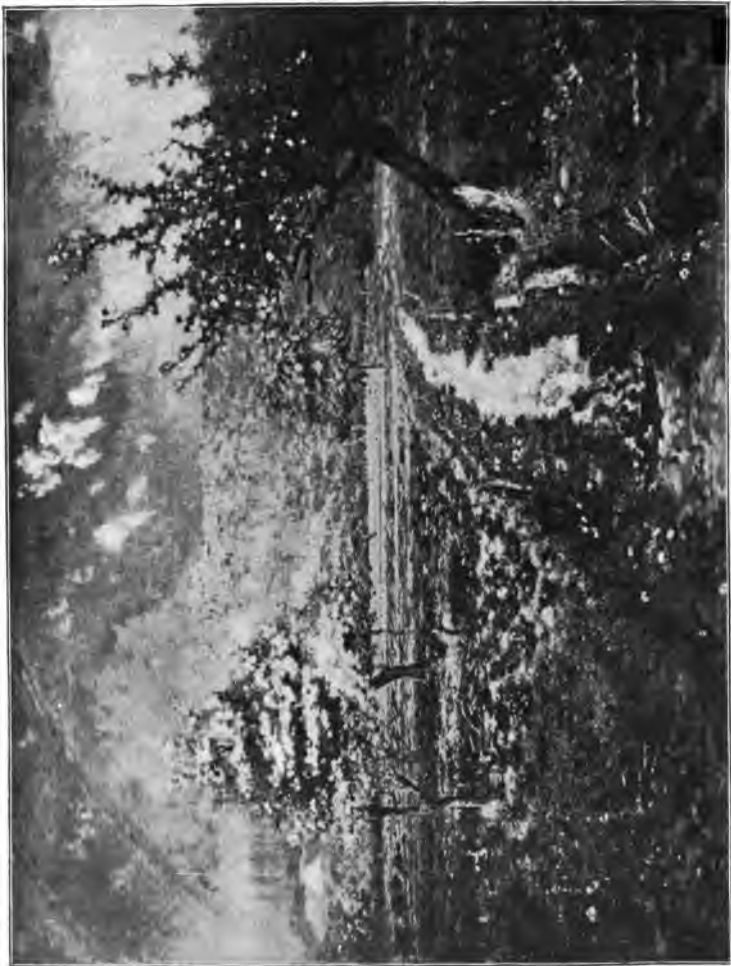
For criticisms and biography, see p. 30.

For the Barbizon School, see p. 35.

LEGEND OF IRIS, WATER-BLOOM	. . .	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>
THE RAINBOW	. . . . .	<i>Keble</i>
THE RAINBOW	. . . . .	<i>Wordsworth</i>
THE RAINBOW	. . . . .	<i>Campbell</i>
RAINBOW	. . . . .	<i>F. D. Sherman</i>

For literature for spring see p. 162.

**Method.** — Of what is this a picture? What do you see in the sky? how many? on the trees? in the grass? in the foreground? in the background? What time of year?



Millet

SPRING.

Why? What time of day? What was the meaning attached to the rainbow in the Old Testament? What is its meaning here?

It would be an excellent plan to compare this picture of Millet's with more characteristic ones, such as "The Sower." (See pp. xvii. 7, 8, 9.)

**JUNE**  
**(NATURE)**



## JUNE

(NATURE)

### THE MILL—REMBRANDT

#### Literature :

THE OLD MASTERS OF BELGIUM AND

HOLLAND . . . . .	<i>Eugène Fromentin</i>
OLD DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS . . . . .	<i>Cole and J. C. van Dyke</i>
REMBRANDT . . . . .	<i>Mollet (Great Artist Series)</i>
REMBRANDT . . . . .	<i>Michel</i>
PRINCES OF ART . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Urbino</i>
MASTERS OF GENRE . . . . .	<i>Wedmore</i>
REMBRANDT, A ROMANCE OF HOLLAND . . . . .	<i>Walter Cranston Larned</i>

ART JOURNAL, vol. 3, pp. 9, 45; vol. 8, p. 53; vol. 46, p. 23;  
PORTFOLIO, vol. 8, p. 144; vol. 23, p. 111; CENTURY, vol. 25, p. 163;  
vol. 47, pp. 163, 170; NINETEENTH CENTURY, vol. 37, p. 462;  
NATION, vol. 58, p. 113; PUBLIC OPINION, vol. 15, p. 257; LIVING  
AGE, vol. 142, p. 579; vol. 200, p. 755; MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. 8,  
p. 418.

PICTURES BY REMBRANDT . . . . .	<i>R. W. Gilder</i>
SASKIA; IN "COLONIAL BALLADS" . . . . .	<i>Preston</i>

"Rembrandt's 'Mill' is a picture wholly made by chiaroscuro, the last ray of light just gleams in the upper sail of the Mill, and all other details are lost in large and simple masses of shade. Chiaroscuro is the great feature that characterizes his art, and was carried farther by him than

by any other painter, not excepting Correggio. But if its effects are somewhat exaggerated by Rembrandt, he is always so impressive that we can no more find fault with his style than we can with the giant forms of Michelangelo. Succeeding painters have sometimes, in their admiration of 'The Mill,' forgotten that Rembrandt chose the twilight to second his wishes, and have fancied that to obtain equal breadth they must leave but the details of nature in broad daylight. This is the danger of mistaken imitation."—*John Constable, in Third Lecture at the Royal Institution.*

"Rembrandt, like Michelangelo, created a world for himself. Whether he painted or etched, he transports us, with our whole soul, into that which he represents. His portraits are like sudden apparitions of people whom we watch, just as unseen, by night, we might look into a strange room through a window. He likes to heighten his charm by a striking light, but he does not need it."—*Hermann Grimm.*

"The originality of his genius lies especially in the nobility with which he has endowed each of his models; it is an indelible mark. His magic pencil gives to each something of his own peculiar grace, greater stateliness and elegance, a countenance expressive of more frankness, grace in the wearing of adornments, taste in the choice of silks, satins, laces, and pearls."—*Wauters.*

"I came to know Rembrandt; he did not repel me, but he blinded me."—*Millet.*

"To feel Rembrandt truly, it is not enough to be an artist or an amateur picture fancier — one should be something of a poet, too."—*Mrs. Jameson.*



Rembrandt

THE MILL.



"The feeling akin to poetic excitement that moves us when we look at his works, comes to us because we are then allowed to see, with finer eyes than our own, effects of light that are as familiar to us as the day. The human hands and faces of unidealized types, the hues and textures of common stuffs are revealed by the ordinary light, sometimes more shadowy than usual, which we may see in any interior. To make such scenes effective the painter must have had a knowledge of form, and a passionate admiration for light. That he beautified forms so little in the ordinary sense of the word shows that he regarded it not as an abstract existence, but mainly as a deflector of light, as a producer of shadowy abysses and depths, as the cause of passages, gradations, culminations, crescendoes, and decrescendoes in the impalpable and airy inhabitant of space." — *R. A. M. Stevenson, in the Art Journal, February, 1899.*

Rembrandt van Rijn (1607–1669) was the son of a Leyden miller, who hoped to make of him a learned man, and with that end in view sent him to the high school. But Rembrandt had early determined to be an artist. His first models were the good people of his native city, including his own family, particularly his mother, his sister, and himself. At various times he painted not less than fifty portraits of himself, many of which have become famous. When he was about twenty-two years old, his fame was already so great that the art-loving people of Amsterdam urged him to come to them. Accordingly, in 1638, he moved there, and there at last he died. On his way he

stopped at Haarlem to worship at the shrine of Franz Hals. He found him in a tavern. According to Mr. Larned, this is the theory of art that he enunciated to Rembrandt:—

“Wine is a good creature, truly the handmaid of art. Do you know my ‘Mandolin Player’? I painted him after a goodly feast at this very tavern, and he is full to the brim with merriment and wine. Smiling will not go out of fashion as long as they can see him. Don’t be serious, my boy. There are not any monks in the kingdom of art.”

He tells him, too, to remember that he is a Hollander, and not an Italian. This secret of Franz Hals’s greatness helped to make Rembrandt what he was, — the greatest of all the Dutch artists.

His success in Amsterdam was phenomenal. Its first great triumph was the commission to paint Dr. Tulp and his class in anatomy. Determined to paint these men as they really were, he hid himself in the classroom, watching them at their work. The result was the famous “Lesson in Anatomy.” Larned thus describes the effect of this wonderful painting on the great Dr. Tulp himself:—

“Involuntarily the grave and dignified doctor started back, and lifted one hand in a gesture of amazement. He saw in a moment that no guild picture like this had ever been painted. Where was the banqueting table? Where were the meats and pies and fruits, the wine and the beer? Nobody ever painted guild pictures without these accessories. And there, surely, was the corpse on the table and he himself in the act of dissecting it; the doctors crowding round, with the intensity of intellectual concentration in their eager faces. Why, this would be a terrible picture,

but how fascinating! In a moment the keen mind of the doctor perceived the power of the work; his trained intellect grasped at once something of the artist's meaning, and he saw that if this was a new departure it was likely to be a famous one."

The picture was received with the most enthusiastic admiration, and Rembrandt declared to be the greatest painter of Holland, — that is to say, of the world!

Two years later he married the beautiful fair-haired Saskia, whom we all know and love because of his numerous and lovely portraits of her. Saskia brought him a handsome marriage portion and a host of good friends in Amsterdam.

Then followed ten years of happiness and luxury such as an artist has seldom enjoyed. In his house, a palace of art in itself, dwelt with him his lovely wife, devoted both to him and to his work. He was free, too, to paint what he pleased, sure of the praise and adulation of all Holland.

The beginning of his misfortunes was the death of Saskia. In the same year he painted "The Night Watch." This is really the picture of a company of twenty-nine civic guards, rushing pell-mell from their club-house. In spite of the misleading title, the scene is represented as in full sunlight. Those on whom this wonderful light fell were delighted with the picture, but those in the shadow — and they were the large majority — did not like it at all. "It mattered little," says Larned, "that each portrait was a masterpiece. These thrifty Dutchmen had paid their money for their portraits. Why put them in the background? Why show only a head when they had bodies, too,

of which they were very proud? They would go to Van der Helst and get their money's worth in full-sized figures; and go they did."

From this time misfortune pursued him. His beautiful house, with its fine collections, was sold to pay his debts. The last years of his life were spent in a small room over a print shop, watched over by a faithful little peasant, whom, according to some authorities, he married.

In spite of his misfortunes and unhappiness, his work suffered neither in quantity nor in quality. Indeed, the picture of "The Syndics," which belongs to this period, is by many considered finer even than "The Night Watch."

He kept on painting to the end. He was found dead in a chair before an easel on which rested a half-finished picture.

**Method.** — Of what is this a picture? What is the state of the weather? Why do you think so? Look at the sky; at the arms of the mill; at the water; at the people; at the cow; at the boat. What indication does each of these give of coming storm? Do you like the picture? Why? Who painted it?

Tell them so much of his life as you think suitable.

If possible, secure other pictures of his to show them. It is scarcely worth while to show the most important ones, such as "The Syndics," "The Lesson in Anatomy," and "The Night Watch," unless time can be taken to develop their meaning; but such well-known pictures of his as the various portraits of himself, of Saskia, his mother, and others will be of interest to them. (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

*AT THE WATERING TROUGH*

DAGNAN-BOUVERET

**Literature :**

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Muther*  
 HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING . . . . . *Stranahan*  
 MODERN FRENCH MASTERS . . . Edited by *J. C. van Dyke*  
 ' MAGAZINE OF ART, February, 1893; ART JOURNAL, vol. 49,  
 p. 216; CENTURY, vol. 26, p. 4; vol. 53, p. 163; MCCLURE, vol. 7,  
 p. 422.

Dagnan-Bouveret (1852- ) is the son of a Frenchman, M. Dagnan, who went, when the child was a baby, to Brazil to engage in commerce. His mother died in Brazil when he was only six years old. So the little lad was sent home to his grandmother Bouveret, whose name, according to custom, he affixed to his own. He was from the beginning determined to be an artist. So that when his father offered him an opening in commerce in Brazil, he declined it. This so angered his father that he at once stopped his allowance.

Of this picture the following story is told:—

One spring on a visit to his father-in-law, he saw the subject. To help him to paint it in the air, his father-in-law rigged up various devices in the way of posts on which he could stretch his canvas. All summer long the artist painted, but so carefully did he work that at the approach of winter he had not yet finished. Thereupon his host again came to his rescue, helped him to make rude casts of the horses on which he might set the harness properly.



Dagnan-Bouveret.

**AT THE WATERING-TROUGH.**

But even with this aid, snow fell on his palette before he had finished.

**Method.** — Why are not both the horses drinking? What had they been doing? What will they do now? And the man, what was he doing? (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

### *JUNE CLOUDS* — WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT

#### **Literature :**

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING . . . . . *Muther*  
 NOTES ON ART . . . . . Edited by *Miss Knowlton*

PORTFOLIO, vol. 9, p. 79; ART JOURNAL, vol. 30, p. 116; NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, vol. 10, p. 685; NEW ENGLAND, vol. 37, p. 160; HARPER, vol. 61, p. 161; ATLANTIC, vol. 45, pp. 559, 630, 753; vol. 46, pp. 75, 189; LIPPINCOTT, vol. 11, p. 111.

OCEAN OF AIR . . . . . *Agnes Giberne*  
 CLOUDS . . . . . *Ruskin's Modern Painters*  
 THE FIRMAMENT . . . . . *Ruskin's Miscellanies*  
 CLOUDS . . . . . *Shelley*  
 TO A CLOUD . . . . . *Bryant*  
 CLOUDS . . . . . *F. D. Sherman*  
 THE PLEACIAN LAND . . . . . *From the Odyssey*  
 LEGEND OF APOLLO'S COWS.

\* William Morris Hunt (1824–1879), on account of ill health, gave up his studies at Harvard, and, going to Paris, studied painting there with Couture and Millet. Returning to Boston, he worked indefatigably teaching and painting. "The Flight of Night," a part of his decoration of the State House at Albany, is perhaps his best-known work. He was greatly liked personally by his students, as well as others, because he was always "good company." One of



Hunt.

**JUNE CLOUDS.**



them, Miss Knowlton, kept a record of his sayings on bits of canvas, backs of letters, and the like. These were published after his death, and contain much that would be profitable even to the children.

**Method.** — What do you see in this picture? What do you like best in it? Why? Who painted it? (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)

### AURORA — GUIDO RENI

#### Literature:

HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTH ITALY	<i>Crowe and Cavalcaselle</i>
HANDBOOK OF PAINTING . . . . .	<i>Kugle</i>
MEMOIRS OF EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS . . . . .	<i>Jameson</i>
GUIDO RENI . . . . .	<i>Sweetser</i>
LEGENDS OF AURORA . . . . .	
A SUNRISE SONG } . . . . .	<i>Sidney Lanier</i>
SUNRISE } . . . . .	
MORNING . . . . .	<i>Fletcher</i>
MORNING . . . . .	<i>Keats</i>
THE DAY . . . . .	<i>Emily Dickinson</i>

"The light of day is better than the light of darkness. I prefer my style to that of Caravaggio." — *Guido Reni*.

"The work of Guido is . . . poetic . . . and luminous, and soft, and harmonious. Cupid, Aurora, Phœbus, form a climax of beauty, and the Hours seem as light as the clouds on which they dance." — *Forsyth*.

"Guido's 'Aurora' is the very type of haste and impetus; for surely no man ever imagined such hurry and tumult,



Reul.

AURORA.

such sounding and clashing. Painters maintain that it is lighted from two sides—they have my full permission to light theirs from three, if it will improve them; but the difference lies elsewhere.” — *Mendelssohn's Letters*.

“This is the noblest work of Guido. It is embodied poetry. The Hours that, hand in hand, encircle the car of Phœbus, advance with rapid pace. The paler, milder forms of those gentle sisters who rule over declining day, and the glowing glance of those who bask in the meridian, blaze resplendent in the hues of heaven, are of no mortal grace and beauty; but they are eclipsed by Aurora herself, who sails on the golden clouds before them, shedding ‘showers of shadowing roses’ on the rejoicing earth, her celestial presence diffusing gladness and light and beauty around. Above the heads of the heavenly coursers hovers the morning star, in the form of a youthful cherub, bearing his flaming torch. Nothing is more admirable in this beautiful composition than the motion given to the whole. The smooth and rapid steps of the circling Hours as they tread on the fleecy clouds; the fiery steeds; the whirling wheels of the car; the torch of Lucifer, blown back by the velocity of his advance; and the form of Aurora, borne through the ambient air, till you almost fear she should float from your sight.” — *Rome, Eaton*.

Guido Reni (1575–1642), like most who have attained fame in art, early showed his skill in drawing. At nine he began his studies, and at thirteen he was quite proficient.

On one occasion Guido made a copy of his master's,

Annibale Carraccio, "Descent from the Cross," asking that artist to retouch it. Annibale could find nothing to do. He said, pettishly, "Oh, he knows more than enough!" He painted in Rome and Naples, but was at last obliged to leave both these places. In Naples a clique of painters beat his servants and sent him word either to depart or prepare for death. He departed. In Rome he was for many years very popular. Here it was that he painted his masterpiece, "The Aurora." But he finally returned to Bologna irritated by a criticism of one of the cardinals. In Bologna he lived in the greatest luxury and pomp, founding there a school numbering over two hundred. But he was unfortunately extravagant and a gambler. His fortunes began to decline, and with it his art. He sold his time at so much an hour to picture dealers. One of them in particular stood over him with a watch in his hand. There is a certain grace and beauty about his work that never fails to please the amateur. But even in his prosperous days he worked to order in a fashion, copying, with small changes, his women from the Venus de Medici and also the Niobe. Talented he was, it is true, but, deadliest of all artistic faults, commonplace.

**Method.** — That the children may be in the position of those for whom the picture was painted, prepare them to understand its beauties by making them familiar with the myths of Aurora, Phœbus, the Hours, Apollo, Lucifer, the morning star, and Phaethon.

Of whom is this a picture? What has Aurora in her hands? What does this mean? Is she more? Why do

you think so? How? Who is driving the chariot? Is it going rapidly? Why do you think so? Who is above the horses? What does he carry in his hand? What does this mean? Are the Hours motionless or moving? On what? Which of these figures represent the early morning? the noon? the late afternoon? (See pp. xvii, 7, 8, 9.)









